Listen, Mr. Landon By Walter Davenport

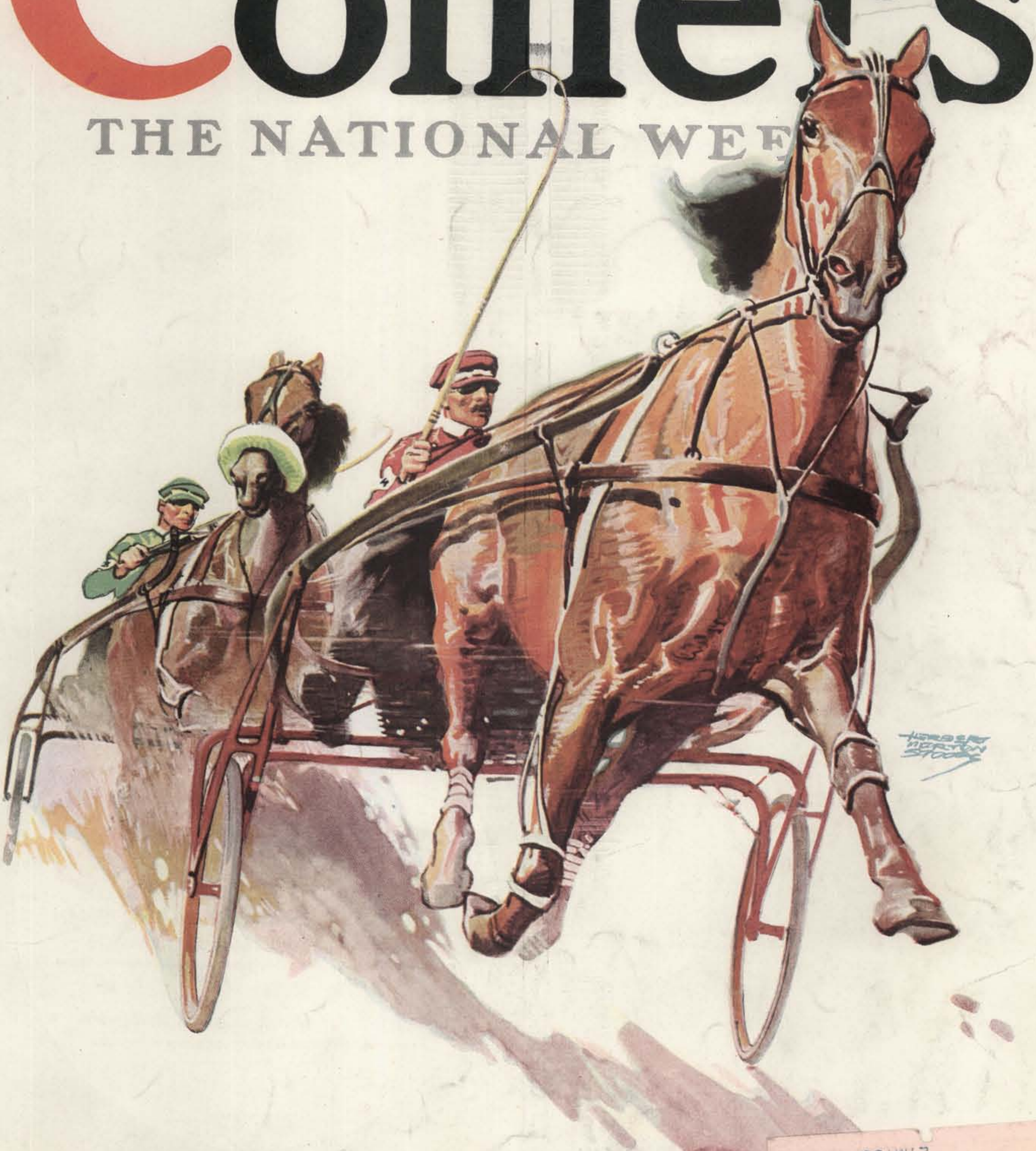
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

(1)

August 15, 1936 5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEE



© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

MRS GEORK PETERSON 128
420 S WASHINGTON 21973
IOLA C
KANS R HH2Y
21MY38

August 15 1936

Typical of 1937 RCA Victor Values — $49.95

THIS FINE CONSOLE · · · ONLY $49.95 MODEL 6K*

RCA Victor

MAKERS OF MAGIC VOICE · MAGIC BRAIN
MAGIC EYE · METAL TUBE RADIOS

27 other striking Models all under $100 . . . others to $600

**All prices F. O. B. Camden, N. J.*

RCA

WINS THE Beauty Contest
AMONG MODERN FOUNTAIN PENS
Full-length visible ink supply
Holds 102% more ink
THAN OLD-STYLE
LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE
Scratch-Proof Point of Platinum and Gold

WE ASKED ONE QUESTION OF 200 MEN AND WOMEN

"Which Pen is Your Choice for *Style and Beauty?*"

*AND 2 TO 1 SELECTED PARKER'S LAMINATED PEARL

—The sacless Vacumatic with Ever-Visible Ink Supply and 102% more Ink Capacity than Old-Style— GUARANTEED *Mechanically Perfect*

Yes, other things being equal, style-minded people would choose the Parker Vacumatic with its smart ARROW Clip *for beauty alone!* But other things, too, including pen *performance*, make this revolutionary invention the national favorite by an even bigger margin—by 9 to 4.**

One important difference is that the ink supply in the Parker Vacumatic is *ever* visible—the full length of the barrel—not merely last-drop visibility. It does not only show when your pen is empty—it shows you days ahead WHEN IT'S RUNNING LOW, so it won't run dry.

Another great difference is the patented Parker filler. There's no other like it. That's why this miracle writer requires no sliding piston immersed in ink, no "one-shot" pump—its working parts are sealed in the top WHERE INK CAN NEVER TOUCH THEM—can never decompose them.

And the third great difference is the Parker "breather tube." This deflates the air pressure in the barrel when the warmth of the writer's hand expands the air. By thus relieving the pressure on the ink, this exhaust prevents flooding and blotting. It's the only invention known that vanquishes this foe of sacless pens.

The Parker "breather tube" is so perfected that the Parker Vacumatic withstands up to 100% more air expansion than the four next ranking sacless pens—a scientific finding certified by the Miner Laboratories.

The Parker Vacumatic is so utterly leakproof it requires no special ink-lock. It's GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

Its point is Scratch-proof—precious Platinum combined with solid Gold, and skilfully fashioned to write your regular hand on the lower side, write finer when turned over.

Go and see this luminous, laminated Pearl Beauty at any good pen shop, department store, stationer's, jeweler's, or druggist's. Give this princely present to yourself or to someone you favor. And remember—it isn't whether a pen fills with one stroke or seven that counts—it's how it performs in the hand months after you buy it.

So look for this smart ARROW Clip—this identifies the patented Parker Vacumatic—and note how low and firmly it holds the pen in the pocket, how securely in the handbag. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-size $10 $7.50 Pencils $2.50, $3.50 and $5

COPR. 1936, THE PARKER PEN CO.

What Ink Does Parker Recommend?

People often ask us this. Now we can answer, due to our new discovery in writing ink, called QU*INK*. Qu*ink* contains a secret, harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left in a pen by ordinary ink—cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker or any *other* pen. Get Parker Qu*ink* from any store selling ink—rich and full-bodied—a brilliancy of color that makes writing distinctive.

✱ More than twice the number selected Parker than any other make.

✱✱ National Pen Census, Recording and Statistical Corporation.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

MANY a Navy thinker, under the quiet stars on the dog watch, had pondered the problem of Fleurine. Fleurine was a good girl who wanted to marry a sailor, but would lose three hundred dollars a month alimony if she did. Every time she fell in love and wanted to marry, that alimony reared its ugly head. Fleurine was willing to let it go. It was the sailors who balked.

In "True to the Navy," Frederick Hazlitt Brennan shows you Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan taking firm and vigorous hold of the situation. To everyone's satisfaction.

REPORTS differ about John Daniel Miller Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Some say he is a king-maker; others that he is just naturally nervous. It is claimed that he is running the campaign and it is asserted with equal positiveness that he is just Mr. Landon's legs. One reason for this variety of opinion is that Mr. Hamilton never stays still long enough for you to get a good look at him. Mr. Davenport takes you on a breathless excursion while he tries to size up "Hopping John."

TO a man like David Prichard, second mate on the Wilamette, Milly was a revelation. He had supposed that all women were interested primarily in success—like Alice Denton, his fiancée. Milly was a "Friday's Girl," loving and giving. Their romance is told by Jacland Marmur.

"WHAT good's a constitution?" The question is asked by the distinguished British statesman Winston Churchill. Did our ancestors make a mistake and leave us a heritage of chains instead of a safeguard for our liberty? In these days, when Europe is turning to dictators for help, the question is of immediate and vital importance. Mr. Churchill answers it fully.

LIKE a snail, the Moocher eased the friction of his progress through the world with a faint streak of slime. But, like a tassel on an elephant's ceremonial harness, he was on the fringe of big things. Arthur "Bugs" Baer shows you the ingenuity of an expert in getting something for nothing in "Moocher's Day," a crackling short story of the world below the underworld.

HEYWOOD BROUN writes a Short Short Story about a man who had baseball "In the Heart." Quentin Reynolds, Frank J. Taylor, Kathleen Norris, Katherine Mussel-white, Ernest Haycox, D. K. Findlay and others complete the issue. Very choice company, too.

This Week

●

August 15, 1936

Cover by Herbert Morton Stoops

WALTER DAVENPORT
Listen, Mr. Landon. Pilgrims to Topeka. Page 7

FRANK CONDON
Little Giant. Short-wave mix-up. Page 10

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Bread into Roses, Part III. Second romance. Page 12

DAVID HOADLEY MUNROE
Coming and Going. Drama in the jury room. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Racers in Harness. The running of the Hambletonian. Page 16

EDWARD SHENTON
Perfect Hostess. Explorer afoot in a department store. Page 17

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trouble Shooter, Part IX. Nan gets ready to go. Page 19

KYLE CRICHTON
Singing for a Living. Personal appearances that baffled Hollywood—Mr. Nelson Eddy. Page 21

RUTH SEINFEL
A Change of Face. Beauty's crowning appanage, or what to do about your hair. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Double Play, by John Paine. Page 24

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Track and Field Marshal. Bill Bingham of Harvard. Page 26

JACLAND MARMUR
Dames Are Funny. Love rides the China Sea. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. What do you think of this? Page 48

JIM MARSHALL
Pirate Patrol. Submarines on the last pirate main. Page 52

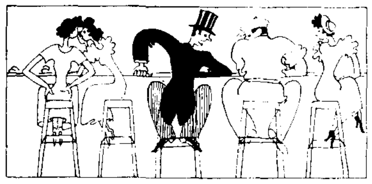
EDITORIAL
Watch Where You're Going! Page 66

●

Any Week

WE OVERHEARD something being explained last week. We're just a bit diffident and didn't like to stop and ask a question or two. If we had we might be able to tell you what he was explaining. Anyway, he was very large and very black and he was addressing an admiring group of his friends on E Street, Washington. "'Tis due," said he with several noble gestures, "to aggregatin' of the fogs moderated by difficult atmosphere." And his audience seemed not only satisfied but deeply impressed. One of them slugged his neighbor and cried: "Whut I tell you, boy?"

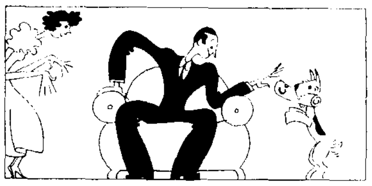
BUT it's not unusual to run into explanations these days. An extremely violent Roosevelt partisan told us that he had been, until recently, a "triple-distilled Tory" who had never voted anything but the Republican ticket. "I even voted for Mr. Hoover," he said, "which shows to what lengths a fellow can go. But I attended a luncheon in one of Boston's best Back Bay clubs not long ago and one old boy who has more gilt-edged bonds stowed away than Collier's encyclopedia has pages said: 'Gentlemen, unless we can defeat this anarchist in the White House, we shall have to eat in common lunchrooms along with our employees.'"



TO OFFSET that, we have Mr. Harry B. Lunely of Baltimore, Maryland, who is not going to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. "I know that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to do good," explains Mr. Lunely, "but I am sick and tired of being done good to. When I want help I'll holler for it. But I don't seem to be able to turn a corner without New Deal benefits getting in my hair."

MRS. F. T. HARBURGER of Dayton, Ohio, has concluded that "it does positively no good to make speeches denouncing Socialists and other reds because they pay no attention to it." And that far we are in complete accord. So Mrs. Harburger proposes to go to "the roots of the evil." She would "make it a prison offense to speak or write lightly or belittlingly of our elected officials and of our appointed judges. "To do so," goes on Mrs. Harburger, "gives our young folks a great disrespect for those who govern them and this disrespect gives birth to radicalism."

AND Mr. George Coleneros of Superior, Wisconsin, wants us to understand that we have his profound sympathy in the death of our dog Frederick. "My dog Blizzard died a few months ago and maybe I don't miss him. He was the only member of my family who paid any attention to me."



FROM Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico, Mr. Arthur Hamilton protests Owen P. White's "Bumping Down to Mexico." Mr. White's article, written before Mexico had finished the new highway from Texas to Mexico City, had it that the road was not one continuous joy ride. "But," says Mr. Hamilton, "every stream is bridged and the road is paved beautifully smooth throughout except for sixty-five miles through the mountains, which, while constructed of crushed stone held together with tar, is nevertheless in excellent condition and wide enough for two cars . . ." We're glad to hear it. And even if it weren't nice going—yes, even with no road at all—Mexico City is a magnificent place to go to. We know.

A FRIEND of ours in Jackson, Mississippi, reports that a friend of his was trying to interest a veteran of the A.E.F. in investing his bonus in an annuity. If not the whole sum, then part. But the former soldier shook his head. "No, guess not," he said. "I spent two hundred dollars of it laying in a supply of whisky and two hundred dollars more taking my gal and her sister to New York for a week and I've about decided to fritter the rest away in light living."

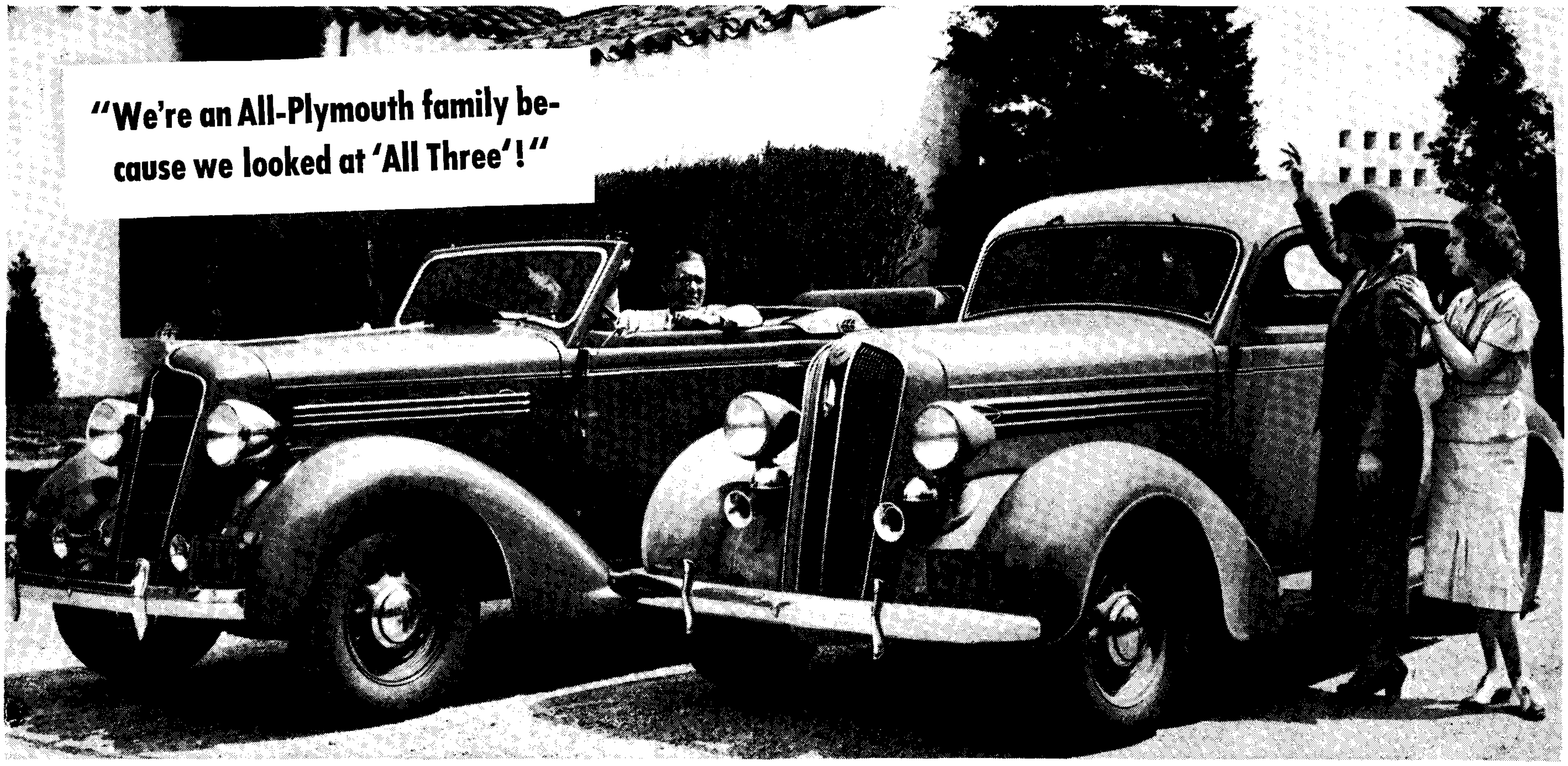
SO WE expect it would do no good to refer a young lady we met last week to that fellow. She dimpled at us as she produced from her brief case a pretty book, a gold fountain pen and a sheaf of purple and gold certificates. Would we, she wanted to know, buy a few bonds to help elect Mr. Landon? We tried to explain that we were buying no bonds to elect anybody. But she took it at once to mean that we had decided to do nothing to help Mr. Landon. "Oh," she cried, "please don't tell me that you too are one of those un-American reds who are fighting the Constitution."

LIKE Comrade Farley, for example?

Vol. 98, No. 7. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

"Our Two Plymouths AVERAGE 23 MILES PER GALLON!"


"We're an All-Plymouth family because we looked at 'All Three'!"

He is a Fifth Avenue designer of fine jewelry . . . she makes a practical hobby of interior decorating . . . each drives a Plymouth. And both Mr. and Mrs. William Pitt, Stamford, Conn., have their own individual reasons for preferring Plymouth to any other low-priced car.

"It's such a beautiful car...in such perfect taste, both inside and out," says Mrs. Pitt. "And it's so comfortable ...so easy to drive."

"Why, say," declares Mr. Pitt, "any one can see there is genuinely fine workmanship throughout the whole car . . . the engine runs as smoothly and beautifully as a fine watch. And economical? My Plymouth's a 1935...Mrs. Pitt's is a 1936...and the average for both of them is about 23 miles per gallon of gas!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pitt emphatically agree on the safety of *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body ...wouldn't drive without them. Plymouth is still the only one of "All Three" low-priced cars that gives you both!

• • •

Today, with "All Three" priced about the same, it's more important than ever to compare...before you buy. And be sure to drive the beautiful 1936 Plymouth. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange it for you.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation

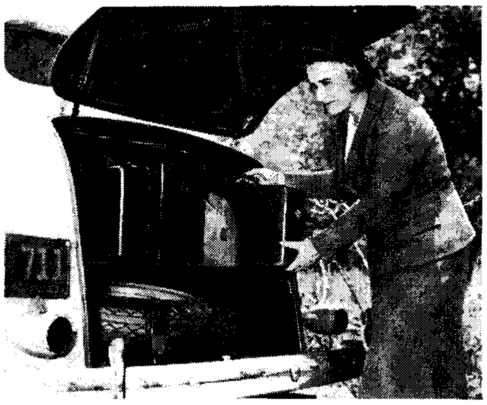
EASY TO BUY

$25 a month buys a Plymouth. Commercial Credit Co. offers dealers low terms making Plymouth easy to buy.

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

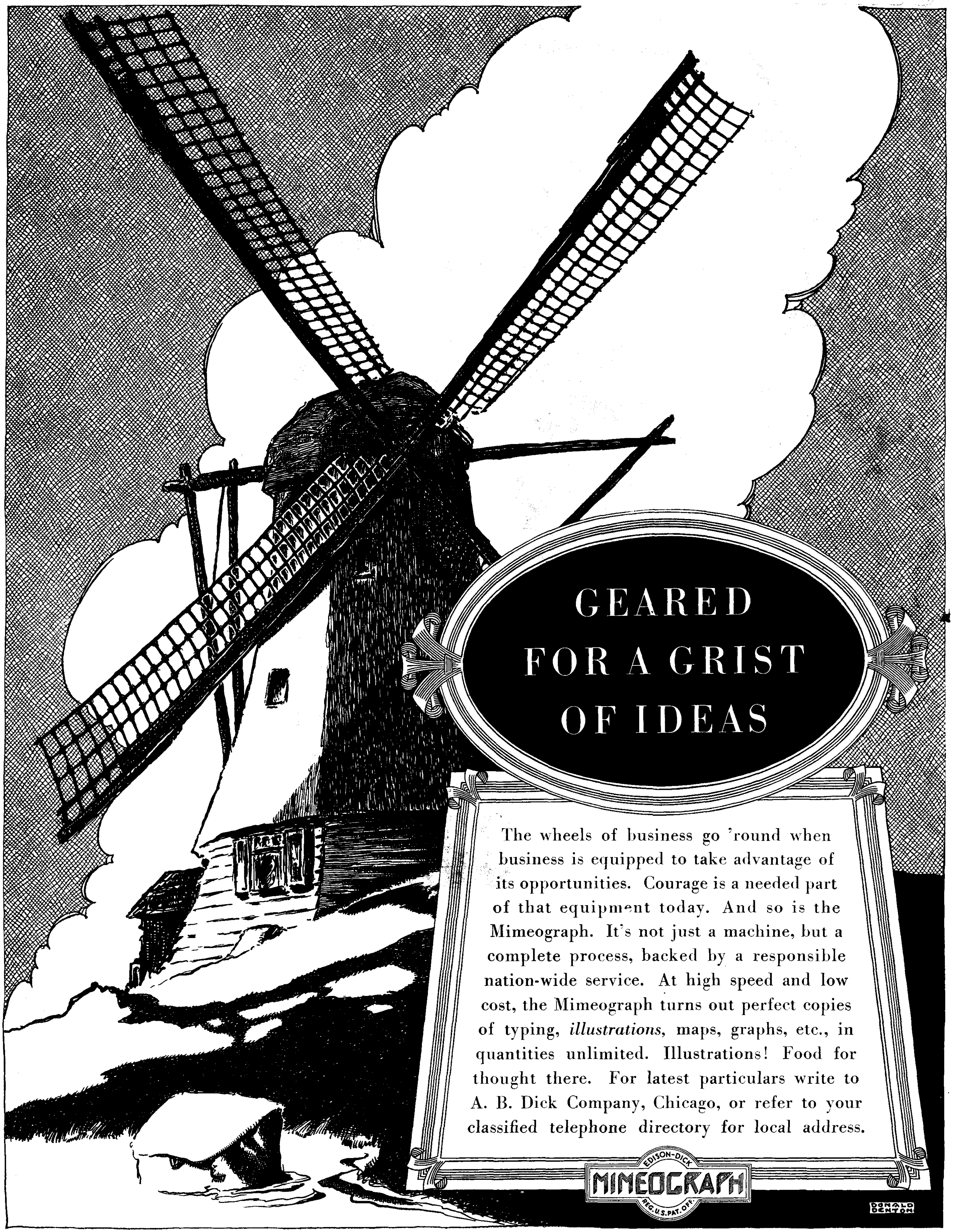
"A SWEET RUNNING ENGINE! **Plenty of power with economy. And Floating Power engine mountings take out vibration."**



"I CERTAINLY LIKE THIS BIG TRUNK...**there's plenty of room for anything we want to take."**

"THEY'RE THE SAFEST BRAKES **made. See how quickly and smoothly they stopped you... in a straight-ahead line?"**

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



GEARED FOR A GRIST OF IDEAS

The wheels of business go 'round when business is equipped to take advantage of its opportunities. Courage is a needed part of that equipment today. And so is the Mimeograph. It's not just a machine, but a complete process, backed by a responsible nation-wide service. At high speed and low cost, the Mimeograph turns out perfect copies of typing, *illustrations*, maps, graphs, etc., in quantities unlimited. Illustrations! Food for thought there. For latest particulars write to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or refer to your classified telephone directory for local address.

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Listen, Mr. Landon

They're off to Topeka by the trainload, vehement people, people of importance, people with a cause. They go to tell Mr. Landon what must be done. They say it very loud and clear. Mr. Landon listens—and tactfully blows his nose. He is a quiet man and undemonstrative, but when it comes to deciding what must be done Mr. Landon will decide. It's his show and it's more and more apparent that he's going to run it

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

INSIDE the capitol at Topeka, important men were discussing broad issues on a large scale. At least that is what we who sat under the elms in Capitol Park were given to understand. We could look through the dancing heat that only the grasshoppers loved and on through the windows and see Governor Landon rocking back and forth in his swivel chair listening—his nose resting on the tips of his tented fingers, his lips pursed in what we decided was doubt and his octagonal spectacles pushed up above his eyebrows.

But we couldn't hear. And we didn't want to. We, out there in the parched park with its discouraged lawn spotted with baldness, weren't very important. At least no one had invited us in to discuss trade treaties, reciprocal tariffs, currency stabilization, farm debentures, the situation in Illinois and relief. But if they had, we would have told them. Any or all of us would have, from the group over yonder across the street from the Honorable Arthur Capper's office to the four aggressively respectable ladies who sat on a bench near the state library gossiping and knitting in slow, mechanical unison.

Because we knew everything. Or what we didn't know some one of us was ever ready to tell the rest of us. Why, we even knew that, odd as it may seem, in that smother of heat, the Honorable Mr. Capper yonder was making a painstaking study of the fur coat industry. The aged but indefatigable Mr. Capper was even then preparing for another hard winter in Washington.

Through the stifle of Topeka's midsummer afternoon we could see the Governor's visitors—some of them anyway. Big shots from Chicago and the East, all dressed up in country club clothes—clothes that Willie Lutherman, our bellhop at the hotel, called Chicago pants, New York coats and paper-foot shoes. Willie is always telling you that for a right big gentleman you is got powerful small feet—'bout same size as his'n. Just in case, you know. *Willie* ain't got no corns or foothurts neither and size don't make no difference in shoes. So you see how it is.

Anyway we can see a precisely burnished, undersized chap talking to the Governor. His waxed-back black hair makes his face all the paler—so pale that you have to look hard to see where his neck ends and his gray collar begins. That makes him an Easterner—one of the six or eight scrubbed and tailored gentlemen who came in on that private car down in the Santa Fe yards. He is talking fast, without gestures, cold like a man who wasn't used to argument, metallically exact, like a man who knows all about one subject and is on it. He has a narrow mouth below a Hitler mustache and close-set eyes astride a beak. We all agreed he was predatory, although most of us called it hard-fisted. Anyway he didn't sweat like the rest of them. But we couldn't hear him.

Cash Register Has His Say

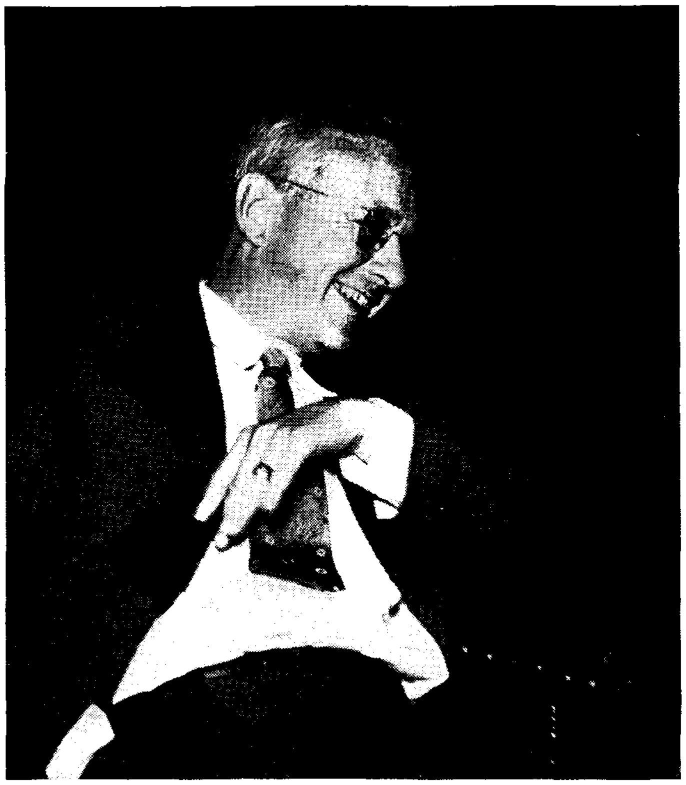
Said Mr. Cowgill, who sat next to us, switching at grasshoppers with an elm sprig: "He's one of them little big fellers you hear about—Napoleons of finance, like they say. Workin' for men like that don't git you nowhere." And we took it at that and later learned that the little meticulous poreless man was a chain banker whose heart was full of apprehension and statistics. You simply couldn't fool us out there under the motionless elms. We were much, much too fast even for the grasshoppers that tried to leap down our necks.

When little Cash Register had said what he had to say he quit. The Governor relaxed a bit, lit a cigarette and grinned. But he didn't say anything. But little Cash Register didn't relax; he just quit talking—didn't move a varnished hair. And someone else started to speak, a big belly who chopped the air with hands like cleavers.

He did lots of throat clearing and groped around for words although when he found them he let them go like grenades. We couldn't quite catch them all but a few of them were "fatal" and "standards" and "effect on the East" and "otherwise nothing." He wore white linen—lots of it because there was lots of him. And you could see where he left off and the linen began because he was naturally florid and additionally fiery with the heat. He talked so loudly that someone pulled the nearest window halfway down, then raised it back again when he roared "For God's sake."

"One of them self-made men you hear about," said Mr. Cowgill. "A feller who's hollered his way up. The way to handle fellers like that is to holler back."

But the self-made word bomber wasn't talking to Mr. Cowgill and probably never would. Mr. Cowgill works in a filling station at nights (from after supper to midnight). And Governor Landon isn't a shouter—back or forward. As far as we could see, the Governor wasn't talking at all except occasionally to ask brief questions which he accompanied with an alert cocking of his gray head.



sten, Mr. Landon Listen, Mr. Landon

Listen, Mr. La

Presently Big Belly finished exploding. He wound up with something about "Every banker in the East." And Governor Landon blew his nose. We weren't eavesdropping but we were having a lovely time. We knew enough anyway. This sort of thing had been going on in Topeka ever since Jayhawk John Hamilton, Governor Landon's political traffic cop and now chairman of the Republican National Committee, had led that old-fashioned guerrilla raid into Cleveland and kidnapped the Republican party, leaving its old folks in a state of polished agitation but hoping for the best.

According to Mr. Cowgill and several other Kansans under the Elms, the delegation now in the Governor's office were the ransom negotiators. But the Governor was asking too much. The snatch was in reverse: ordinarily it is up to the former holders of the baby to be liberal—if they really want it back. But in this instance the Governor—the Party's candidate—was the liberal one.

Landon, Save Our Child

Out in the park we all agreed that the private car delegation wasn't so much concerned in having the child back right away as it was for guaranties that their little Lord Fauntleroy under new management shouldn't become a Huckleberry Finn. They had raised the darling pretty carefully, you know—had trained it to keep clear of rough boys who chewed fine cut, did their swimming naked and threw snowballs at silk hats. After all, all that the Governor's visitors wanted was some assurance that their somewhat sickly darling shouldn't be stuck into overalls for the rest of his life, even in the interest of his health.

But when the Big Red Roarer had subsided someone else took it up. We couldn't see him. We could see Little Cash Register, still sitting upright and tense, his face fixed like a puppet's, just as he was while he talked. And of course we could see the big fellow shifting his bulk this way and that in the heat and mopping his glowing face like Sheriff Smith sitting on the jailhouse steps. And we could see Governor Landon pushing his spectacles back to where

Listen, Mr. Landon Listen, Mr. Landon List

they had slid from, blowing his nose, easing out a brief question now and then but never, never nodding his head the way his visitors wanted.

He has a short-shrift way about him—Landon. He can mix affability and taciturnity in equal parts and send you on your way feeling that if it weren't for you and your advice his future would be dark indeed. Back East, a few months ago, some of the striped-trousers die-hards, clinging desperately to a dead past, had labeled him the Kansas Coolidge and began forthwith to tear off their badges of mourning. But he is another Coolidge in about the same degree that Schnozzle Durante is another John Barrymore—with no offense meant in any direction.

As long as we couldn't see the Big Red Menacer's successor we lost interest in the confabulation on the other side of the windows. We gathered that what was being said wasn't over-impressive because the Governor had slewed himself around so that he could look out upon the park where we were. As far as he was concerned the session might just as well end then and there. When the Governor's done, he's done.

Mr. Landon Brings in a Gusher

Perhaps it isn't directly to the point but it illustrates how things just sort of happen for Alfred Landon. In Oklahoma, where he was wildcatting an independent well, the Governor found his drillers in a badly discouraged frame of mind. They had sunk their drill 6,000 feet or so (at six dollars a foot) and, while all the geological signs of imminent oil were present, no oil had rewarded their patience.

When the boss, not yet a governor, happened along to see how his lads were progressing they confessed their pessimism. The thing to do was to call in a shooter—a hardy chap who would expertly drop nitroglycerin into the hole and open her up. It's an expensive expedient and a hazardous one. "Nathaniel," said Mr. Landon to the boss driller, "there is nothing wrong with this well. The trouble is, you need exercise. Now you take a nice walk and I'll sit down and watch the pressure and see that the slush keeps running. That's a good boy."

So Mr. Landon sat down, lit his pipe and began to watch the drill pipe rotate—a self-chosen chore that anyone must admit to be uncomplicated. It is really so simple that boss drillers have been known to take to crossword puzzles and anagrams to keep their mentalities from taking permanent holidays. And we were informed only last week that there is a driller named Stanislas Welsh (in Texas, not Oklahoma or Kansas, praise be) who knits zephyr dresses for the Missus.

Anyway Mr. Landon sat down. He remained seated for just twenty-two minutes, when, to everybody's but his amazement, a gusher came in.

"There, Nathaniel," said the future governor of Kansas, "let that be a lesson to you."

Of course the story may not be true at all. Personally we have grown scandalously skeptical of helpful campaign anecdotes, particularly when brought to us by old, old friends of the candidate who immediately thereafter show you letters from neighbors setting forth the raconteur's splendid qualifications for a postmastership. But the story has its merits: it illustrates how almost uncannily luck breaks for Alfred Mossman Landon.

But we're forever rambling, aren't we? A nasty habit we should have broken when young. So we shall get back to the Capitol Park in Topeka where it is only 108 in the shade and where we may do a little more sagacious reporting for you.

We were to learn of course that all of the Governor's visitors were not so completely fiscal as these gentlemen whom he was now receiving. Ladies appear now and then, sometimes accompanied by their menfolks and sometimes unsquired. The other day for example—twelve of them and unless we have lost all control of our powers of observation we should say that you could trust any or all of those ladies in any reasonable situation.

They hoped that the Governor, as President, would not forget that Kansas was the nursery if not the cradle of national prohibition. They very sincerely and emphatically hoped that he, as President of this slightly wayward but still glorious republic, would put no barrier in the path of another noble experiment—to wit, a second coming of a prohibition amendment. It was their earnest wish that they might vote for Mr. Landon snug in the assurance that such laws as the reviving drys might think fit to introduce into Congress, preparatory to the presentation of a new constitutional amendment, would have his sympathy and support. They reminded him that he, personally, was a dry and, although an independent oil operator, a Christian. And they begged him to consider that Kansas was dry territory—well, relatively and theoretically dry.

Reassurance for Everybody

The Governor's method of handling difficult situations like that is deft, even artful. He assures the drys, for example, that he regards public office as a public trust, an apothegm credited by the Democrats to the great Grover Cleveland and by the Republicans to the great Dan'l Webster, both sides being wrong inasmuch as the elder Pitt worked that one off on Parliament one afternoon in 1782. And our guess is that Mr. Pitt had dug it out of the public library one rainy afternoon.

And then there are ladies and gentlemen supplicants who, having observed that the Republican platform was in favor of conservation of our wild life, if any, desire that the Governor, as President, will not forget Kansas. For example, restore to Kansas that gone but not forgotten bird, the Jayhawk. This really started something because no one was quite sure what a Jayhawk is or was or whether there ever were any in Kansas—whatever they were. In the ensuing furor, ably brought to heel by Mr. Landon's galloping secretary, Mr. Willard Mayberry, it was found that the Jayhawks, or, more accurately, Jayhawkers, were a loose organization of only partly tamed gentlemen engaged in the bushwhacking and guerrilla business back in the long gone days when Mr. Quantrill and his unwashed banditti were making it unsafe in Eastern Kansas to be out of touch with a shotgun and plenty of friends.

Of course all these somewhat minor advocates are not, because they cannot be, received by Mr. Landon. His secretariat absorbs them, doing its best to reassure all. Therefore inasmuch as it is no WPA job simultaneously to run for President and govern the great state of Kansas, only the weightier of the special pleading delegations (like the private car gentlemen led by Little Cash Register) get as far inside as to Mr. Landon.

Long before this, Mr. Landon, who has until recently been hugely in favor of everybody minding his own business, has begun to suspect that he is regarded in several conservative quarters as a possible, even a probable, menace. Therefore squads of investigators tramp the streets and infest the darker recesses of Topeka. Very entertaining fellows they are, too, full of wisdom and mystery although a trifle uncertain which is which.

Some represent newspapers which, animated only by the highest motives and actuated only by high, crystalline patriotism, are extremely anxious to know whether Mr. Landon kicks dogs, steals public funds, laughs at funerals or goes with Mrs. Landon when she buys her hats. We had quite a talk with one investigator who had nothing to do but find a chap named Smith who let it be understood that he had proof that Mr. Landon's speeches were being written by General Hugh Scott Johnson and that he was already pledged to abolish all government relief agencies except Mr. Hoover's Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This fellow was about to report to his employers that he was prepared to doubt the whole thing, even to the existence of anybody named Smith.

Correspondence sleuths bobbed up every day, all of them busily catfooting in and out strange back doors, meeting mysterious strangers at unearthly hours and conspicuously inhabiting shadowy corners where they did lots of expert but nonproductive mental tiptoeing. A correspondence sleuth is a chap (and sometimes a woman) who is employed by someone to find letters that candidates have written or which have been written to candidates demonstrating that if they ever have an opportunity they intend to deliver the government over to Wall Street and, while widows and orphans

(*Continued on page 50*)

Little Giant

Showing what can happen to a radio bug—if he must get those distant stations. A light drama, with very little music from Kuala Lumpur

By Frank Condon

SIX even months had passed since their wedding day and now they were living blissfully in Pelham and right smack ahead was Phil's birthday and the little bride was all aglow with loving schemes for a birthday gift that would be splendid and unique. Her name was Meridee and before she married Phil she had never felt frightfully interested in such things as radio sets, but afterward, when she came to understand what a wild enthusiast he was, she turned in like a friendly bride, read the technical books and could instantly tell you the difference between a short wave and a long one.

He had sets all over the house and used to sit up nights, trying to bring in such remote places as Vladivostok, Cape Town, Berlin, Japan and Suez; and many a night Meridee sat happily by his side, giving little squeals of delight when Phil finally hit a Chinese station spang on the nose.

Now she was about to select a birthday gift and, both Phil and Meridee being sensible persons, they talked it over.

"I have decided exactly what to get for you," she announced, sitting on the arm of his chair and rumpling his hair.

"What?"

"Ever since we were married, you have been trying to pick up Kuala Lumpur, haven't you?"

"I have, indeed."

"And you never did get Kuala Lumpur, did you?"

"It is the only broadcasting station in the entire world that defies me," he admitted.

"Very good. They have now invented a brand-new short wave set and it is guaranteed to bring in Kuala Lumpur. That is what you shall have for your birthday."

Phil seized her and gave her a hearty kiss. He was astonished and delighted, for here was a set he had never heard of, never seen, never dreamed of. Kuala Lumpur is a small town in the Malay Peninsula, and not a soul in town had ever hauled in Kuala Lumpur on any wave. It was Phil's topping ambition.

"That will be gorgeous," he said.

"The name of this new set," she continued impressively, "is the Little Giant Air Hopper, a marvelous machine."

NOW then, there are two very fine shops in New York, one a huge department store, the other a shop of sporting goods. Meridee's favorite place for shopping, where she had her own charge account, was that famous emporium, Adams and Gallup, whose delivery trucks roll along day and night. Phil's choice was Flugel's, old-time and reliable, and it happened that these were the only two shops in the metropolis wherein one could purchase a Little Giant Air Hopper, just on the market.

"Now then, darling," Phil observed, "I do believe it would be better if you would order the set from Flugel's. They are so reliable."

"No, dear," she said firmly. "This is to be my gift to you, and as I have my own account at Adams and Gallup, I shall order from them."

They had a friendly argument and Phil naturally gave in, and the very next morning Meridee telephoned Adams and Gallup. After a trifling delay, Meridee was in contact with Mr. Gilchrist, the man in charge of radio goods.

"This is Mrs. Phil Loring," she said, "of 333 Palmer Road, Pelham. You sell the Little Giant Air Hopper, do you not?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Loring, and a very fine set it is and brand-new on the market."

Whereupon, Meridee announced she was ordering the Little Giant as a birthday gift for her husband, so that he could bring in Kuala Lumpur, his one vaulting ambition.

"We will have it at your house tomorrow morning," said Mr. Gilchrist briskly.

As usual, the next morning, Phil rushed off to his train, five minutes of eight, and Meridee took a later express into town to meet Mrs. Harper, have lunch and see a matinee, and that left the Loring domicile in complete charge of Helga, as faithful a servant as any in Pelham, but not a giant intellect.

On the very stroke of ten, one of Adams and Gallup's bright purple trucks slid up to the curb; the driver glanced at his yellow slips, hopped down and when Helga answered his ring, there he was, standing on the porch, holding six curtain poles in his arms.

"For Mrs. Phil Loring," the driver declared, so Helga permitted him to enter and stand the six curtain poles in a corner. The Adams and Gallup man trotted off on his business and Helga stared at the curtain poles, and wondered why young Mrs. Loring would be ordering curtain poles, as the house was already filled with curtain poles in use and all good.

Well, sir, when Meridee came hurrying home from her matinee, she was beaming and expectant. She dashed into the house, gazed about her and called for Helga.

"Where is it?" she demanded.

"You mean where is them," said Helga. "They are out here," and so saying she led her puzzled mistress into the next room and indicated the poles in the corner. Meridee simply stared.

"My good heavens to Betsey," she said finally, and with that she scampered out of the room to meet her man, who was due.

"They made a mistake," she said mournfully, when he appeared around the corner. "Instead of the Little Giant, they sent us out six curtain poles."

Phil shook his head smilingly.

"You see, darling," he said, in gentle reproach, "I thought it would be safer to order from Flugel's. There is one firm that never makes errors. However, we'll straighten it out in the morning."

AS YOU may imagine, the radio manager at Adams and Gallup was dumfounded, chagrined and apologetic. Meridee had him on the phone about ten o'clock and Mr. Gilchrist explained, every word an apology, that in a vast store mistakes will sometimes, very rarely, creep in, vigilance or no vigilance. He was abject about the error and informed Meridee the truck would be out during the afternoon with the Little Giant, and everything would be lovely. That was the afternoon Meridee went out to Rye to play bridge with the Hamilton girls.

Phil, of course, was in town, working hard in his office and only Helga was in the home when Adams and Gallup's second truck came along—a different truck and a new driver—and Helga was more surprised than ever when she beheld the man standing there.

"Six curtain poles for Mrs. Loring," he said with a cheery smile and that is precisely what he had in his arms, six more curtain poles, and as Helga's mind worked like a faulty clutch and as she had no orders whatever about curtain poles, she did nothing and the young man stood them on end in another corner and so the Phil Lorings had twelve new curtain poles and no Little Giant Air Hopper.

TOWARD sundown, Phil came in from town, Meridee arrived from the bridge at Rye, and Helga gave them the late news—that the man had arrived and left six more poles. Phil looked pretty grim.

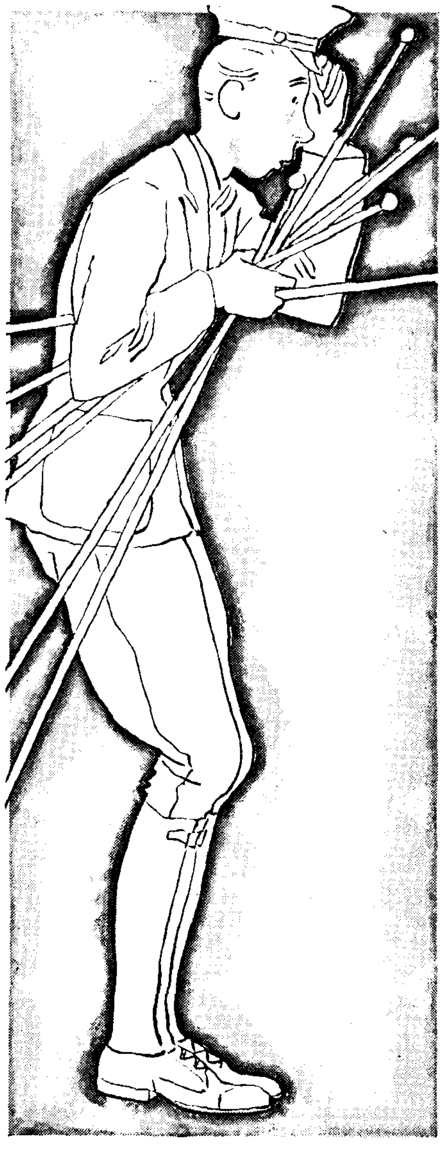
"I shall take care of it tomorrow myself," he said, forcing himself to smile.

Next day he remained at home in Pelham and telephoned Adams and Gallup about nine and a few seconds later he was in conversation with Mr. Gilchrist. Striving to remain calm, he explained that the Lorings of Pelham now had twelve curtain poles and no Little Giant.

"Mr. Loring," replied the manager, and you could read the distress in his tone, "this is just one of those frightful and unpreventable mistakes. I am deeply mortified that it should have happened and I can assure you I shall go after it myself at once and see that you get your Air Hopper this afternoon."

"Very well, Mr. Gilchrist," Phil said pleasantly, "you send it out today and also have somebody pick up those curtain poles, for we do not need them. We have curtain poles."

He then kissed Meridee and hastened down to his office, a trifle late, and that afternoon Adams and Gallup had a truck in Pelham with assorted merchandise for various customers and six fresh curtain poles for Mrs. Phil Loring of 333 Palmer Road, and, there being nobody at home, the driver leaned them against the rear screen door. Meridee popped in

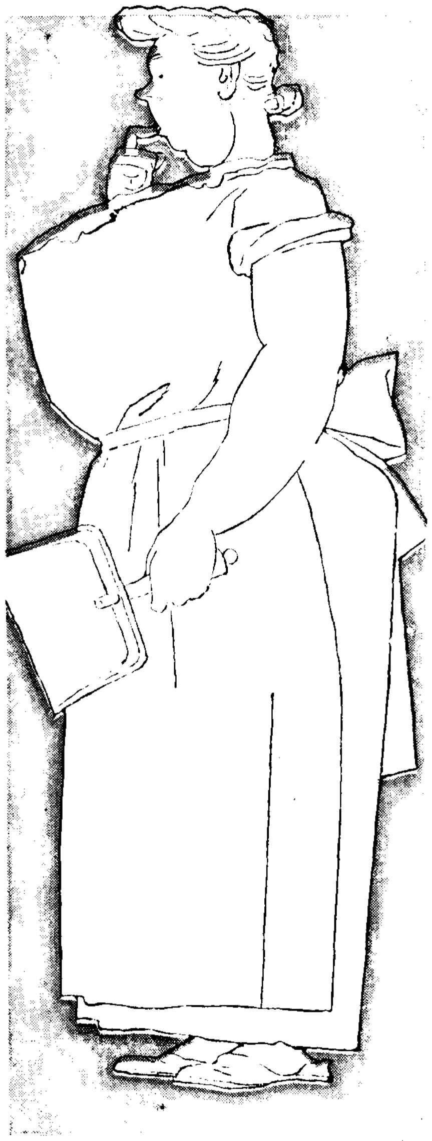


ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

from Mt. Vernon about six and Phil was eleven minutes behind her.

"This," he said quietly, "has now arrived at the silly or abysmal stage. At first, I thought it was rather funny, but any humor has departed and tomorrow I shall telephone Flugel's, which we should have done in the first place, darling. Flugel's never makes a mistake and I shall also pause long enough to give Adams and Gallup a piece of my mind."

Meridee was so completely upset by the series of errors that she was in tears. The birthday was rapidly approaching. The little homestead was full of radio sets, short and long wave, but not one of them could get a rise out of Kuala Lumpur. Eighteen curtain poles leaned uselessly against the wall.



He told Meridee, "Tomorrow we will haul in Kuala Lumpur"

Early the following morning, Phil telephoned Adams and Gallup, found Mr. Gilchrist and held his indignation fairly in check. Gilchrist was simply crushed.

"You sent eighteen curtain poles out to my house," Phil said frigidly, and yet politely, "and we ordered a radio set. Kindly cancel the order for radio set, as I shall order it from another store and please send your man out to get these, as I might say, unnecessary curtain poles."

Mr. Gilchrist spoke sadly into the telephone, like one whose future is ruined. "We shall send out at once for the poles," he said humbly, and then Phil hung up and sent in a call for Flugel's, where it was now quite apparent Meridee should have gone in the beginning. The man at Flugel's was all business.

"One Little Giant Air Hopper," he said sharply. "Yes, Mr. Loring. We'll have it at your house this afternoon, probably before three o'clock."

"There you are, sweetheart," Phil laughed, turning to the mournful Meridee. "That's the kind of a store."

PROMPTLY at three o'clock, Flugel's shining red delivery van halted in Pelham, the handsome young driver slapped open the rear door, and hauled out a Little Giant Air Hopper in its trim case, about the size of a baby's casket. He carried it into the house and Phil met him with a smile, took the amazing instrument and surveyed it with delight.

When the cover was off, his happiness increased, for it was like no other short wave set he had ever owned. Once more contentment reigned in the Loring abode and Meridee trotted busily about, helping Phil with wires and screw drivers, so that presently they could go after Kuala Lumpur.

Now then, of course, you cannot pick up Kuala Lumpur whenever you feel like it. Kuala Lumpur runs on a schedule, the same as any well-regulated station, and Phil had his little green book showing when all foreign broadcasts were on the air and Kuala Lumpur's time was one to two in the afternoon and now it was after three. So all he could do that afternoon was to place his miracle set in smooth running order and try out the instrument on other and less interesting stations. The result was astounding.

"It is a perfectly marvelous set," he told Meridee, who was joyous again. "Tomorrow afternoon we will haul in Kuala Lumpur and after that I shall have no further worlds to conquer."

"Tomorrow is your birthday," she said happily, "and isn't it nice we have the set?"

"It'll be a big day," he admitted, "and but for you, I never would have heard of this wonderful machine."

Things were busy at the office, so he left home at seven the next morning, promising to be home again before one o'clock and Meridee promised to meet him in the pretty home soon after noon and together they would tune in Kuala Lumpur.

She had an engagement at eleven with the hair dresser in Pelham Manor and so, during the morning hours, Helga was once more in charge of the love nest. At exactly ten o'clock by the railway clock, the big truck arrived from Adams and Gallup and a bright-eyed lad knocked on the screen door, fingering a blue slip.

"There's eighteen curtain poles here," he informed Helga, "and they have to go back to Adams and Gallup."

"That's right," said Helga, knowing all about the poles by this time.

"Sign here," said the young fellow and without further ado, he commenced removing the poles to his truck. In no time, they were on their way back to the big store in town. Maybe half an hour later another Adams and Gallup truck, also purple in color, paused before the Loring estate and another pleasant-faced youth descended. Helga opened the door.

"Taking back one Little Giant Air Hopper," he said in casual tones, "to Adams and Gallup"; and as he was forever taking back merchandise to his store, he thought nothing of it and neither did Helga, whose job was cooking. In five minutes, the Little Giant was disconnected, packed away in the truck and safely on its journey.

MERIDEE picked up her husband in the railway station and they rolled gaily homeward, walked in and found Helga in one of her puzzled moods.

"You mean to say Adams and Gallup took away the Little Giant?" Phil asked, keeping himself well in hand.

"Yes, sir."

"And the curtain poles, too?"

"That was the first truck."

Meridee threw her hat against the wall with a hopeless gesture and sat down where the set had been. Her handsome young husband walked slowly to and fro, clasping and unclasping his hands, running them through his hair and keeping calm. It was his birthday. Suddenly he rushed to the telephone, called Mr. Gilchrist.

"Listen," he cried, "you not only did not deliver my Little Giant Air Hopper, and you did deliver me eighteen silly curtain poles, but after I got my Little Giant from Flugel's, your man came on a truck and snatched it away and now you have it. I am coming downtown immediately."

"Mr. Loring," said the radio man, "I am sorry this happened. Words are useless at a time like this. Do come at once and we will do everything humanly possible."

Phil jammed on his hat, gave Meridee a hasty smack, assured her he would be back with the miracle set in two hours, and rushed into New York, rushed through the traffic to Adams and Gallup, hurried up to the radio department and presently was facing the saddened Gilchrist, a thin man.

"Mr. Loring," said the salesman, and here he began to look not only distraught but frightened, "I have some bad news. Your Little Giant has come here and is gone again."

"Gone!" Phil shouted.

"Yes. The manufacturers of those sets yesterday decided the machines were faulty in some minor detail and called them all in from the retailers, and unhappily yours went back with the rest. I doubt if that particular type of set will be on sale again anywhere."

"How about Flugel's?" Phil asked, still shouting.

"All of Flugel's sets have been returned, same as ours."

PHIL LORING walked uncertainly out of the store, like a man in a dream. He wanted to laugh and found he couldn't laugh. He thought of Meridee. He thought of Kuala Lumpur. He paused at a phone booth, called up Flugel's. Gilchrist was correct. Phil walked into a drugstore, drank a vanilla soda and then went dismally home to Pelham.

It was afternoon when he strode up the walk, determined to smile for the sake of his bride. Meridee opened the front door, and in three sentences he told her the truth.

"No, darling," he said, walking in with his arm about her, "we may as well give up. We are defeated by Fate. The makers have called in the set and now we shall never hear Kuala Lumpur. But, still and all, we have other fairly good sets around the house."

"I had a sort of feeling," said Meridee, "that something like this might happen, a premonition, and as today is your birthday I knew I must buy you something. So you have a little gift, anyhow."

He patted her gently on the shoulder and she led him into his den.

"It is not much, dear," she said, "only a small mahogany tobacco set."

"It's a peach," he said admiringly.

"There is a section for your cigarettes and all your pipes and a place for pipe-cleaners, too. It didn't cost very much."

"It's grand, Meridee," he repeated, kissing her, "and exactly what I've always needed."

"Another thing," she added, "inside is a cute little radio set, not at all expensive, just part of the tobacco set, probably just a toy."

"Well, that's all right anyhow, honey," Phil said and he began sticking his pipes into the proper holes and also some cigarettes, and, just to be doing something, he took a peek at the child's radio set inside, put in by the tobacco people as an afterthought. Instantly Phil knew it wasn't any great shakes. He idly stuck in a few wires, hooked it up to the wall plug and there came finally a faint scratching and then some tinny whining and some more scratching. Phil smiled over at Meridee and shook his head humorously and then the scratching eased off and a voice said:

"You are now listening to Kuala Lumpur, the voice of the Malay Peninsula. This is Kuala Lumpur speaking, Station AQAO and we would like to announce—"

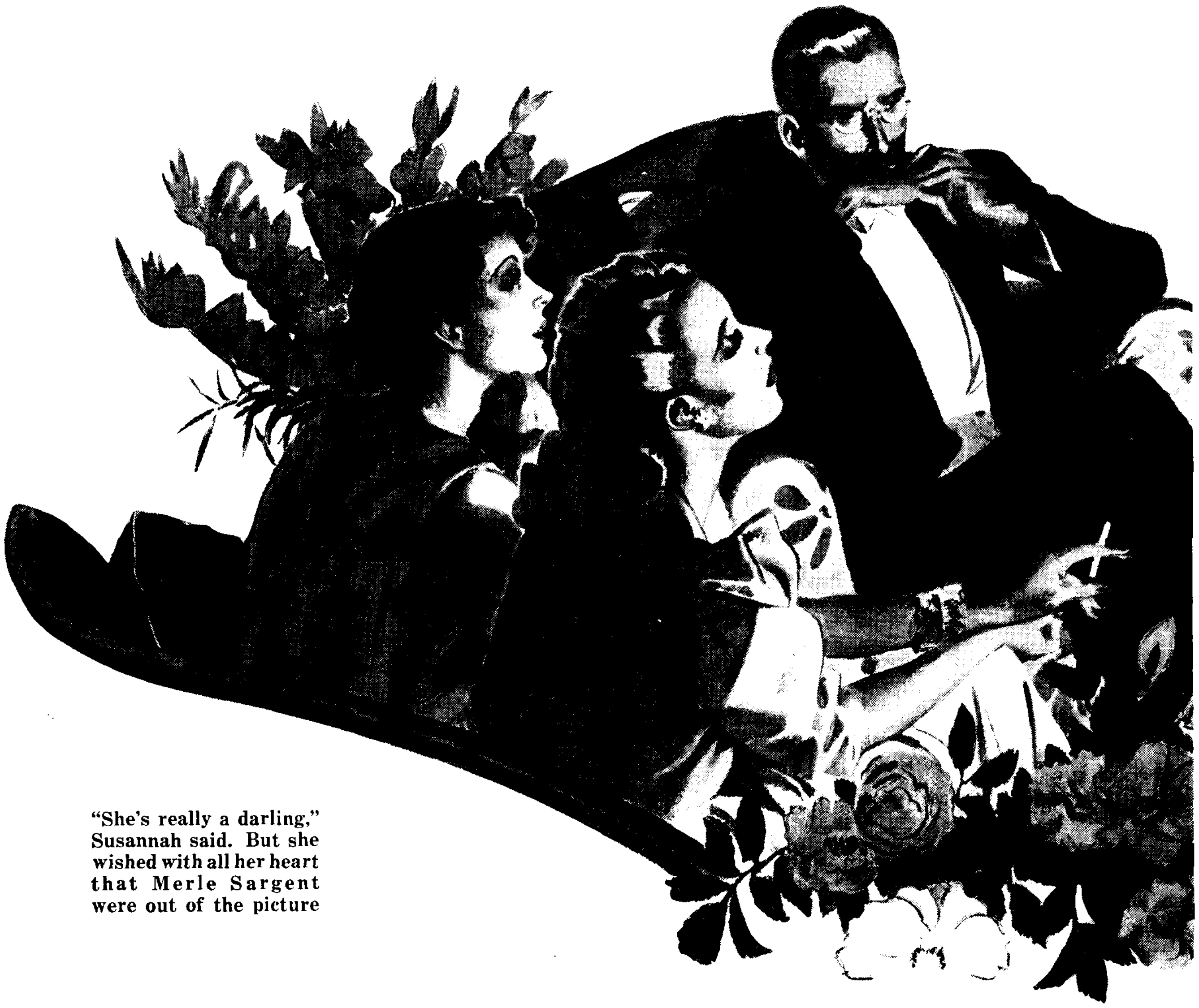
Phil and Meridee rose slowly to their feet and stared at each other with round and shining eyes and the pleasant voice continued to come from the tobacco set with bits of late news concerning the raw rubber situation in far-off Malay.

Bread into Roses

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1936, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS



"She's really a darling," Susannah said. But she wished with all her heart that Merle Sargent were out of the picture

The Story Thus Far:

IN PEKING, Eva Farjeon's husband dies, leaving her with a small income and a charming daughter, Susannah, who presently becomes engaged to the wealthy Johnny Wardell. Whereupon, Mrs. Farjeon, Susannah and Johnny sail for San Francisco.

Among the passengers is Mrs. Ethel Nye Mallock, a beautiful widow. And the debonair Johnny Wardell has calmly jilted Susannah for Mrs. Mallock.

The news comes as a terrible shock to Eva Farjeon. Her sister, Madame Fernando di Mendoza, has prepared her Park Avenue apartment, in New York City, for the wedding. And now—

But Susannah is far more philosophical than her mother. Deeply wounded by Johnny's sudden transfer of affections, she accepts the situation, puts up a bold front, and within a few days after the ship has put to sea she is engaged to another man.

To Susannah, this is not surprising—she had never really loved Johnny, she had merely thought she did. Johnny's successor—Alexander Hazeltyne, a rich widower who lives in New York City—she adores from the moment they meet. When he proposes to her, she knows little about him or his past; but she accepts him without question. . . .

In New York, Susannah and her mother are the guests of Madame di Mendoza, "Aunt Nona." Aunt Nona informs them that Alexander Hazeltyne is not only wealthy but also one of the most prominent and popular men in New York.

And, with the man she loves beside her, Susannah is happy; far, far happier than she had ever been with Johnny Wardell.

III

THE days raced together. Susannah bought new frocks; enchanting frocks that did not come in dozens or even pairs, but that were designed for just one wearer, and she that wearer! An evening velvet of dark electric blue; a transparent silvery lace from Paris; a stiff moire with puffed sleeves and rolled cordings; gold brocade; blue and silver brocade; striped brown and gray chiffon velvet with sables outlining the low neck and the hem of the spreading skirt. Susannah grew dizzy, trying them all on, trying to remember them; she took a rather deeper satisfaction in two or three plain suits, straight and slim and tailored, and in the afternoon dresses that were untrimmed except for a touch of lace or embroidery at throat and wrists.

Big boxes rustling with tissue papers came home; little square hatboxes; new trunks, new linens, presents. Mary O'Shaughnessy came and made lists. Aunt Nona argued at the telephone; Eva discussed details of cake and announcements; the young married cousins were eternally about, afraid of missing one detail of the wedding; Susannah was hardly conscious of them. She came and went joyously, hardly hearing what they said to her, thinking only that time was going by, that it was only weeks—days—hours before she must get into the smartest suit of all and the knowing little green blouse and the hat with the line of green against its ultra smart blackness, and link the royal new sables about her shoulders, and pull on the new gloves, and give herself to Alec forever.

The day arrived, and somehow she was dressing, with Lola and Anita and Eva, and nice Margot Fielding, and the little Mrs. Pomeroy who was always underfoot, all up in her room helping her. She and Eva had been moved into the spacious guest-room now. Susannah reflected that perhaps it was just as well to have distractions and interruptions on such a day; it kept one from too serious thought.

SHE heard Alec's voice outside, Alec's laugh, and her heart stood still. There were to be only a score of friends at the little ceremony in Aunt Nona's drawing-room; when Susannah went out they were all there.

Captain Fletcher, who had been like a brother to her father, had come up from Washington to give the bride away; they all stood about very informally, and Alec at once took Susannah's fingers and held them in his own throughout the service. Afterward he kissed Susannah and tipped her hat, and Anita straightened it, and there was much laughter.

Susannah, without letting go of Eva, who was crying, gave her third kiss to the aunt who had given her her wedding. Then she went up to the formidable, tall figure of her mother-in-law standing aloof, magnificent in curled white hair and a tremendous hat.

"I suppose I am to kiss the bride," said Florence Hazeltyne. Susannah, Alec beside her, laughed good-humoredly.

"If you like."

Their cheeks touched.

"Here," said the older Mrs. Hazeltyne majestically, "is your boy."

Susannah knelt down before little Phil, a delicate-looking three-year-old, who drew away from her kiss and her arms.

"He doesn't know me!" she said. The child had turned swiftly from her to his father.

"Are you goin' to stay here now?" he demanded of the man. "Am I goin' to stay with you and Frost and 'Liza?"

"After a while, Phil," Alec said, carried away from Susannah on a tide of congratulations, managing to get back to her again. They did not have very much time; there was a toast, somebody told Susannah to eat a sandwich, but after holding it in her fingers for a while she put it down somewhere, and was suddenly being kissed goodby, and hurried away with Alec's fingers under her elbow.

"Ah-h-h!" Alec said when they were in the car. His arm was locked about her again, and Susannah took off the new hat and laid her head on his shoulder. The autumn miles began to flash past the windows, the city dropped away; they were out among red leaves and farmhouses, orchards that were stripped of leaves, villages lying prim and quiet under the blazing gold of great trees.

"Alec, have you ever thought it's strange that people are getting married all the time, and going off together—"

"You mean that it can't mean to them what it does to us?"

"Yes. You hear of them getting married; it doesn't seem anything so thrilling. And then you think of this—you and I going off together, always to be together—"

Her voice died away; her eyes smiled into his.

"It *is* a miracle," Alec said soberly.

"I wish we had been married for ten years, Alec."

HIS eyes narrowed into laughter. "You're not afraid of me," he said.

"No, it's not that. It's just—perhaps what I'm afraid of is that we won't always love each other as we do now. All this—these weeks have been so wonderful—every time you telephoned, every time we went anywhere, no matter what we did. Just going into shops with you, Alec, and watching you, or just seeing you order a meal. It seems as if I couldn't watch you enough—

"I'm a fool to feel like that; you think I'm a fool," she began again in a changed tone, after a little silence. Her laughing eyes were wet, and there were tears in his eyes as he looked at her.

"I don't think you're a fool," he said very low, his fingers tightly holding her own.

MARIO COOPER

"How does a woman keep a man loving her forever?"

"Ah, you'll have to teach *me* how to hold *you*, Sanna. But I hope and I believe," Alec said, "that when we have been ten years married you and I'll like to remember today—the day you gave yourself to me, and say to each other that we're happier with every year."

"I believe it might be that way," she said in a whisper.

Country roads and barns and trees went by; it was almost twilight when they stopped at an old colonial mansion that had been turned into an inn. Light flooded from the doorway; there was the scent of old-fashioned New England cleanness, the sight of New England beauty and order in the wide, warm hallway. A smiling woman in a big apron showed them the way upstairs to an immense front room looking out into maples, with spotless linen and a fat patchwork quilt on a broad fourposter, rag rugs on a polished floor, old chairs of walnut and fruitwood, a highboy, a dresser, glass candlesticks and softly lighted old china lamps. The floor sloped slightly downward to the big bathroom; the paneled old doors wore strange, long iron hinges; dotted swiss flounced the bed and was crossed at the windows.

Phillips brought up the bags, and Susannah, going through every motion with the easy accuracy of a drilled actress, and trying to make herself feel that this was only a play, got herself into a Chinese coat of thin persimmon-colored satin banded with royal embroidery in gold and rose and black and blue, brushed her russet mop, washed her face with great handfuls of soapy water, then changed into the simple silk Lola had decided was traveler's wear. Triumphantly fresh, she faced him.

"Shall we go down, Mr. Hazeltyne?"

Alec caught her into his arms.

"Ah, Sanna, isn't this fun! You and I alone up here in this funny old place. I like it. Let's stay here!"

SHE put her warm, soft hand into his, and they descended, to find a narrow old parlor with a great fire roaring behind sparkling brass dogs, and a table set for two sending a shadow from it across the shining boards of the floor. Miss Matty brought them their dinner, Miss Prue appearing only when they had almost finished, with coffee.

"We closed the season on the first; it's gittin' real cold," explained Miss Prue. "But when Sister got your wire nothin'd do but what we let ye come. Your mother an' the little boy was here earlier in the summer, an' we remember you folks from our first year here. On'y seems like Mis' Hazeltyne has fleshed up some."

"You're confusing me with the first Mrs. Hazeltyne," Susannah said simply. "Didn't you know that the little boy's mother died three years ago? We were only married today."

"You did that beautifully, Sanna. You set it all straight and saved the poor old thing infinite embarrassment," Alec said later, when they were up in their room again. "I do remember coming here with Betty, only it was summer, and a lot of us were squeezed into top rooms somewhere."

"It's so nice and so quiet and so much ours," Susannah said, her young, firm skin emerging fresh and velvety from a treatment of cold cream. "Let's stay, tomorrow anyway. Quebec can wait! Let's have a house like this some day, Alec, all by ourselves, with just a few friends coming down now and then, and books and fires. I'll raise roses and you can have dogs, and we'll tramp about, and cut down trees and really—really *live*, have time to breathe and to be alone together!"

SHE stood up, gesturing with her hairbrush, and he put his arm about her and smiled down at her fragrance and youngness and beauty.

"Realize that we're alone together now?" he asked.

"Still wondering why you ever came to love me!" she said, smiling back.

"I wish," he said, "that I didn't love you quite so much!"

"Does it always have to die out, do you suppose? A man and a woman liking each other less and less until it's all gone?" Susannah asked wistfully, the beauty of her flawless face very close to his own, her hands spread on his shoulders, his own hands gripping hers.

"I don't know, sweetheart," Alec said. "Perhaps you'll tire of your old man some day."

"Ah," she said, with a little desperate laugh. "If I only *could!* If I only needn't care quite so much!"

"I'm going to keep you always loving me like that, Sanna."

"That won't be the trouble," she told him, looking up into his eyes, the brown velvet shadows of her own eyes lighted with gold; "it's how I'm to hold *you*. You're so much more important a person than I thought, Alec. Your friends—the women are all so beautiful, and the men are so rich; you all chatter about things I don't know anything about; you've been so many places and met so many people! I could have gone with you to Manila and kept house for you, we'd have been happy there. But here, sometimes, I get a little scared. This is where I want to be, Alec, these are the arms I want around me on my wedding night! But I want our marriage," Susannah pursued it, in a puzzled, hesitant tone, "to be one of the—the *always* marriages."

"You're talking sheer nonsense," he said. "As long as there is breath in my body there'll be only you for me."

Her glittering hair had tumbled to her shoulders; in the soft lamplight the face raised to his was almost a child's face in its innocence of widened eyes and fresh young mouth.

"Then are we just—lucky?" she asked. "To have found each other, and to have everything else, too?"

"Perhaps we are," he said. "But, having found each other, how little the other things count, Sanna!"

"Ah, yes," she said eagerly, "that's just it. They don't count at all, not with any woman, when the man she's dreamed about—the man that she never thought she'd meet, tells her that he loves her!"

And for a moment of silence only their eyes spoke.

"I want you always to love me like that, Sanna. I want you to be the happiest woman in the world!" Alec said, putting his face down against hers, gathering her to him.

"As long as you love me nothing can stop *that!*" she said.

The joy of it, the pride of it, the utter deep happiness of it went on and on; there seemed to be no end to the new delights. For a few exquisite weeks Alec and Susannah were all by themselves, traveling northward in the big car in the autumn glory of red leaves and crystal air, with Phillips to carry their bags into the big hotels. They stayed at lodges where great fires blazed, and over whose low roofs pine branches met; they stayed in the lofty upper rooms of an enormous hotel château, and looked out over cities and rivers as they shared their breakfast in a sunshiny window. Alec bought his wife furs; old silver spoons with Queen Anne's coat-of-arms upon them; Revolutionary fire-dogs and fine, soft blankets striped in tan and blue. Every day had its gifts and every hour was an hour of fresh enchantment. To do anything with Alec was to be thrilled and entertained and excited, was to perceive over the simplest pleasures—the waiting hour before dinner, a casual walk, the buying of stamps or newspapers or oranges—a patina of glory.

They came back to New York on a November day of leaden skies and fine snow; Susannah found her new domain in perfect order awaiting her, flowers everywhere, telegrams stacked on Alec's desk, late wedding gifts piled in their boxes in her bedroom. It was great fun to unpack with 'Liza's expert help, to establish herself, handkerchiefs and writing paper, books and slippers, her father's framed photograph, the baby picture of herself and her mother, in this magnificent place.

AT INTERVALS, as they settled themselves, Alec and Susannah would step out into the freedom of their spacious roof. Snow was packing itself softly among the dried leaves of the potted shrubs; the oleanders and rhododendrons were neatly cased in straw and burlap. There were two oblongs of dead brown lawn high up here above the city; they were intersected by neat paths of tile. At the ends of the paths, up against the brick parapet, were benches of Roman marble. A tiled arch protected the dry fountain where a stone boy, lean and awkward and sweet, held a turtle high over his head.

"That's the original," Alec said.

"How do you know an original from a copy, Alec?"

"Only by the bill, darling."

They dined with his mother on their second night at home; after that the dinner invitations poured in thick and fast, and it was only a matter of choosing. Alec went downtown to Wall Street at about ten o'clock every morning; Susannah usually had some reason for telephoning him before noon. On the day when he first lunched at the Engineers' Club she felt quite lost; her mother and Aunt Nona joined her, at short notice, and it was pleasant enough to have Frost serve them so beautifully to so luxurious a meal, but she felt oddly lopsided without Alec's forceful presence, his definite voice, his inspiring interest in everything that interested her.

"You've got one of the most beautiful apartments in the city, Susannah," Aunt Nona said. "I hope you appreciate that you're an extremely lucky girl."

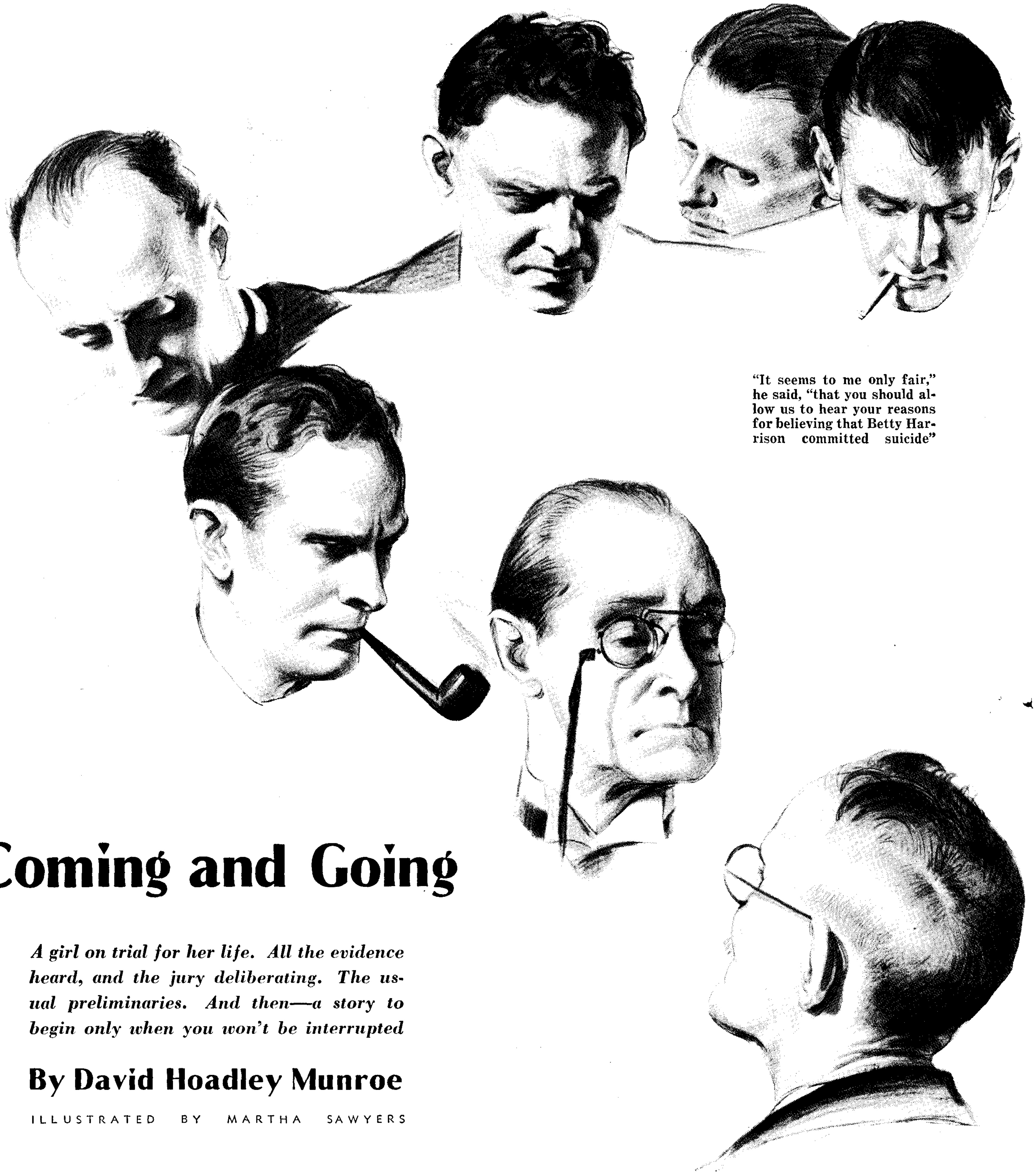
"I hope I do! But I no sooner get caught up appreciating one thing," Susannah said, "than another comes along."

"A box at the opera, *imagine*," Eva said complacently.

"Alec's a director, so we have to have one, but most operas bore him!" Susannah confessed cheerfully. "However, Margot Fielding and I are going to do The Ring on all the February Thursdays, and we're having early dinner and going to Rosenkavalier, all of us, on the tenth. And then—maybe Europe!" she finished, with a wide-eyed look.

"Susannah Farjeon," her mother said. "Alec may have to go over to London

(Continued on page 60)



"It seems to me only fair," he said, "that you should allow us to hear your reasons for believing that Betty Harrison committed suicide"

Coming and Going

A girl on trial for her life. All the evidence heard, and the jury deliberating. The usual preliminaries. And then—a story to begin only when you won't be interrupted

By David Hoadley Munroe

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

IT'S a case of murder!" said Juror Number Four. He was a burly retired policeman, who spoke seldom but dogmatically. "No suicide—murder! And 'tis the young girl that done it!" he said, and the words, tossed booming into the jury room's chattered argument, brought nods of agreement from seven heads.

Mr. Mildmay watched them nervously. He was Juror Number Twelve—a small man and pale, good at crossword and other puzzles, but apprehensive, timid, when faced with noise and argument. He was nervous now because he knew that in a little while they would all be against him. Three hours ago the jury had been divided evenly, six to six, but now eight had come out for conviction. Only he and three others still believed Jane Gordon innocent—and the three others were wavering.

Mr. Mildmay would have liked to waver. When the time came and they were all against him, he would want to change, because he always preferred to agree with people, but he wouldn't be able to. He was quite used to being wrong; he was almost always wrong, and he very rarely made up his mind—but when he did, he couldn't change it. Changing it was even harder than making it up in the first place—

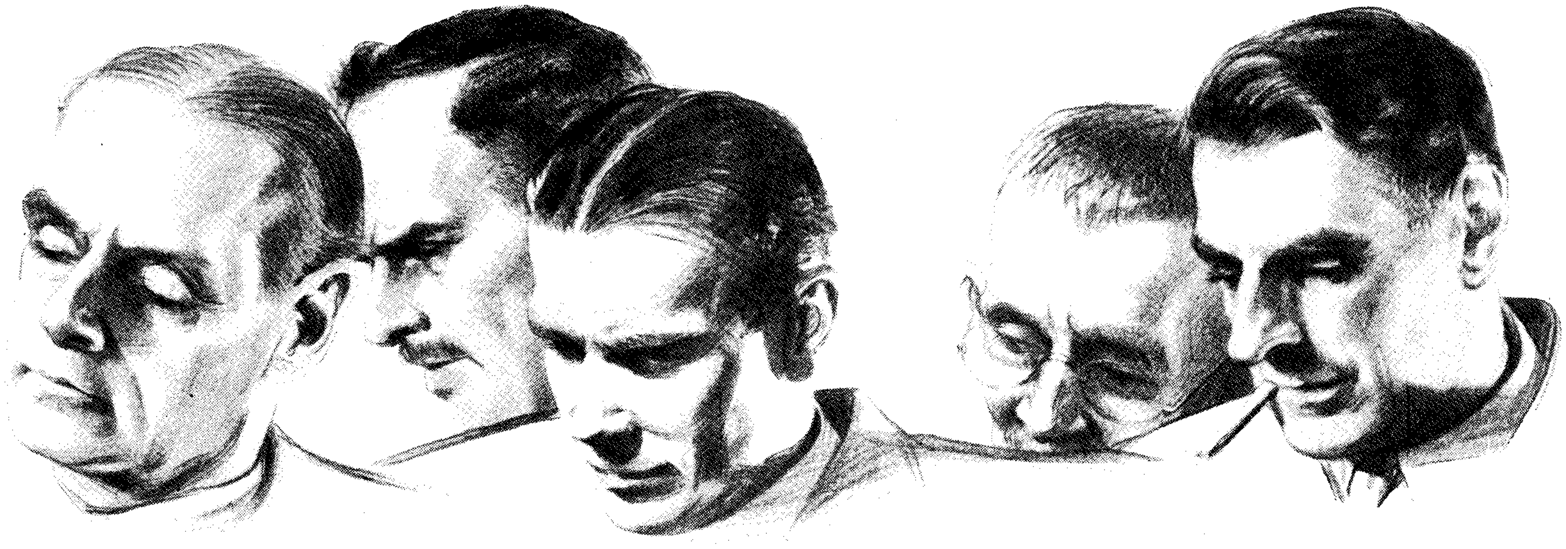
"Wait a minute!" said the foreman in his loud, rasping voice. He was speaking to Number Ten, one of Mr. Mildmay's wavering allies. "Wait a minute."

Number Ten tipped his chair back against the radiator below the window. Above his head the afternoon sun threw a bar of light into the long, narrow room. In the bar of light, dust danced and tobacco smoke curled and twisted; and Number Ten drawled:

"All right. Go on."

"Listen," said the foreman. "You people are dodging the evidence. The Gordon gal was found where? Standing right over the Harrison gal, wasn't she? And what was she doing? Looking down at her—at the gal she'd just shot! How do I know she'd just shot her? Because she was holding the gun in her hand! . . . Now, let's see you get around that!"

"Only one person saw her—" began Number Ten.



"Yes—and who?" interrupted Number Two. "Her aunt, her own aunt—the good-looking widow! She heard the shot; she ran down the hall—and that's what she saw! Hell, it's obvious!"

"Perhaps she was lying—the aunt, I mean," suggested Number Seven.

"Lying?" The foreman returned to the charge. "But why? Why lie? The Gordon gal's her own niece—the Gordon gal lives in the house with her! And remember this—the D. A. had one heck of a time getting that evidence out of the aunt! She was a reluctant witness; she was doing her best not to—"

"She is the youngest aunt I ever see," said Number Nine, grinning. He spoke with a strong Scandinavian accent. "She is thirty years old, I think, not more. And a fine-looking woman!"

"You telling me?" asked Number Eleven. "She's a honey!"

"So what?" asked the foreman scornfully. "Now just listen a minute . . ."

Mr. Mildmay squirmed in his chair. That was the way they'd go at *him*, in a little while. They'd argue at him, hammer at him. They'd all talk at once. And he wouldn't know how to answer, not with all this noise and tobacco smoke. He could never argue with anyone. If only he could talk like the foreman—confidently, aggressively! But he was so used to being wrong that he never tried to argue any more. When they began asking him questions he'd—he didn't know what he'd do. For instance, supposing they asked him why he thought Jane Gordon was innocent?

WHAT would he say? . . . Nothing. He didn't know why he thought so. He simply knew she hadn't done it. He knew! He was right, this time—but he wouldn't be able to make them see it. He wouldn't even dare to try. . . . Just the same, she hadn't done it. No girl with a face like that could be a murderess. Why, she looked the way his own Mattie would have looked if—if she'd lived. . . .

Could he go home and tell Sarah he'd convicted a young girl who looked the way their own daughter would have if . . . No—no. Sarah would just look at him and say that was exactly what she'd have expected from *him*. . . . Jane Gordon hadn't done it. She didn't look like a murderess. He thought of her in the witness chair, with her face white and her blue eyes staring and frightened and the district attorney going after her . . .

"You'd been out for a walk, Miss Gordon. But not a very pleasant walk, was it? No—and I shall tell you why. You were thinking about your house guest, Betty Harrison. Your house guest—and *friend*. A very good friend of yours, wasn't she, Miss Gordon? The sort of friend you could always depend on, who would never let you down. You were, in fact, very fond of Betty Harrison—you believed in her. Isn't that true, Miss Gordon?"

"I object to the line of this questioning!" The defense lawyer, querulous, on his feet. "I object, on the grounds that it is irrelevant, misleading—"

"She may answer, I think." The judge's calm, dispassionate manner. "Repeat the question, Mr. District Attorney."

"Miss Gordon, were you very fond of Betty Harrison? Did you believe in her thoroughly?"

"Yes." A faint, low voice, with a tremor in it. "Yes."

"Speak up, please, Miss Gordon, so the jury can hear! . . . Yes. The sort of friend who would never let you down. But—she *had* let you down, hadn't she? In a most unforgivable way! She was trying to take your fiancé, Mr. William Taylor, away from you—wasn't she, Miss Gordon? Trying quite deliberately—and you, to put it mildly, Miss Gordon, objected. Your friendship for Betty Harrison underwent a change, I think, in the course of that walk. It became . . . something else.

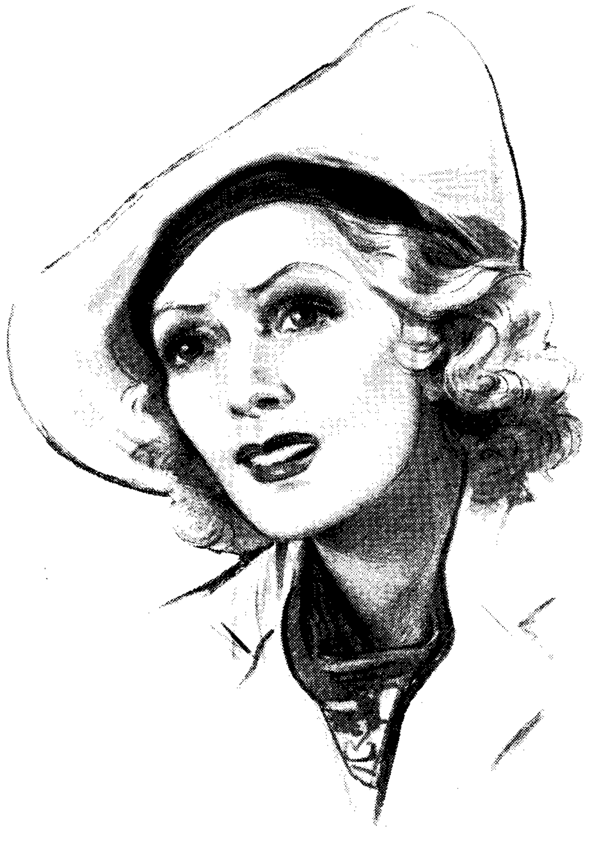
"Naturally! Quite naturally—you did not want to lose Mr. Taylor! A man ten years older than yourself, a man of very considerable position, attractive, wealthy—very wealthy, Miss Gordon—why should you—want to lose him? You would have been a rather abnormal young woman if you hadn't objected to the efforts of your friend Betty Harrison! And I'm sure there is nothing abnormal about *you*, Miss Gordon! The normal, human emotion of jealousy, of desire for wealth, is present in *you*, as in other people—*isn't it, Miss Gordon?*"

"I object, Your Honor! This—"

"Sustained. Sustained. . . ."

MR. MILDMAY turned his head away. He couldn't bear the hopeless terror in those wide-open blue eyes. He looked down into the courtroom—at William Taylor, tall, broad-shouldered, Jane Gordon's fiancé; at Mrs. Dunn, Jane Gordon's handsome, youthful aunt. He saw the grim, savage misery in William Taylor's eyes, and it occurred to him, with a sudden little thrill of excitement, that he would like to be present if William Taylor ever got his hands on the district attorney—

"—I put it to you, Miss Gordon, that you came home from that walk feeling very bitter toward Betty Harrison. Feeling that—feeling toward Betty Harrison something—something very much like—*hatred! Isn't that right, Miss Gordon?*"



"It isn't true!" she said. "I didn't. It isn't true"

"No! I didn't hate her!" Spots of color in those white cheeks, spots of color, high up. "Oh—I didn't hate her!"

"Sure, Miss Gordon? Quite sure? . . . Never mind. You crossed the lawn. You looked in at the living-room window and saw Betty Harrison. Sitting there reading, quietly, unconsciously—and suddenly the idea came to you—"

"It didn't! It didn't! I didn't look in the window! Really I didn't—I didn't even know she was there!"

"Perhaps you will allow me to finish? Thank you, kind of you. . . . You went round to the side door. The butler has testified that you came in the side door. You went into the gun-room, Miss Gordon. You took a gun—*this gun*—"

"No. . . . No. . . . Oh . . . no. . . ."

"—and walked down the hall. Past the library where your aunt was writing at her desk. Past the door into the dining-room, past the two closet doors—and into the living-room. You accused Betty Harrison of trying to take Mr. Taylor away from you."

Pause. The district attorney's cool, scornful smile.

"Miss Gordon, what Betty Harrison said to you then nobody knows but you. Did she deny it? Or did she, perhaps, laugh at you, infuriate you by laughing? . . . It doesn't matter. Only one thing matters, Miss Gordon—*that you raised this gun and shot Betty Harrison*—"

"It isn't true! I didn't! It isn't true, it isn't, it isn't. . . ."

"No? No, Miss Gordon? . . . I rather think the jury will know how to decide about that. . . ."

Now, hours later, in the jury room Mr. Mildmay sighed unhappily. The jury did know how to decide—most of them, eight of them. Eight of them had accepted that version of the case as the truth—and soon nine would. Number Ten was slipping.

"The butler backs up the aunt, too," someone was saying. "Even if he didn't come on the scene until a few seconds later, after—"

"The butler? Fancy Pants?" Number Eleven leaned forward suddenly. The front legs of his chair hit the floor with a bang. "The mug's a sap; we got a case without him! . . . Fancy Pants!"

"Mr. Foreman—how about another vote?"

"All those in favor of conviction stick up their right hands!"

MR. MILDMAY watched anxiously. Eight men voted without hesitation. Number Ten waited, then raised his hand slowly. Number Seven looked at Number Ten and followed suit.

Mr. Mildmay gasped. They had changed for no reason! No reason at all! . . . Now only two were left.—himself, and Number Three, over there, at the end of the room—

"There's something you want to remember," said the foreman wisely, pointing a lean finger at Number Three. "This man Taylor is rich—good and rich! There's more to this than just jealousy—if the Gordon gal lost Taylor, she'd lose a chance at being a mighty rich woman, too!"

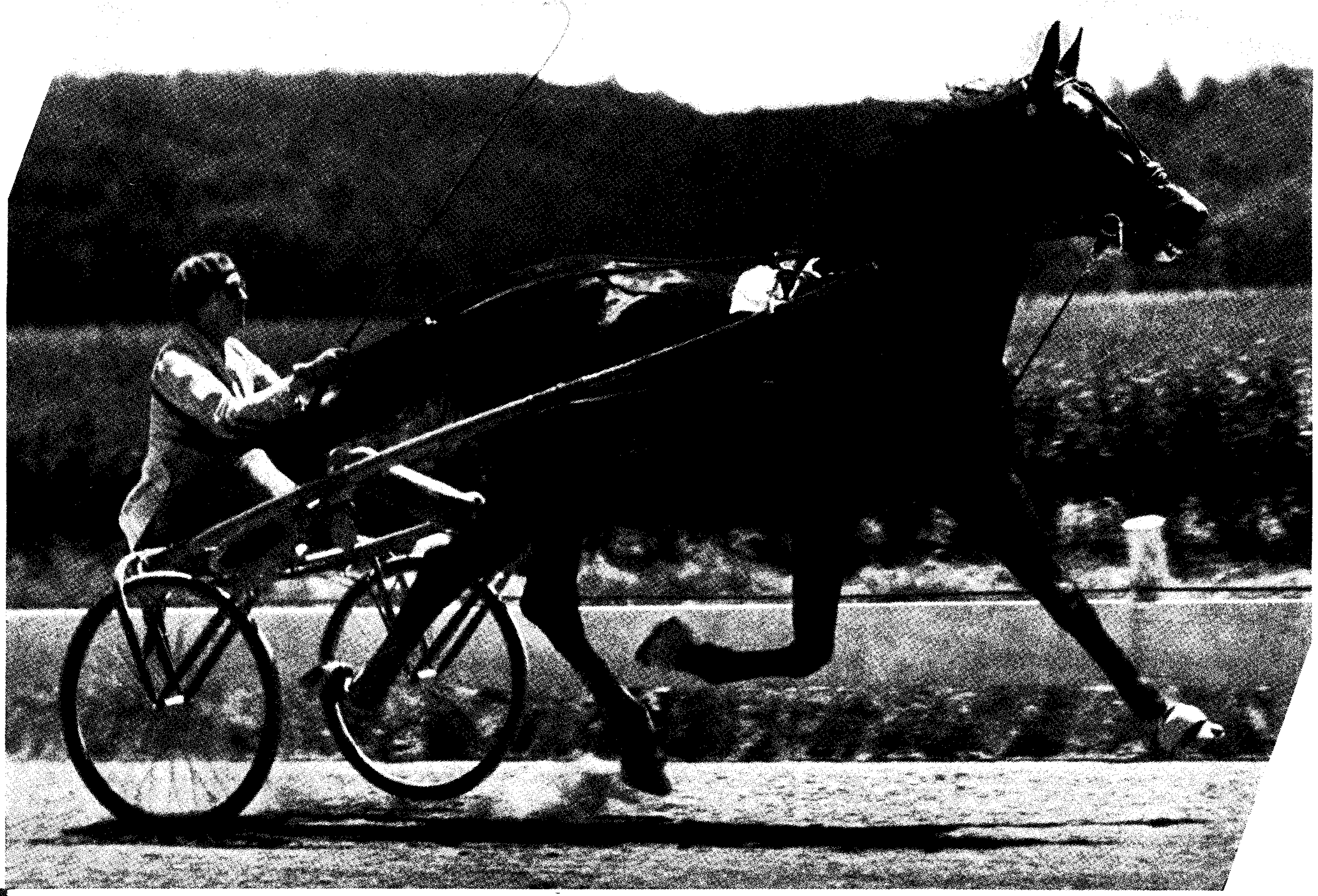
The room agreed with him vociferously.

"That's right. . . . Love isn't the only thing in the world. . . . No use getting sympathetic just because she's good-looking. . . . People will do a lot of things to get money. . . ."

"Gentlemen!" Number Six was trying to speak. He was a verbose man, very well-dressed—he had

(Continued on page 56)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Harness racing has its women drivers, too, but they don't compete in the great Hambletonian. Here's Mrs. E. Roland Harriman making a women's record of 2:06¼ behind the two-year-old filly Farr

Racers in Harness

By Quentin Reynolds

Horse racing may be the sport of kings; harness racing is the sport of honest men. Watch them making ready for the Hambletonian. It's the simon-pure American sporting event

BUT why move the races to Goshen?" they asked William H. Cane. Cane had come to Syracuse, which was then headquarters of the trotting world, and he'd made the bold suggestion that the Hambletonian, greatest of harness horse races, which until then had been held alternately at Lexington, Kentucky, and at Syracuse, New York, be moved to Goshen, New York.

"Goshen is the real capital of harness racing," Cane went on. "It's just a small town but we've got a fine track there. Goshen is a town of horse lovers. It always has been. In fact," Cane added, "only about a hundred years ago a man stole a horse in Goshen. They caught him and by unanimous vote hanged him in the public square."

"They must like horses in Goshen," the leaders of the trotting world said, and then they moved the race to Goshen. That's why the sleepy little town of Goshen will be thronged with horse lovers on August 12th to see the trotting of the Hambletonian, the harness horse race which is, in trotting circles, the equivalent of the Kentucky Derby. There'll be forty thousand at the track in August and there'll be farmers from the surrounding Orange County and there will be horse lovers from the bluegrass section of Kentucky and there will be many from Vermont and the other New England states; even New York City has been captured by the glamor and honesty of this race and the men who spend the rest of the summer at Belmont or Saratoga will be there to pay tribute for the one day, or the entire week of Grand Circuit racing, to the only truly American sport we have.

Baseball? The English have a game called rounders and they maintain sturdily that baseball is merely an offshoot of it; and there is much truth in their claim. But harness horse racing (or trotting, as it is more colloquially known) is as American as corn on the cob. There is, of course, the usual dispute as to this. English authorities insist that trotting races were held in England as far back as 1791, but such experts as Frank Menke and W. H. Gocher, the latter one of the greatest harness horse authorities alive, insist that the trotting horse is an American product.

Horses weren't taught to trot in the beginning with any idea of racing. The severity of the New England winters was the real cause for the specialization in the gait known as the trot. To begin with, the snow came early and it stayed late in New England. The only way to get from here to there was by horse-drawn sleigh. Now, if a horse insists upon galloping on snow he is going to slide all over. He has to trot or else find the slippery surface too treacherous. So horses were taught to go along at what was first called a "fast walk." This didn't work out very well, so they hobbled the horses and this resulted in the so-called pacing gait. Trotting was the logical outcome of this gait, although pacers as well as trotters are raced today.

Trotting has always been a sport which has been hardly touched by commercialism. Even today, though the Hambletonian purse is in the neighborhood of $40,000, trotting is still a sport and not a business. It is almost

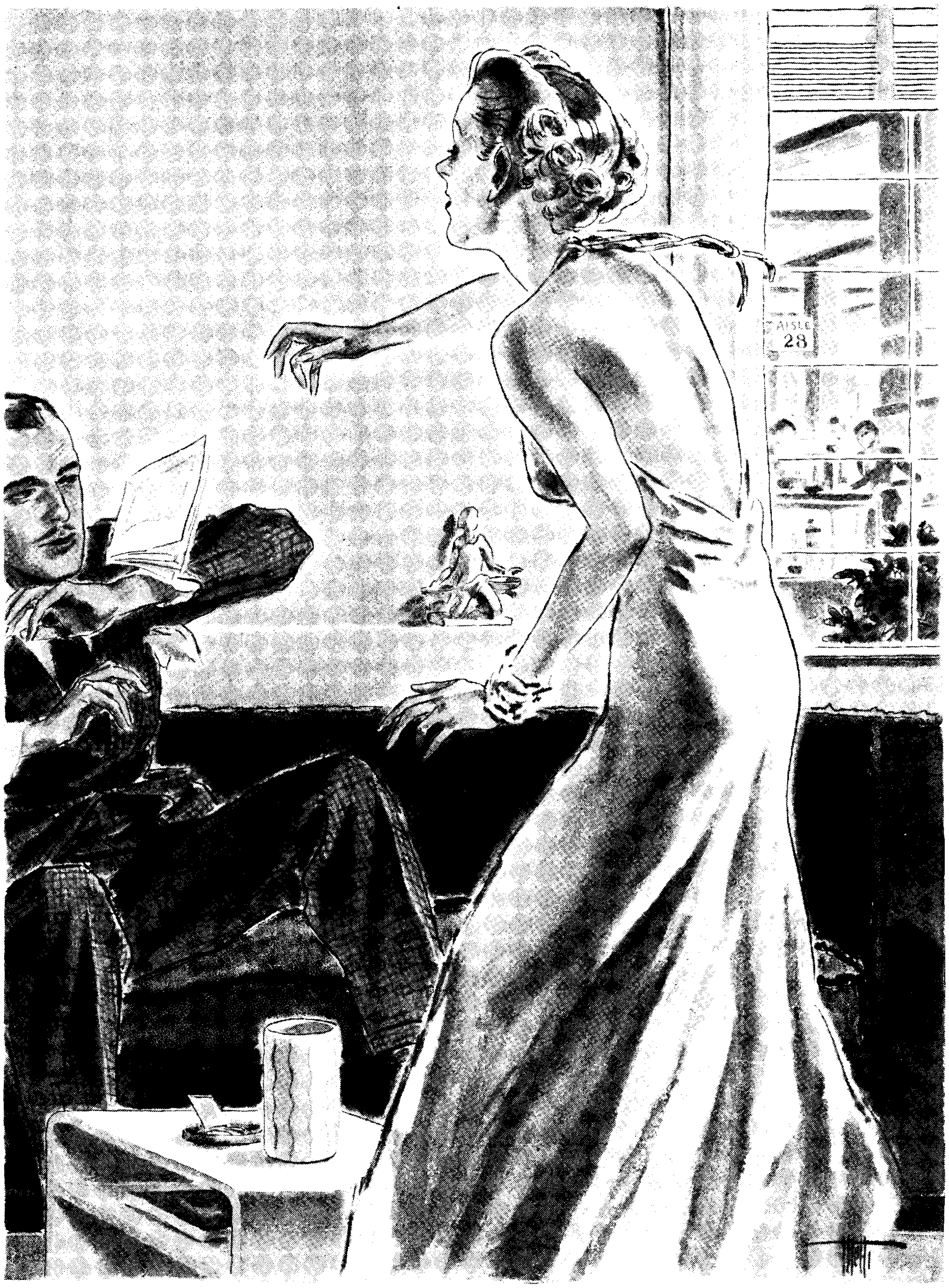
(Continued on page 40)

The highly edifying adventure of an intrepid explorer who discovered the

Perfect Hostess

By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



"Oh, that!" cried Sandra in despair. She hurled the pamphlet furiously

ALEC BALDWIN, who could cross expertly Inner Arabia or Outer Mongolia, gazed baffled at the labyrinthine aisles of the huge department store. He felt trapped—there was no other word for it—in a fantastic region of vacuum cleaners, electric washers, garden implements and children's toys.

"This," he thought grimly, "is what civilization does to me. Now for an elevator."

It was near closing hour and all the salesgirls had disappeared into some mysterious limbo.

Alec cast a rapid glance in each direction, selected the elevator that seemed the least cluttered, plunged ahead and found himself confronted by a complete house set in a walled garden of trees, shrubbery and artificial lawns. It was so unexpected, there on the seventh floor of a city store, that he stopped dead, gaping in amazement.

The door stood invitingly open.

Alec approached it curiously. Upon a mat before the entrance was lettered "The Perfect Home." Portieres across the doorway hid the room beyond from the tiny foyer. He put them cautiously aside and paused, his jaw dropping.

The girl sitting in the easy chair beside the floor lamp laid down her book and rose smiling.

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

FOR one awful moment Alec had the sensation of being plunged into a dream sequence with fantasy and reality inextricably confused. He advanced tentatively, too bewildered to speak. Still smiling, the girl drew thin curtains across windows. She was wearing an evening gown, cut low from pale shoulders. It was daffodil yellow and matched her hair exactly. Her eyes were startlingly dark and her mouth entrancingly red. She was, Alec thought, dazedly, incredibly lovely. He didn't really think it; the idea sounded somewhere inside him as though a gong had been struck, sending the echoes shivering along his nervous system. While he stood, suffering from an exquisite but almost complete paralysis, the girl crossed the room and turned a switch on the wall. Instantly music, muted but clear, filled the air.

"You are listening to the radio in The Perfect Home," she said. "It is built into the wall. There is a loud-speaker also in the Master Bedroom."

She turned another switch.

"Listen," she said.

Alec listened and heard nothing.

"The entire house is sound-proofed," she said triumphantly. "The radio is playing but cannot be heard except in that one room."

She looked at Alec, her eyes slowly

widening with the wonder of it, and he realized that she expected him to admire this mechanical achievement.

"I see," he said, after a long pause.

"Are you interested in houses?" she asked.

"No," said Alec, "not at all."

Her perfect eyebrows arched in astonishment. Then she laughed, a deep, almost caressing sound.

"Oh, I don't mean just a house," she said gayly, "*any* house. But one that is the complete modern realization of the word 'home.' Isn't that your idea of what a house should be?"

"I don't know," Alec said slowly. "I never thought about it."

The only house he knew at all was his sister Nora's, where he stayed during the brief intervals between his wanderings. And he had merely the vaguest impression of it, he realized. There were rooms, of course, and chairs and beds, and the three children tearing about with inexhaustible but exhausting energy. It stood among other houses, bafflingly alike, in the suburban community. Dick, Nora's husband, seemed very proud of the cellar, and Nora was always calling his attention to some new piece of furniture that, to him, never appeared any different from the article it had replaced.

"It's mine," the girl was saying. Her eyes clouded with some inward rapture. "And that of thousands of other women."

"Is it?" said Alec.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Every woman longs for a home. It's the deepest instinct in the female heart. You should know that."

"I DON'T know much about women," Alec confessed. He was beginning to feel singularly at ease with this girl, a sensation he had never experienced with any woman before, except his sister, and that was not the same thing. "You see," he went on in a rush of confidence that took him completely by surprise, "practically all my time is spent in primitive countries. I'm an archaeologist."

The girl's eyes widened again. He felt dazzled looking into their glowing depths, as on that day when he stood on the flat top of Umm El Biyara and gazed down into the valley filled with morning mist where lay the rose-colored miracle of Petra.

"You are?" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I just finished reading a book by an archaeologist. Roy Chapman Andrews, his name was. You're not. . . ?"

Alec laughed.

"He's one of the big shots. My name is Alec Baldwin. I was with Andrews though, on an expedition to the Gobi."

"How wonderful."

The phrase seemed to conclude that particular bit of conversation. There was a long silence in which the girl gazed dreamily into some remote place and Alec looked at her rapt face and sought a means of restoring contact.

"Excuse me," he said at last. "This house is for sale, I suppose?"

THE girl started and glanced about the room as though the words had suddenly recreated it.

"Why, yes. Certainly." She added, "In case you don't know, since you are away so much, I am a 'hostess.' That is, I explain to prospective customers all about this one room. Are you interested in the number of electric outlets?"

"No," said Alec and hastily corrected himself. "Yes, come to think of it, I am."

"There are eight. Conveniently placed for lamps or vacuum cleaner. That means great flexibility of furniture arrangement, taken in conjunction with the fact that all the windows are in the corners of the room. . . . I suppose," she said, "you've had marvelous adventures?"

"Eh?" said Alec. "Why, sometimes, of course. Not that I'd call them marvelous. Our expeditions are purely scientific. We avoid adventures as much as possible. . . . I don't see any radiators." He felt safe in mentioning them. He had discovered that houses had them because of the infernal gurgling of the one in his room at Nora's. It sounded exactly like the Chinese bandit who had attacked him one time and whom he had shot through the throat. Well, now, that was what people called an adventure. He vaguely considered relating it to the girl but could find no appropriate way of introducing such a subject. He might try to make a joke of it and say, "I once shot a Chinese bandit in the throat and he sounded exactly like a radiator. . . ."

"There are no radiators," the girl said.

Alec dropped the idea of telling the story.

"We heat the walls. It's the latest and most efficient method. At the same time the rooms are air-conditioned and the humidity maintained at the proper point. . . . Are there ever any women archaeologists, I wonder?"

"They'd be warm to the touch, I should think," Alec said.

"*What?*" cried the girl.

"The walls," explained Alec in confusion. "Oh, I see. Women archaeologists. No, I've never met any. Sometimes men take their wives along but I'm against that."

"Why?" asked the girl. "I would imagine . . ."

"IF YOU want trouble," Alec said sagely, "*real* trouble, just take a couple of wives on a long, arduous expedition. No, women are all right, I suppose, in their place."

"Which is?"

"In the home," Alec said firmly.

He walked about the room, inspecting each part with the closest attention. A vague excitement was gathering in him, as though the words he had just spoken had released some emotion long buried, which was struggling upward through layers of busy years and habitual actions. He had never been conscious of a house before, he suddenly realized, and what it could stand for in a man's life, what it might hold for him, something . . . someone so precious, so desirable, charming, companionable. . . . He was aware, all at once, that beneath the surprise and confusion he had experienced when he had first put aside the portieres and had seen the girl sitting quietly in the gentle golden glow of the lamp had been a sensation of peace and satisfaction. It had been like the feeling in that poem that had stuck in his head from childhood, "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill." Only that had to do with dying and this was alive, rising and throbbing in him, making his heart beat with an inexpressible emotion.

"The house," the girl was saying, her voice flat and expressionless, "is of steel, rustless and insect-proof. Yet the interior finish can be as varied and beautiful as the owner wishes. The paneling in this room is the finest selected Carolina white pine, merely waxed and polished. . . . And now," she said resolutely, "you must see the rest of the house."

But she made no move and Alec stood likewise motionless. Neither of them looked at the room any longer but each was gazing at the other in a kind of rapt enchantment.

"It would be wonderful . . ." they said at the same time, stopped, laughing a little in confusion, the spell broken. The girl turned away, sighing inaudibly, took a card from the table and handed it to him.

"That's my name," she said, pointing to a line of very small type in one corner. "In case you come back . . . if you want more information . . . if you should decide to buy a house. . . ."

"Thank you," mumbled Alec. He read the name: Miss Sandra Holt.

"Some people," the girl said, laughing in a queer, rather helpless manner, as though she hadn't intended to laugh at all, "call me Sandy. Because they say . . . I mean . . . Through this door, please."

"Goodby," said Alec. "Thank you again . . . I . . ." The door had closed, not with a bang, he noticed absently, as the doors closed in Nora's house, but smoothly, silently, with the finality of those vast doors on safes or vaults and other places where treasure is stored.

"Good afternoon," a voice said.

Alec whirled about. A dark girl, in dimity apron over an incredibly crisp and ruffled morning dress, stood before him.

"This is the Kitchen," she said, "of The Perfect Home. Everything is done by electricity. The lucky girl. . . ."

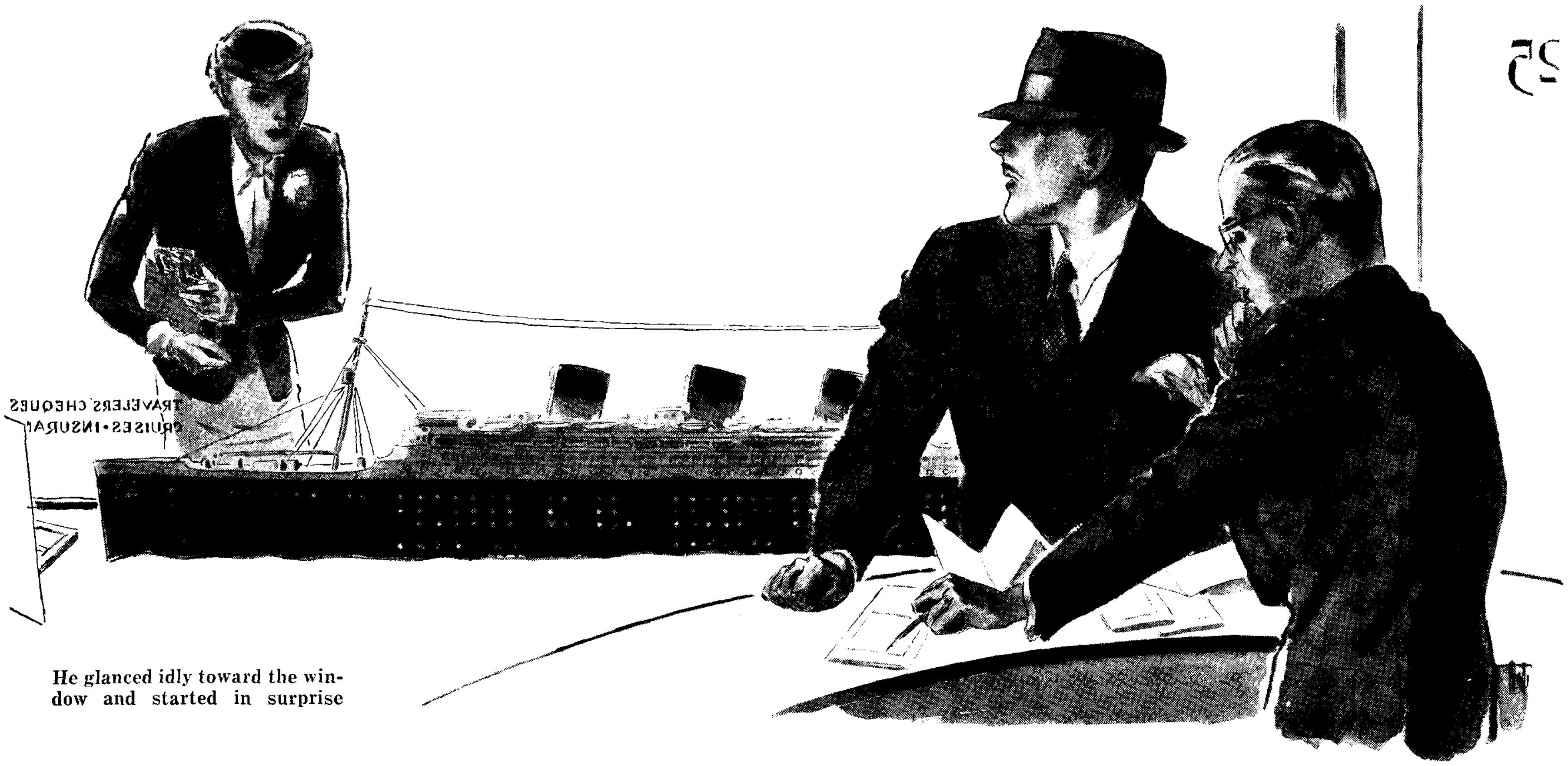
"Thank you," said Alec. "I'm in a hurry."

He rushed away and, after a time, again saw the serene entrance door invitingly open, the mat with its creamy letters, "The Perfect Home," and the girl, Sandra, standing in the tiny foyer adjusting her daffodil-colored hair before the small mirror. . . .

"Oh," she said, her dark eyes widening, "you startled me. I thought you'd gone."

"I . . . I came back," Alec mumbled, panting a little. "For some . . . some information."

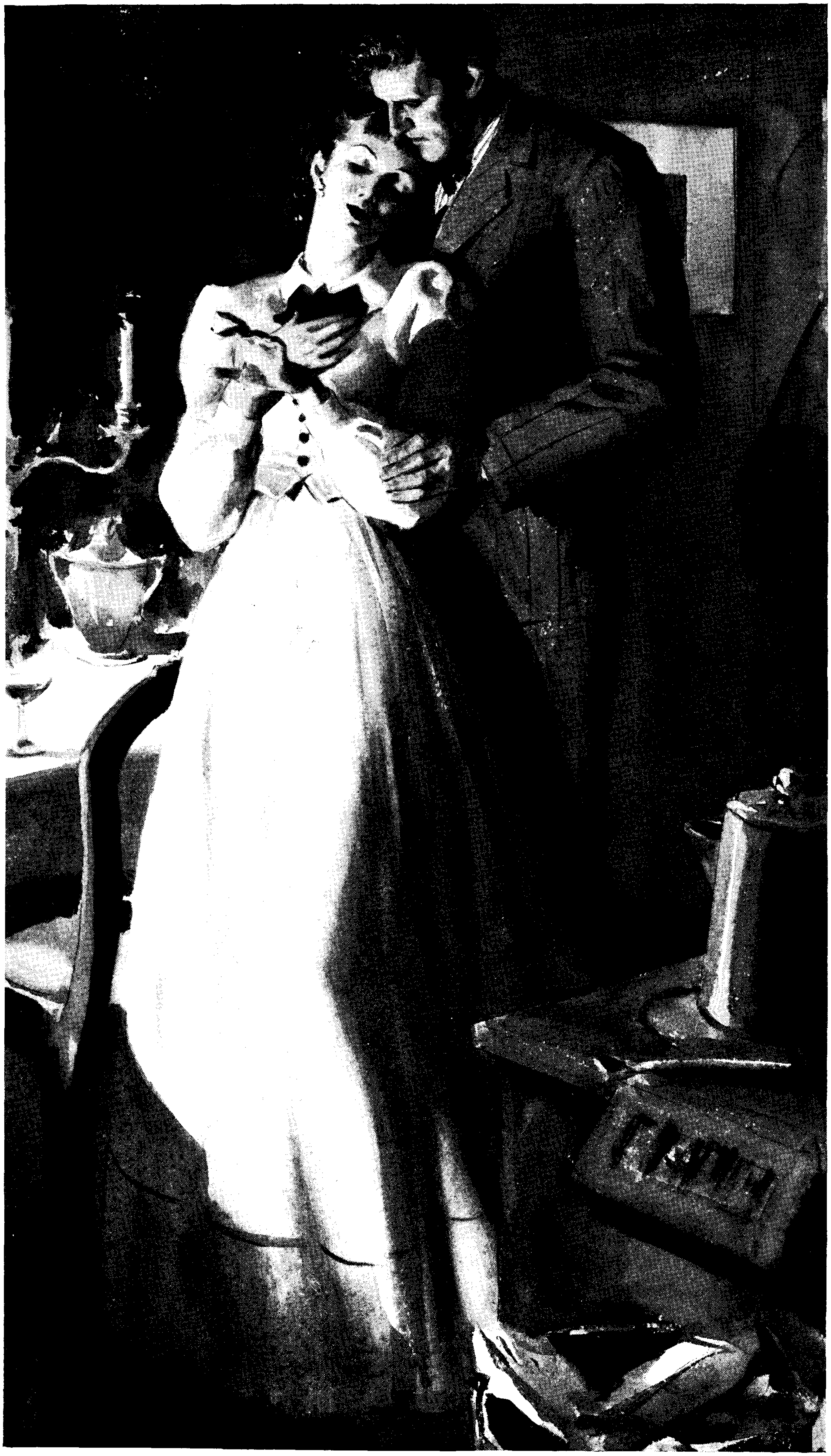
(Continued on page 38)



He glanced idly toward the window and started in surprise

Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox



He heard her say in a deep breath, "No, Frank, you don't know what fullness is. I do"

The Story Thus Far:

THE Union Pacific Railroad, building westward, and the Central Pacific, building eastward from San Francisco, are fighting for the honor of being first to reach the junction point in Utah. Labor agitators and other trouble makers, directed by "Big Sid" Campeaux, a noted gambler, are causing the Union's officials much concern; they appoint young Frank Peace to keep them in check.

As the rail-head moves on, Peace, in constant danger of assassination, sees much of two girls: Eileen Oliver, to whom he is engaged, and Nan Normandy, who, for reasons of her own, has come west with Campeaux. Eileen, an Easterner, hates the West—and Peace loves it. Nan, generally regarded as a girl of mystery, will tell Peace little concerning her past; she does admit, however, that she is searching for her father, who is somewhere "out West." . . . Among Peace's friends is young Archie Millard, a lieutenant in the army. Millard is desperately in love with "Cherry," a half-breed. To prevent an ill-advised marriage, his commanding officer has him ordered East. . . .

Phil Morgan, one of Peace's men, is murdered by Al Brett, one of Campeaux's gunmen. Peace confronts Brett, hoping to force him to fight. But Brett refuses to draw his gun. "I'll pick my time," he says. "And I'll get you."

A few hours later, Peace is shot by a gang of ruffians. He falls unconscious. Nan Normandy witnesses the tragedy. She rushes to him, has him carried to her room. When he comes to, he is in a railroad car which serves as a hospital. There Nan visits him. As she leaves, Eileen Oliver enters the car and sees her. Jealous of Nan, who, she suspects, is in love with Peace, she strives to hide her feelings; and she implores Peace to leave the West and marry her. . . . A few days later, Nan Normandy finds her father. . . .

Winter comes and construction almost halts. Seated in his little room, Archie Millard prepares an important document and signs it. It is his resignation from the army.

IX

TWO days later a harried, exhausted operating department cleared the road from Wasatch back toward Green River, releasing half a dozen stormbound construction trains strung along the way; and that day Archie Millard put himself and his horse in an eastbound boxcar without saying anything to Peace and rode to Bear River Town. Here he got into the saddle and took the Fort Bridger road through a soft, mealy fall of snow. Late at night he hailed the guards at the fort.

It was a two-company post, with the usual row of army quarters stretched along a little parade ground. Colonel Carter, more or less a court of first and last resort for a territory a thousand miles square, had his house adjoining the military quarters. A few mountain men wintered here in cabins built long before by old Jim Bridger; and out a short distance from the fort—but under its sheltering wing—a wandering band of Arapaho had put up their tents.

Archie Millard stabled his horse, paid his respects to the major commanding the post and sought out Mormon Char-

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

He had not been there long when a horse and rider materialized through the snow

ley, finding him in the sutler's shack fraternizing with half a dozen restless-eyed beaver trappers. Mormon Charley said, without being asked: "Cherry's visitin' her cousins. It'll be the biggest tent."

Millard walked back across the parade and past the guard line, deeply angered. Smoke spiraled up from the Arapaho tent tops and he heard the murmuring of Indian talk and short bursts of Indian laughter. A dog ran before him, growling as it came, lifting its feet gingerly up from the snow. Millard turned at the largest tent and had to bend low to crawl through the half-laced flap.

THE SMELL of damp clothes, of food and of bodies reached his nostrils in a rank, strong wave. There had been a little conversation going on, but it stopped; and he stood up in the semidark interior and looked around, more irritated than curious, to see a typical Indian family hunkered down along the edges of the tent. A few old women and a few old men. Three grown girls in the background. Half a dozen young bucks sitting side by side. A very young baby laced into its carrier and propped against a roll of blankets. Cherry was with the girls in the rear of the tent, seated like the rest of them, her shoulders drawn forward, her whole body immobile. She didn't show any expression. He was a stranger here and made to feel so by the opaque stare of all those eyes; they had stopped talking and they had stopped moving—and they were waiting for him to speak and be gone.

"Cherry," he said, "come with me."

She rose instantly. One of the young men, thin and bold-nosed and wide of lip, turned his head to her, running out a quick row of Arapaho words. Cherry said something briefly back and came across to Millard. He went out before her, tramping back the trail. But a few yards on he stopped short and turned back. She was following in his steps Indian fashion, her head bowed down. Her eyes, incurious and obedient, lifted to find why he had halted—and that pure Indian look sent a duller and more painful resentment through him. "Go in front of me, Cherry," he said and trailed her to the parade ground. She took him into one of the small cabins, into the familiar presence of Mormon Charley's guns and traps and accumulated plunder. A slow flame in the fireplace lifted light across the room. Cherry stopped, her hands idle beside her, waiting for him to speak.

He said, in desperate protest: "Why do you go there?"

"They are my people, Archie," she murmured.

This girl's shoulders were even and softly rounded and her body was slim; the sparkle and the glow of girlhood was in her, the hot temper of life was in her. But he was thinking of the older women in the tent, turned slovenly and formless by the years, their cheeks wrinkled by a thousand tent fires, their manners stolid as beasts. He said: "Each time you go into that tent, Cherry, you're pulled down another inch. Each time you sit on those blankets it becomes harder for you to use a chair and a table. I don't want you going there."

She said, "Where shall I go?"

"Make your friends among my people."

"They will not have me. I can only go where I'm welcome. In that lodge nobody is ashamed of me."

"I don't want you going there!"

She said submissively: "Then I will not go."

The softness and the gentleness of this girl took all the anger out of him. "Cherry — Cherry," he groaned and pulled her against him. She held his arms, her fingers fiercely biting into his muscles, and lifted her suddenly lovely face for his kiss. He forgot the difference that separated them, and did not remember it for a long, long interval.

"I have resigned from the army, Cherry."

She pulled back, reading his eyes, reading the lines of his face. "Are you sorry?"

"No," he said, and threw his will against the doubts creeping grayly like ghosts into his mind. "Come with me."

They crossed the parade ground to Colonel Carter's house; and found him sprawled in wide-legged comfort before a cheerful fire; a big man with a tremendous voice. "Lieutenant Millard," he said, as though he spoke to all the desert, "I'm kindly pleased to see you."

"Colonel," said Millard, "you are a legal magistrate. It is our desire to have you marry us."

The colonel was a diplomat who had learned to keep his emotions well concealed in this land of willful individuals. He said, "So," in a slightly changed voice and got up and crossed the room to a table. He put on his glasses and stood in mild meditation—seeing the handsome shape of Millard fill out the blue uniform, seeing Cherry's dark eyes turn back his interest with a show of half-fear. He said, "You're quite sure, Millard?"

"Quite sure."

Carter lifted his voice, throwing it through the house. "Mother—Quincy, I want you both." He turned to a little shelf at the corner of the room and found a weathered, brown book containing the laws of South Dakota, and riffled its pages. Mrs. Carter and a young man came in. Carter took off his glasses and put them immediately back on again. He spoke in a way that was, for him, very quiet. "How old are you, Cherry?"

"Twenty-two."

"Both of you," suggested Carter, "wish this?"

"Yes," said Cherry. "Yes." Millard only nodded.

Carter looked at the book. He cleared his throat. He said: "I don't believe I ever knew Mormon Charley's last name. What is your last name, Cherry?"

Cherry threw a quick glance at Millard. Her fingers held to his arm. She said: "I heard him speak it once. La Bonte. That is it. I am Cherry La Bonte. My mother was Little Woman. She was afterwards named Katherine by a black-robed priest who once rode through Bear River Valley and asked my people to pray."

CARTER thrust a quick look of appeal to his wife and got no help; and then he looked at the statute book, and closed it, and spoke hurriedly from memory. "I, William Carter, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of the Territory of Wyoming, do pronounce you, Archibald Millard, and you, Cherry La Bonte, to be man and wife."

Millard said evenly, "Thank you, Colonel," and bowed to Mrs. Carter.

Cherry kept her round, dark eyes on Millard. She missed nothing that was on his face. She whispered: "Will you ever be sorry, Archie?"

His words were as gentle as a man could make them: "No, Cherry."

Coming into Fort Bridger the middle of the next day Frank Peace found Millard standing in the cabin doorway, smoking his pipe. Millard had gotten himself a civilian suit; he hadn't thought to shave. When Peace dropped out of his saddle he observed the reserve in Millard's glance.

"You're too late, Frank. I'm a squaw man now."

Peace shook his head. "I heard you'd started for Bridger. But the weather was so confounded bad I got worried."

"Take your arguments and go home," said Millard roughly.

Peace said: "I had no arguments. And I wish you luck." But he had something on his mind that wouldn't leave. "What will you do?"

Millard shrugged his shoulders. Something, Peace thought, had gone out of this man the moment he put his uniform aside. A pride of carriage. A hope—replaced by a stolidness that wasn't real. "Doesn't much matter. But I've got a civil engineer's education. I guess I can use that, running boundary lines for cattle ranches and homesteaders."

"You'll stay here?"

"No," said Millard, definitely. "I'm taking Cherry away from these Indian relatives. Probably we'll move over to Laramie Plains and set up a ranch of our own."

"I've got a little business with Carter," reflected Peace. "Then I'll be on the road back." He smiled a little, but it was a regretting smile, formed by memories of his friendship for this man. "Will I see you again, Archie?"

"I've got to go to Wasatch to get the rest of my plunder."

"Come with me."

"No," said Millard, drawing back inside that stolid shell again. "I'd rather not talk with you. Goodby, Frank."

Peace said gently, "So long, Archie," and went rapidly across the parade, leading his horse.

CHERRY, coming out of the sutler's cabin, saw Peace stop to talk to Archie, and saw him go on. That fear she could never quite rid herself of turned her around the soldier's quarters. There she stood a good half hour, watching Millard poised in the cabin doorway, watching Colonel Carter's house. Peace presently came from Carter's house, got on his horse and rode back down the parade, her straining glance catching no sign between him and Millard. When Peace had disappeared beyond Bridger's picket line, riding into the heavy fall of snow, she went over to the cabin.

(*Continued on page 45*)

Singing for a Living

The story of Mr. Nelson Eddy, who survived being a boy soprano

By Kyle Crichton

Playing opposite Jeannnette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy clinched his reputation in Rose-Marie

WHEN Nelson Eddy saw the contract R-K-O was offering him in Hollywood, he said goodby, he was taking the train for Boise, Idaho.

"*Where?*" said the R-K-O people, with that bubbling suppression of emotion which indicates that they know they are in the presence of something hilarious but want to make sure before exploding.

"Boise, Idaho," said Mr. Eddy doggedly.

And now that they were certain their ears were right, they answered with a general outburst:

"Hah! Hah! Hah!"

They began calling to one another from office to office.

"Do you hear this, Jake?" they howled. "He's going to Boise, Idaho. Oscar, listen . . . Get a load of this . . . Boise, Idaho. . . . Boy-sec, Idaho. He's leaving Hollywood to go to Boise."

After that they sat down with him again and started to explain that nobody had ever left Hollywood for Idaho. Iowa had left Iowa for Hollywood, Garbo had left Hollywood for home, but nobody in history had ever left Hollywood for Idaho. Now about this contract. . . . Three thousand bucks was a lot of money for one picture, and look at the build-up it would give him.

Mr. Eddy, who had previously canceled fourteen concert dates to begin what he thought was going to be a gem-studded movie career, was too busy getting to the train to pay any attention to them. It had taken a bit of telegraphing to get his fourteen dates back and he was at his old trade again—and happy for the chance.

The usual story is that Eddy took another singer's place at a concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, flying in from San Diego at the last moment so that the show might go on, and that he had been a great sensation and that Mr. Louis B. Mayer had heard him and signed him on the spot. Presto! Presto, nothing. He had been heard by somebody from R-K-O, had undergone the usual tremors at the thought of screen wealth, and the $3,000 offer for one picture had been the result. So he shuffled off to Idaho and put the matter out of his mind.

Halfway through the tour, he got a wire from M-G-M asking him to come back and do a picture for them. This is when L. B. Mayer enters. M-G-M had seen the test he made for Radio and thought he would be all right. What followed then was two years of unmitigated nonsense.

The first day on the M-G-M lot, Eddy reported at nine o'clock and sat around the office all day. Next day he came in at nine-thirty and did the same. Thereafter for a week he came in at ten o'clock and wondered if he was ever going to see anybody. Eventually somebody talked to him.

"What's the idea of hanging around here?" he was asked.

"Well, they're paying me," explained Eddy. "I thought I ought to be down here."

"Now, listen," said the M-G-M gentleman. "Go away. Play golf. Read the funnies. Practice your scales. When we want you, we'll call for you."

Eddy spent two years at that. M-G-M kept paying him, kept taking up his option every time it came due and never used him. Occasionally Eddy would go in and plead with them to fire him. Whereupon the illustrious Mr. Mayer would read him a lecture, sobbing slightly at the more delicate points. The Art of the Film needed young men like Mr. Eddy. All he had to do was be patient. Finally they let him sing a song in Dancing Lady, the Joan Crawford-Clark Gable picture, and the waters of the Hudson ran down to the sea with the same regularity as usual. He sang another song in Student Tour and nobody swooned. Then they gave him a slightly better part in Naughty Marietta, but only slightly.

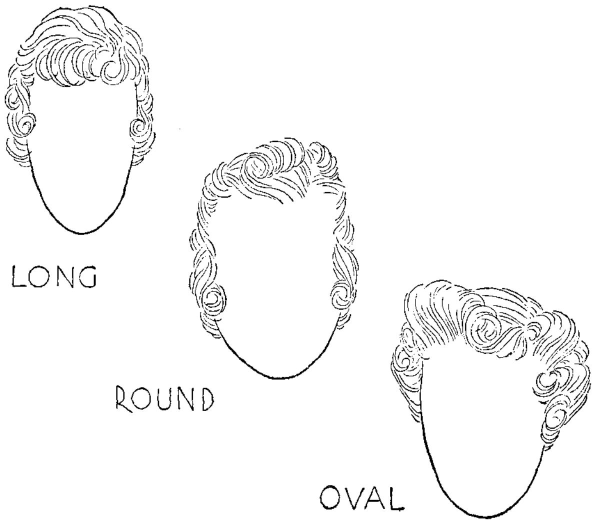
Halfway through the picture, Eddy's activities were confined to three duets. His role was pretty heavy. He stood stalwart, looked hard at various people and uttered basso words in an evil manner. It was then than Director Van Dyke had an idea.

"I just been thinking, Nelson," he said reflectively. "Could you do a solo number?"

Mr. Eddy said yes.

Later, Van Dyke, becoming even more reflective, wondered if Eddy could do another solo number. Mr. Eddy allowed as how. Then they began to revamp his character and make him a sympathetic hero. When the picture was finished and released, young ladies all over the world began swooning. It was generally agreed that the young man was a bit stiff in the reflexes when trying to act, but he certainly could sing and he looked swell. The riot continued with Rose-Marie, and at the moment Eddy is well up among the heart bumpers of the industry.

(*Continued on page* 59)



By Ruth Seinfel

It's no longer the thing to look windblown, and it isn't enough, either, to be neat and well-brushed. A girl has to arrange herself a coiffure this season. Here's how to discover one that will do the right things by your face

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

SIT yourself down before your mirror. Pat some powder on your nose and freshen up your lipstick. Now take a hand mirror in your left hand and a comb in your right. All set? You're about to play the game of changing your face.

It isn't really a new game. Most of the models whose faces you see in the pages of every magazine have been playing it ever since they began modeling. The catch is that to change your face you don't touch your face at all. You do it with your hair—and that's why the game is being discovered just now by others besides those face-wise girls who pose for the advertisements.

For this is a coiffure-conscious season, a season which insists that you don't just do your hair, you actually dress it, as the old-fashioned phrase suggests. The current outlook offers you a free hand to try new curls, bangs and various off-the-face and high—or low-in-the-back—effects, to deck your tresses out in ribbons, flowers and jewels. It's not enough, any more, to have your hair shampooed regularly and keep it well-brushed and neat. It's no excuse to say that you've found the only coiffure that goes with your face and you think you'd better stick to it (even if that were true, which it rarely is).

It isn't even enough to succumb to a new coiffure, and then wear it all around the clock. Even though your best friend may not mention it, you're going to feel that the way you wear your hair in the office or on the golf courses is just all wrong when you dress up for the country club dance in the evening. Why else have the hairdressers been taxing their brains these many days to evolve that modern miracle of the shears and the permanent wave machine, the double-duty coiffure?

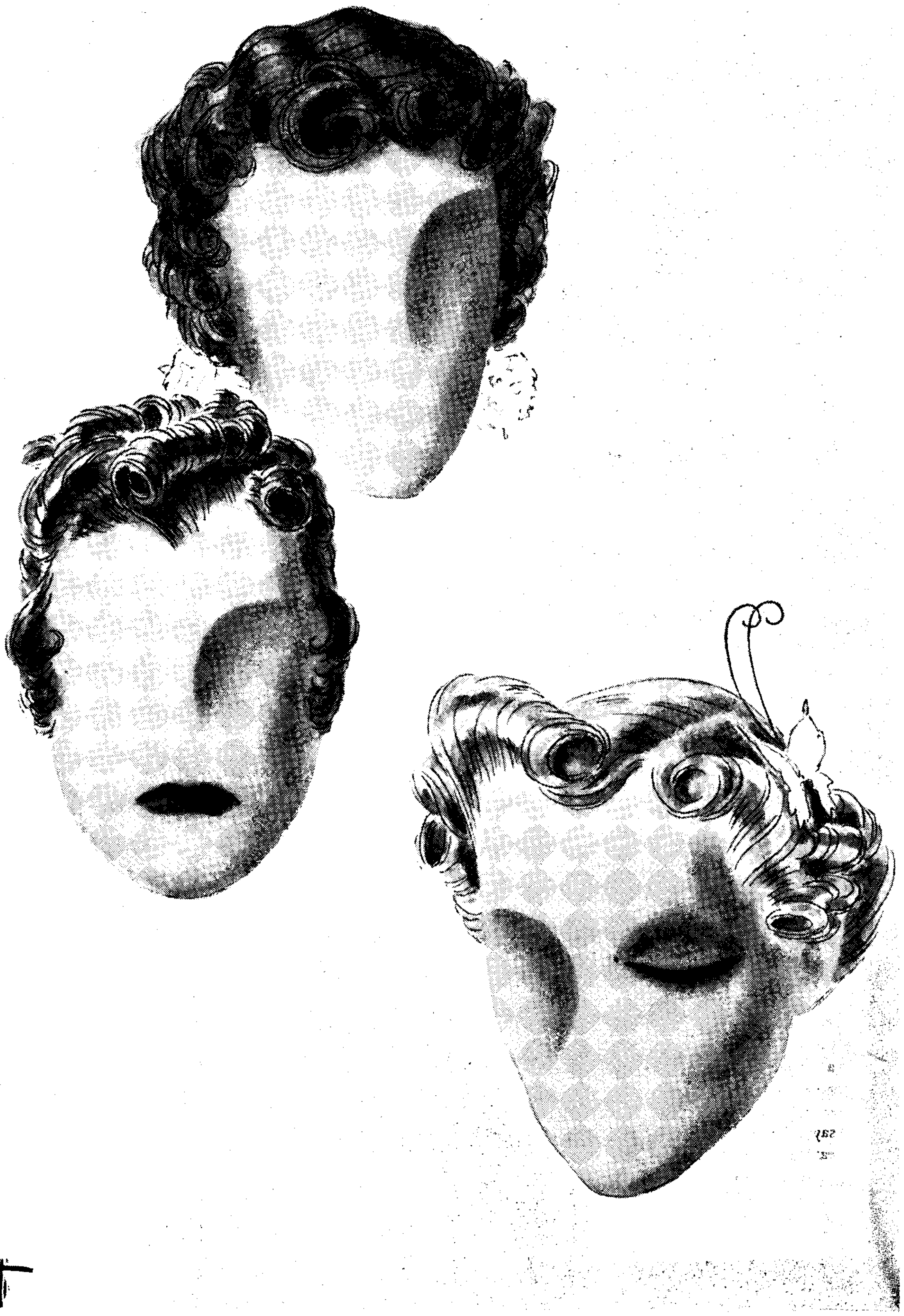
Interchangeable Coiffures for Day and Night

And just what is this marvel, you want to know? Two versions of it were recently put through their paces as thousands cheered—or anyway dozens—at the opening of a celebrated hair salon in New York. One is the Fra Angelico, as spiritual as an armful of lilies, a halo of curls running across the forehead and down behind the ears to the nape of the neck; the other, sophistication with a high finish, has two curls rising like wings beside a center part, while the top of the head is brushed smooth—it is called the Chinese. Each of them switches from day to evening and back again with a moment's work before the mirror—you just pat the curls flat or down to the sides of the head for daytime, and comb them high again, with a flower or jewel, after the sun goes down. Other double-duty suggestions involve long bangs, curled to flutter over the brow for semi-formal moments, to rise high in formal elegance, or be brushed back or to the side when you're out sporting in the sun. A particularly happy idea, this double-duty invention, for vacation days and nights.

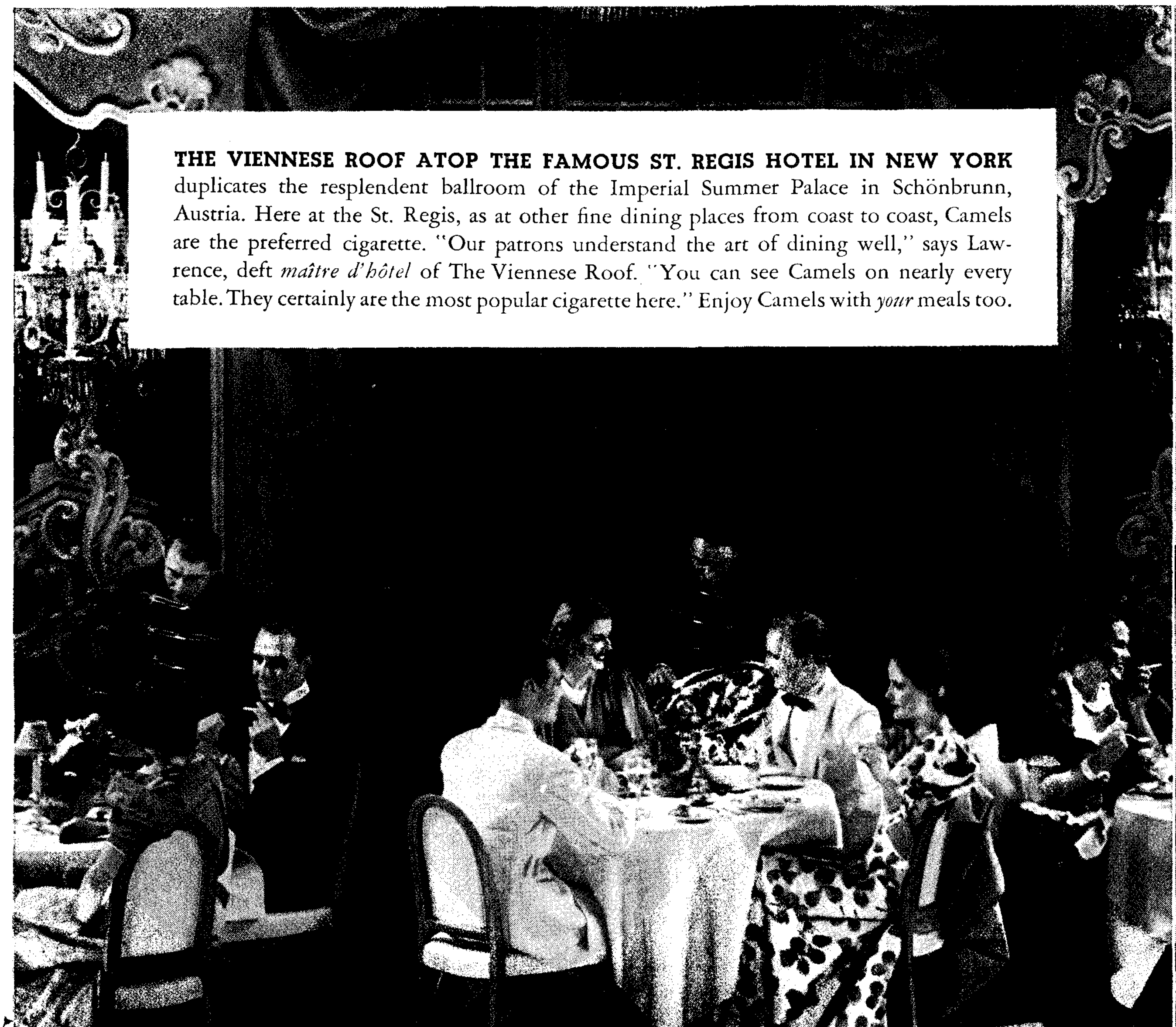
With all this concentration on hair, it's almost come to the point where you have to change your coiffure with your dress. Almost, but not quite. What it really means is that you may now be adventurous with your looks from the neck up as well as down, that your face and hair can have as wide a repertoire of moods as the contents of your clothes closet.

And this brings us back to our little game. How many times have you gone hopefully to the mirror to try a new set of curls, only to decide that your face was what it was, for better or worse, and that your old

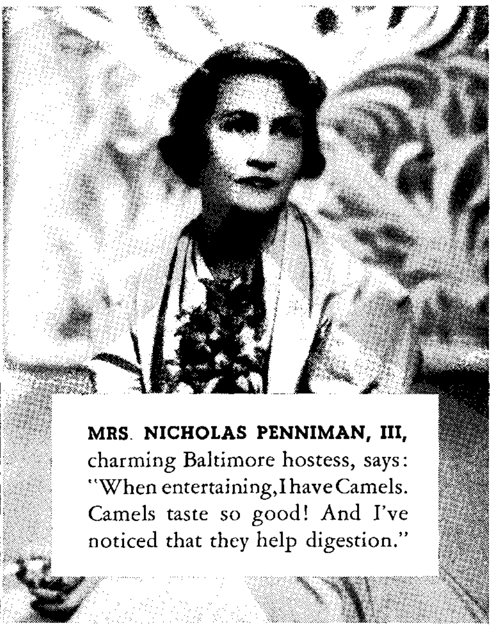
(Continued on page 42)



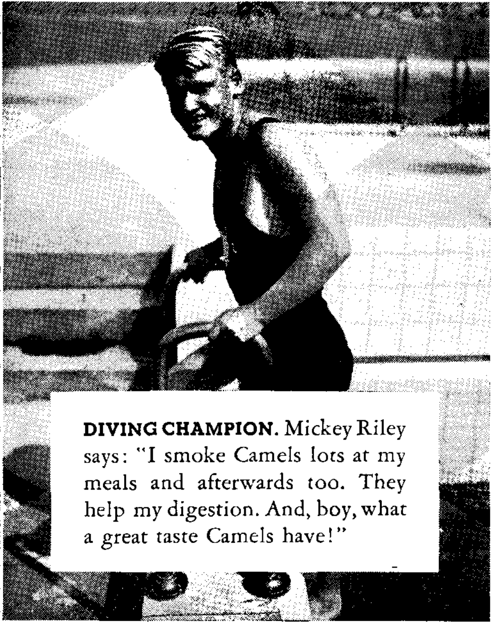
Three coiffures especially arranged for the long, the round and the oval faces



THE VIENNESE ROOF ATOP THE FAMOUS ST. REGIS HOTEL IN NEW YORK duplicates the resplendent ballroom of the Imperial Summer Palace in Schönbrunn, Austria. Here at the St. Regis, as at other fine dining places from coast to coast, Camels are the preferred cigarette. "Our patrons understand the art of dining well," says Lawrence, deft *maître d'hôtel* of The Viennese Roof. "You can see Camels on nearly every table. They certainly are the most popular cigarette here." Enjoy Camels with *your* meals too.



MRS. NICHOLAS PENNIMAN, III, charming Baltimore hostess, says: "When entertaining, I have Camels. Camels taste so good! And I've noticed that they help digestion."



DIVING CHAMPION. Mickey Riley says: "I smoke Camels lots at my meals and afterwards too. They help my digestion. And, boy, what a great taste Camels have!"

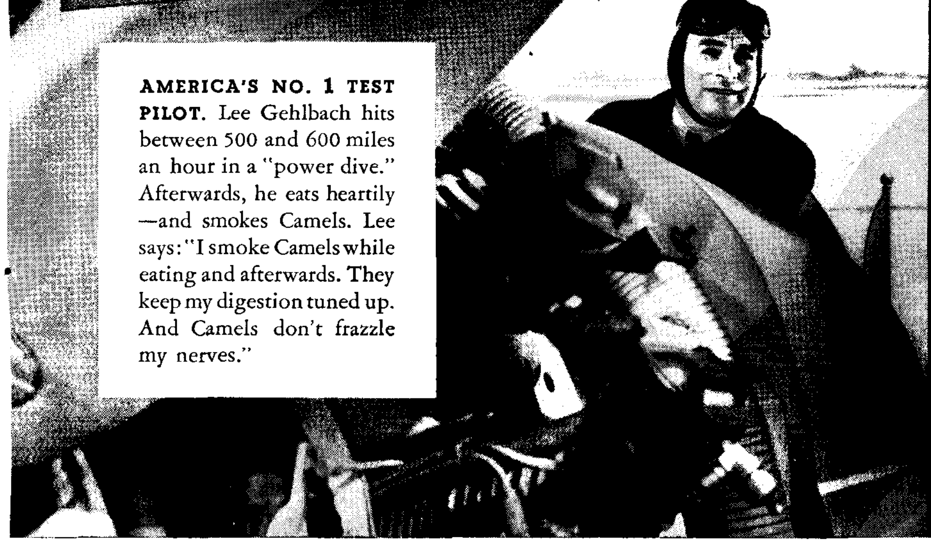
Each Camel at mealtime adds cheer... stimulates digestion...increases alkalinity. So—

"For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels"

As every Camel smoker knows, Camels at mealtime help to create a cheery sense of well-being. You eat with relish—digest with greater ease. For it is a fact that Camels assist the normal process of digestion. They increase the flow of digestive fluids . . . alkaline digestive fluids . . . in a pleasant way.

Like Lee Gehlbach, Mickey Riley, Frank Buck, Bill Tilden, Tony Manero, Willie Hoppe, and millions of other discriminating smokers, you too will find that Camels help to ease the tension of modern life. With their "lift"... their aid to digestion...and their mild, rich flavor, Camels do indeed *set you right!*

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



AMERICA'S NO. 1 TEST PILOT. Lee Gehlbach hits between 500 and 600 miles an hour in a "power dive." Afterwards, he eats heartily—and smokes Camels. Lee says: "I smoke Camels while eating and afterwards. They keep my digestion tuned up. And Camels don't frazzle my nerves."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Double Play

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By John Paine

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

TONY VASCOS' newsstand under the stairs that led to the Third Avenue El was provided with a projecting shelf for the display of magazines, candy and books. Under the shelf, near the apex of the angle formed by the steps, was a niche large enough for a boy to sit in, if he were not a large boy. Tony's son, Henry, aged ten, was neither large nor robust. He fitted the niche nicely.

The light there was not of the best, but the privacy was complete. Henry considered it a desirable reading-room. No one ever thought to peer under the shelf; even Tony had stood in front of the stand and called loudly for his son, without ever suspecting that he was only a few inches away.

The discovery of this retreat had been the equivalent of gaining a kingdom; for Tony, devoted father though he was, did not approve of reading. Newspapers were necessary and proper, but even there, in Tony's opinion, you would do well to confine yourself to the headlines. Books were for professors and other members of the leisured class, and definitely not for his son, who already showed signs of shyness and timidity, inherited no doubt from his dead mother. It was too bad. The boy even disliked being left alone in charge of the stand.

Instinctively Henry felt it would be useless to explain to his father the reason for this reluctance. Keeping the stand was essentially unheroic: you exposed yourself to snubs and wisecracks without any commensurate reward. Clearly Tony himself felt none of this, for he parried the wisecracks that came his way with a good-natured quick-wittedness that his son, despite a better command of English, could not achieve.

So Henry read, and Tony, believing his son to be over by the river with the gang, dozed behind the counter. The drowsiness of a summer midafternoon settled over the city. Traffic was light and only occasionally were the steps above Henry's head jarred into life by the heavy passage of an elevated train.

Inside Henry's head a different kind of quiet prevailed. It was the ominous silence of Barker's Saloon at Dry Gulch, Arizona. Buck Halloway was leaning negligently against the bar, allowing his eyes to grow accustomed to the dim light and sensing the lethal enmity of the five other men press against him like a steel bar. Buck felt the smooth, cool wood of the bar under his fingers, realizing that in a few seconds.... Henry Vascos' hand stole behind him; the wood he touched was dry and splintery; he quickly withdrew the hand.

ABOVE Henry's head came the heavy thumping of feet running downstairs two at a time; there was the sound of heavy breathing, then more steps and a metallic chinking as of a bagful of coins.

A voice, close to Henry, asked in a gasping whisper, "Did he squawk?"

A second and deeper voice replied, "Naw, an' he ain't gonna."

"You didn't—?"

"Aw, keep yer shirt on. I jus' tapped him. Le's get—"

On the other side of the board partition Henry heard his father stir suddenly. "Keep still," Henry told himself, "sit tight. This is a holdup. They've knocked over the man in the change booth and they're making a getaway. Stay out of it. If you move now your old man will find out about your hiding place." Along with this lightning-rapid thought went a hot resentment at being interrupted, a longing to have the whole disturbing business over with, so he could get back to Buck Halloway.

But the holdup men had heard Tony, too. One of them moved around the corner of the stairs; Henry could see his legs only a yard away.

"Stick 'em up!" the bandit commanded in a hoarse, strained voice.

Henry heard his father's hands thump against the low ceiling of the stand.

"Tap the old geezer!" the voice ordered. A second pair of legs moved into view.

It was the man in front who held the gun, Henry thought. His knees were very close; Henry could see them shaking under the thin, stained trousers.

Henry reached out of his nook and wrapped his arms around those knees. He heaved at them and the man started to go down. A gun went off. Henry heard a bag fall and the tinkle of spilled coins. He heard his father scrambling onto the counter. A moment later his father leaped.

When Henry let go of the knees and looked up, both robbers were flat on the pavement. He was surprised how young they looked; not very much older than he was. His father was sitting on one of them. Coins were rolling in all directions. People were hurrying up.

Henry carefully rolled to one side and got out of the way. He was glad no one had noticed him. As the crowd increased he edged farther back. Presently there were policemen there, and Tony was telling them how it had happened. The amateur bandits had collided with each other and then he, Tony, had jumped on them. He was flushed, excited, talkative. "I hit heem good, you betcha my life," he explained.

"ATTA boy, Tony," one of the cops said, laughing. "Maybe you'll get a medal. Come along now and tell the sarge."

Tony looked at the policeman, then at his stand, torn between duty and a dramatic opportunity. "Henry!" he shouted. "Henry!"

"Here, Pop," Henry answered, burrowing through the crowd.

Tony swooped down and embraced his son. "You hear what happen?" he shouted. "Your pop ees hero; ees catcha robber. I go now tella da story. You takea da stand."

Obediently Henry slipped back of the counter. His sanctuary under the shelf, he realized with relief, was still safe, still undetected. Pretty soon he could return to Buck Halloway.

His father started to go with the policeman. Halfway up the block he turned and ran back. He shook an admonitory finger under Henry's nose. "No reada da book!" he commanded.

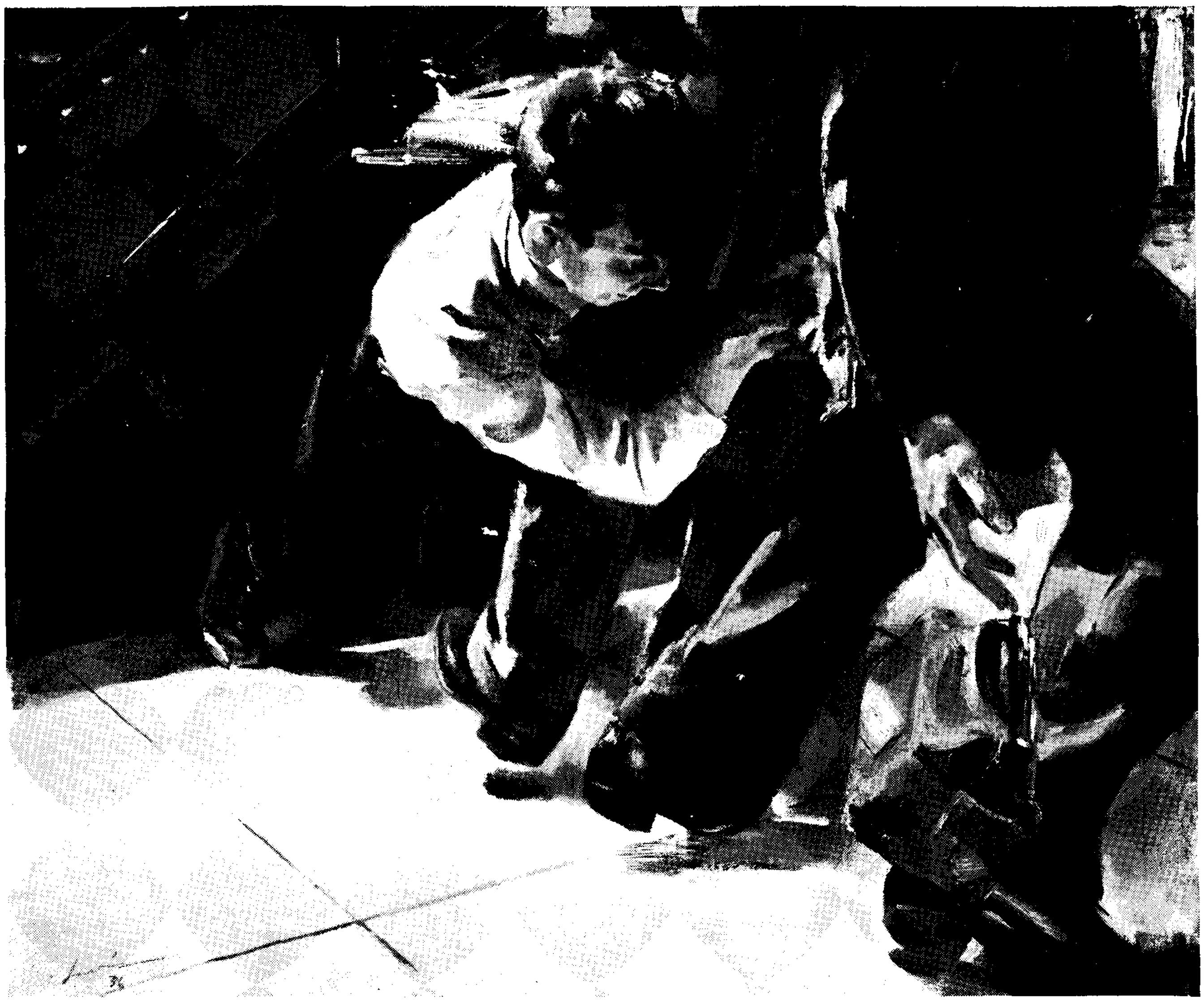
"No, Pop. Don't you worry."

WHEN his father had gone, Henry cautiously retrieved the precious volume from the place where it had fallen under the shelf. A delivery truck rumbled up and a bundle of evening papers was tossed to the sidewalk. The driver glanced at Henry and grinned. "How's tricks, skipper?"

Henry waited for the sickening, self-conscious feeling to paralyze his tongue. It didn't come. "All okey-doke," he shouted and grinned back at the driver.

The truck rocked down the street, and Henry reached for his book. But he didn't open it. Instead, he put it back in place among the stock. Somehow Buck Halloway didn't seem very important just then. Not so important as running a newsstand. Henry allowed his eyes to run proudly over the display of magazines and papers and candy. Funny he'd never realized what a swell layout it was. Anyone could read a book: it took a man to run a newsstand.

And what a beating his pop had given those holdup guys!



Henry wrapped his arms around those knees. He heaved and the man started to go down

"100,000 MILES? *That's Nothing!*

I'VE DRIVEN MY DODGE 281,000 MILES!"

★ *Says* FRED CAPRON, SPOKANE, WASH.

"I bought this car in 1920," says Mr. Capron. "I drive it every day in all kinds of weather. In my opinion, there is no car to equal the Dodge for dependability and economy. I am known by my car, and believe me, it is a real advertisement."

Dodge Owners from Coast to Coast Report Sensational Mileage from Dodge Cars

FOR 22 years the words "Dodge" and "Dependability" have been synonymous...and no wonder...from all parts of the country come reports of Dodge cars that have been driven nine—twelve—fourteen—sixteen years! ...Dodge cars driven 100,000 miles—150,000 miles, 200,000 miles, 280,000 miles!...That's one of the reasons why more people buy Dodge cars than any other make with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars.

But, though Dependability scores with every motorist, that's not the only reason Dodge is the fastest-selling big car in America...Dodge economy!—that news too has spread from Coast to Coast like wildfire...owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas...astonishingly low upkeep cost...money savings so substantial that—in the long run—many owners say they more than make up the few dollars difference in cost between Dodge and small, lowest-priced, competitive cars.

Dodge gives you more for your money—more extra-value features than you can find in cars priced even $500 higher than Dodge...the safety-steel body, *genuine* hydraulic brakes...the Airglide-Ride...Chair-Height seats...redistribution of weight equally to all four wheels ...patented Floating Power engine mountings ...breath-taking beauty...roomier interiors, more luxurious than ever before.

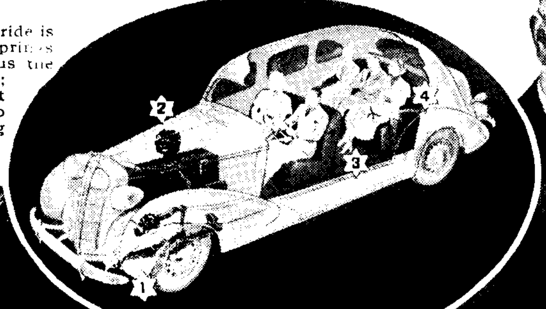
Don't miss driving this big, new Dodge! Make the free economy test! See with your own eyes how Dodge saves gasoline! And don't forget that Dodge now costs only a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars!

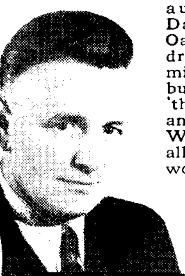
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

AIRGLIDE-RIDE—This thrilling new Dodge ride is made possible by: (**1**) longer, more flexible springs with action-synchronized front and rear plus the Levelator which prevents sidesway on turns; (**2**) moving engine forward to distribute weight evenly to all four wheels; (**3**) lowering floors to permit use of Chair-Height Seats; (**4**) cradling passengers between the axles.

SEE HOW DODGE SEATS approximate the height of a comfortable easy chair! In many cars, high floors and low seats raise the knees—cramp the feet and legs. In Dodge, floors have been lowered, and Dodge Chair-Height seats give you a *natural* sitting posture!





"I'll certainly say my Dodge is a dependable automobile," says Daniel E. Leonard, Oakland, Calif. "I've driven it over 157,000 miles. Dodge cars are built right. They've got 'the stuff' in them—and they can take it. When I think back of all the miles of hard work I've made my Dodge do, I almost have a reverence for it."

JOAN BENNETT, Walter Wanger star, says: "I don't believe in unnecessary extravagance—that's why I own a new Dodge."

BIG MONEY-SAVING *Dodge* $640*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

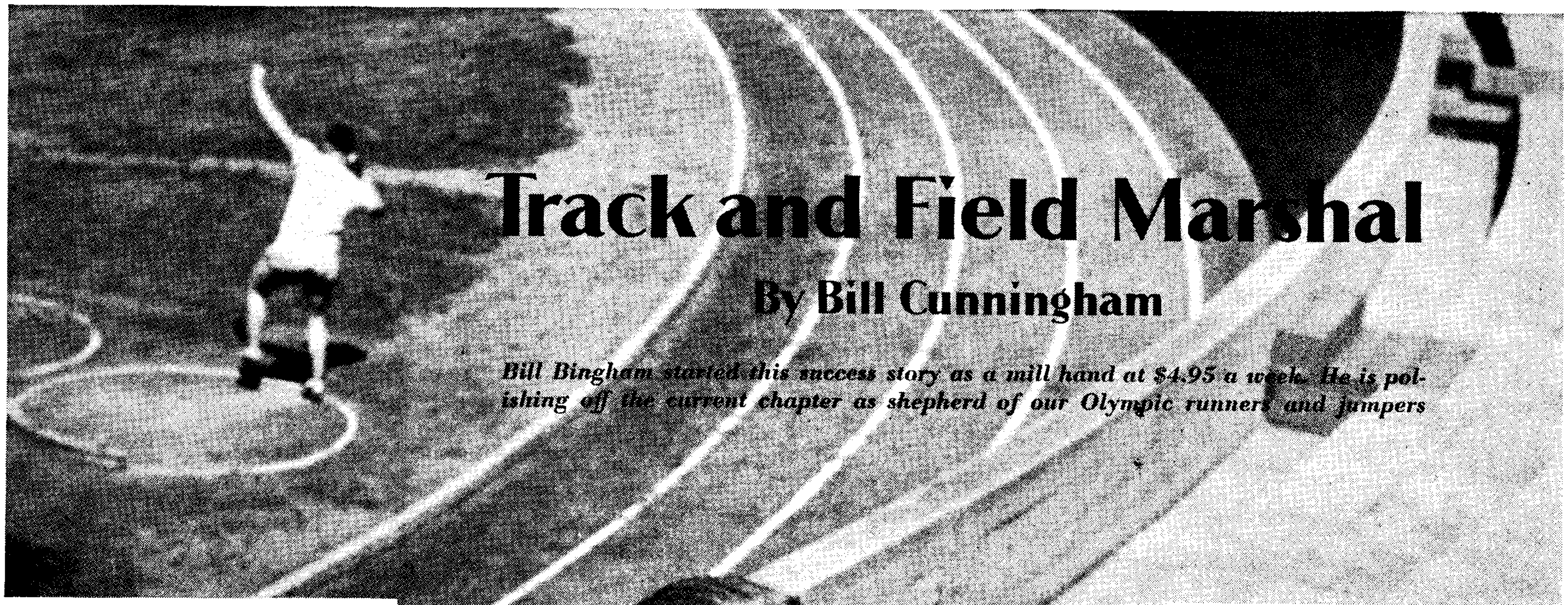
*Priced from $640 to $995. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.*

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

Track and Field Marshal

By Bill Cunningham

Bill Bingham started this success story as a mill hand at $4.95 a week. He is polishing off the current chapter as shepherd of our Olympic runners and jumpers



Bill Bingham is boss of the all-important Track and Field Unit of the American Olympic team

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS Collier's Staff Photographer

OUR 1936 Olympic team, composed of the finest amateur athletes this nation can gather, is now in Europe. Its job is to prove to the rest of the world that the United States is still supreme in athletics just as she has been through all the forty years of the modern Olympiads.

I want to talk for a minute about a fellow who's with them. We'll call him Bill, because that happens to be his name. The rest of it is Bingham.

A big textile mill in New England often has more than a suggestion of a prison about it. The walls are gaunt and grim. So, often, are the lives of those who toil within grim and dreamless, mechanical and resigned. The machinery booms endlessly, the spinning frames whirr, the looms crash sharply. The monotony and drabness depress even a casual visitor. It isn't exactly fertile soil for the sprouting of ambition.

And still it was in such a place in the busy town of Lawrence that a group of workers came one day to the bench of this lad, Bill, and placed an envelope in his hand. He was a husky young fellow about eighteen years old, with a frank, open face and a pair of blue eyes that had glimpsed something on the horizon. Fourteen years old, he'd gone to work as a sweeper at $4.95 a week in order to help his father, a mill worker, support six younger children.

A Mill Boy Aims High

They knew his story. They knew it because most of them had lived it themselves without the opportunity, or perhaps the ambition to do anything about it. This boy was different. He'd determined to wrest an education from life in some fashion and go on from there.

Despite his 58-hour week, he toiled faithfully in night school. His marks were good but not brilliant. He had to plug for them. In time, he qualified for evening high school. The story was the same here, but he was graduated. By then he had made a resolve that seemed desperate and impossible.

Not far away was lordly Exeter Academy, famed fitting-school of wealth and society. Matriculation therein usually meant money, fine clothes and "social position," none of which Bill had. Still he'd heard there were chances for a fellow to "work his way through." He read, too, that if a fellow's marks were good and he needed it, he might win a scholarship that would further cut his expenses.

He took and passed the entrance examinations. He got a job waiting on table for his meals, and sold peanuts at the fall football games. Most of his own slender earnings still went to his family, but painfully he'd managed to save thirty dollars of his own. It was a similar sum the mill workers handed him in the white envelope. They had passed the hat to "make up a purse for him."

Right Out of Horatio Alger

They hadn't placed their bets on the wrong sort of fellow. His subsequent history was to prove it.

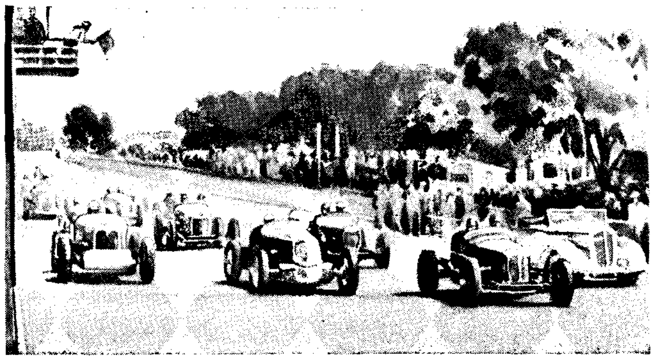
In Exeter, Bill made an amazing discovery. It was that, even in places such as that, it isn't what a fellow has, but what he *is* that really counts. It isn't what he can buy, but what he can do. He discovered this when his classmates, mostly scions of aristocracy and heirs apparent to lordly fortunes, unanimously elected him president of the Freshman Class.

In him, they recognized a fellow who really had done something and who could be depended upon to help them do something. They weren't wrong. Bill Bingham's career at Exeter reads like something out of the old Alger stories. First off, he went after that scholarship. It was a straight matter of marks and he had until Christmas to qualify. With only his night school preparation, he pitched into competition with lads from the best high and junior preparatory schools, and when the list of honors and scholarships were posted at Christmas, Bill Bingham's name was on it.

From there on, such was his personality, his sincerity, his clean, constructive young manhood, that practically every honor in the school was his before he finished. The faculty entrusted to him the proctorship of Dunbar Hall, where the youngest students lived. The class presidency was perennially his. He was captain of the track team, manager of the football team, leader of the Glee Club and president of the Christian Fraternity.

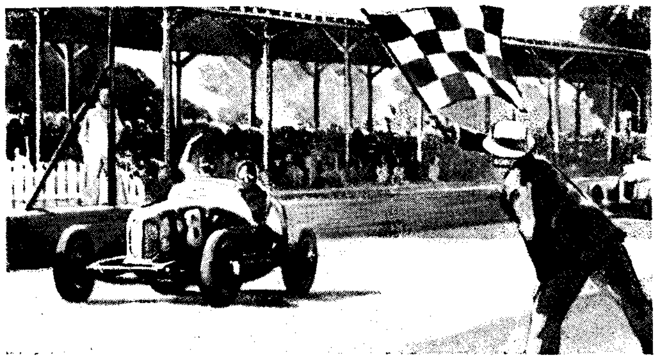
Graduating loaded with almost every honor his classmates could bestow, the

(*Continued on page* 36)

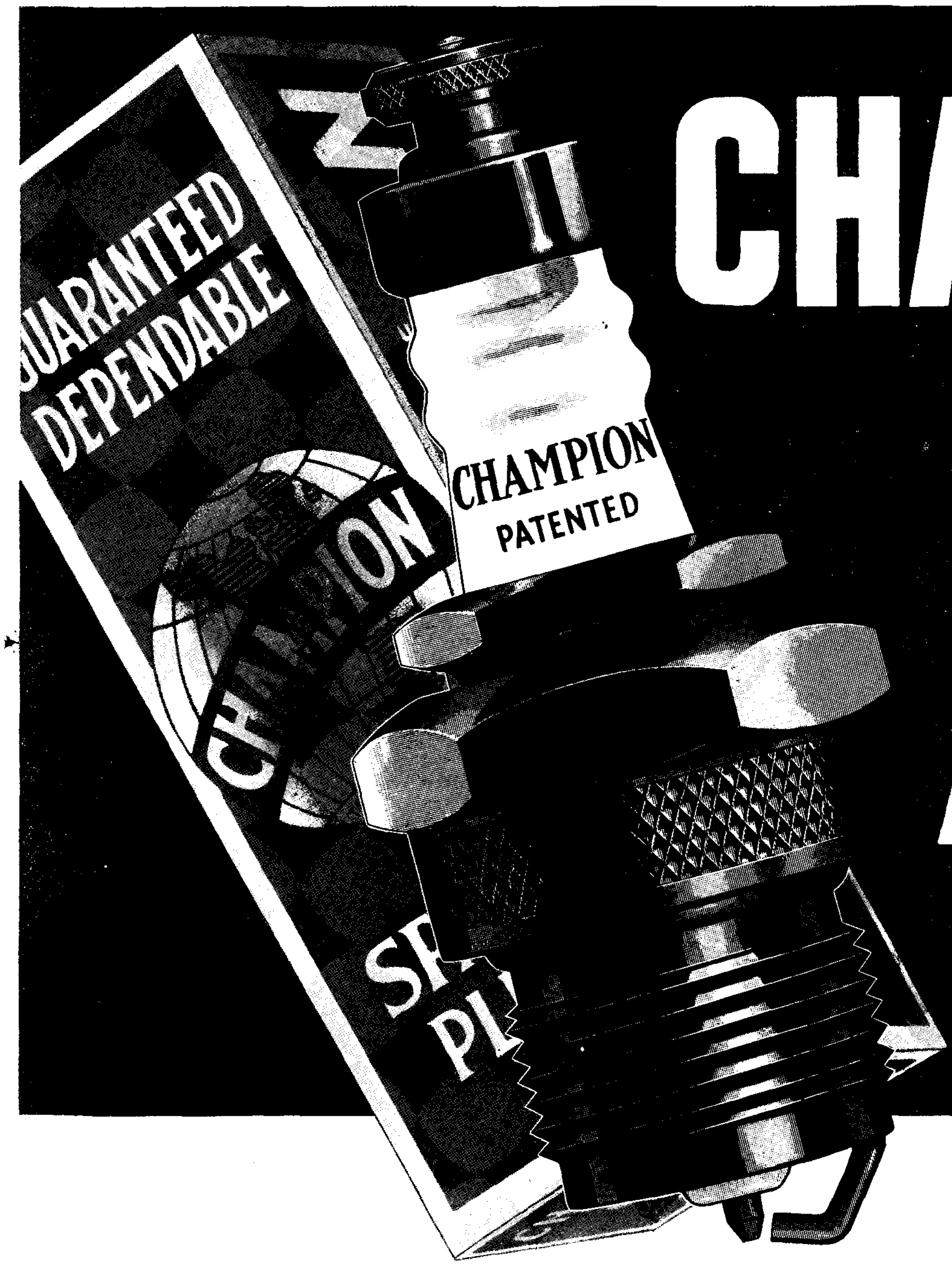


Champion Spark Plugs have always played a major part in automobile racing where speed, power, economy, and dependability are so vitally important. Champions have won the Indianapolis 500 mile race for 13 consecutive years as well as the majority of racing events the world over. Obviously, Champions make every engine a better performing engine.

Louis Meyer, winner of the 1936 Indianapolis 500 mile race and only 3 time winner wired, "Won first place in 500 mile race today setting new track record of 109.069 m. p. h. stop Champion Spark Plugs as always gave perfect performance."



Louis Meyer gets the checkered flag at the 1936 Indianapolis 500 mile race, signifying victory. Of the 33 cars to start this race, 22 were equipped with Champions. All cars to finish were equipped with Champions. As gas limitations of 37½ gallons were imposed this year, Champions again proved that they give maximum economy coupled with power, speed and dependability.



CHAMPIONS WIN AGAIN!

Choose the
Spark Plugs

Use

13th Consecutive Victory At Indianapolis

For the thirteenth consecutive year, cars equipped with Champion Spark Plugs were victorious in the Indianapolis 500 mile race, Memorial Day. Louis Meyer, the winner, and first three-time Indianapolis winner, set a new all time record averaging 109.069 miles per hour. The first ten to finish all used Champions. Spark plugs were all important in this race. A missing cylinder caused by a leaking, pre-igniting or fouled plug meant loss of speed, waste of precious gas—for drivers were allowed only 37½ gallons for the 500 miles. The 1936 Indianapolis Race proves to you, once again, that Champions make every engine a better performing and more economical engine.

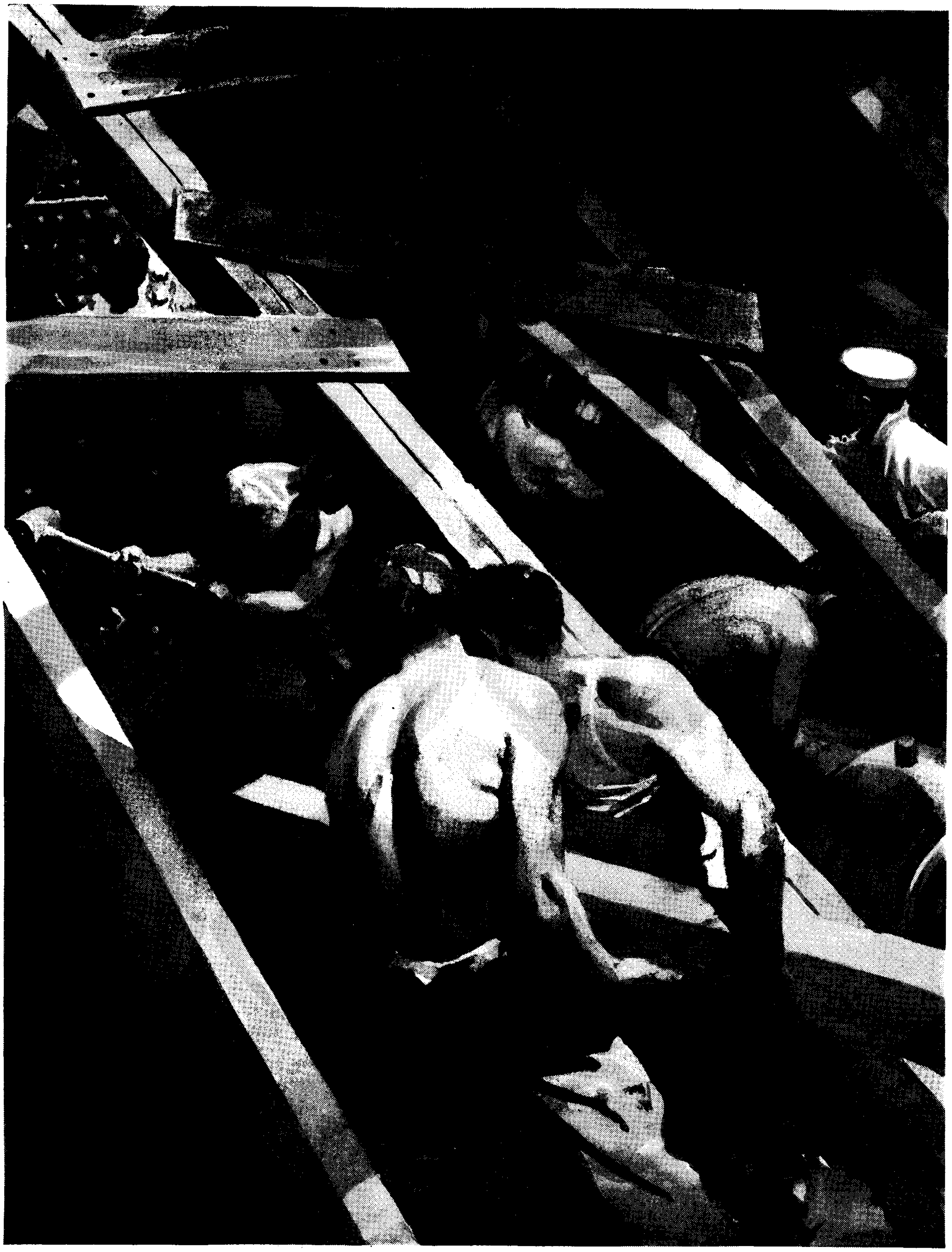
TO RID YOUR CAR OF MOTOR "BUGS" INSTALL A SET OF CHAMPION PLUGS

Dames are Funny

By Jacland Marmur

The skipper had a girl in Shanghai. The chief did, too. And, guess what—it was the same girl. A nice girl, too; better than either deserved

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



They went to work down there to keep the Pacific Ocean from shattering into a helpless hull

WHEN Harry Barton walked into the bar of the Palace Hotel just off the Bund in Shanghai, you could see at a glance he felt very fine. There was more than a common lift in his swinging walk, and that bubble in his eye some rare men have; that look that tells you in an instant this fellow will laugh heartily if you give him only half a chance. The weather may have had something to do with it, one of those afternoons of mild serenity on the China Coast that are so rare it takes a sailor to appreciate them truly.

Outside, on the flood of the ancient Whangpoo, the great junks slipped past on the tide, all gold and gray in sunlight. The faint, shrill jabber of coolies from Custom House Jetty farther along the road seemed proper and just this particular afternoon, a murmur of Cathay's unquestionable strength; and you forgot the malodor of the native city Nantao in the musical mystery of the throbbing temple gongs. The world must have been like this in the time of its youth, many centuries ago, before men became too eager to own the earth, and were satisfied to enjoy it.

Harry Barton stopped just inside the bar and looked around, smilingly tall and lean and fit, with the shoulders of a western ocean sailing mate and the teak-stained cheek of a South Sea cruiser. The scene he saw was typical: the place half empty at that time of day, with a spattering of merchant officers from the shipping in the Roads, and half a dozen seasoned top folk stopping off for a whisky-soda lift on their way to the Shanghai Club. There at the bar was the usual London remittance chap with his shiny clothes and his rattan coolie cane, lifting the first of his double brandies instead of afternoon tea. And at one of the little tables, behind a half-empty glass of Munich beer, sat Johnny Drake, the wireless man of the SS Saturnal. Johnny grinned. Johnny most always grinned, no matter what. And Harry went over to him to say hello.

"Have a beer on me?" Johnny offered, beckoning for the Chinese bar boy. "Probably be the last drink we'll ever have together, Mr. Barton."

Harry sat down and stretched his legs. "How do you mean, Sparks?"

Johnny grinned again. "Today you're the mate of the Saturnal, and everything's swell. Tomorrow you're the skipper and you can't drink beer with common men. . . . Congratulations."

"Thanks," Harry said quite soberly, for he realized there was a good deal of truth in that. "Well, here's luck."

"Good luck, sir." Over the rim of his empty glass, Johnny looked at the newly appointed master. "We lose the old chief, too, don't we?"

Harry nodded. "That's right. Chief and the Old Man sail for home tomorrow in the Coolidge to take out the new ship the company's built."

"And that gives you the Saturnal. Swell, Mr. Barton. I'm glad." Johnny's eyes twinkled brightly. They were blue-gray and quick and impish, and gave the impression this fellow knew a joke or two no one else had any notion of. "You knew the Orion was in too?" he asked innocently. "She's lying in the stream at the mooring buoys."

"Sure. Saw her as we came in this morning."

HARRY stood up to go. There was a girl in Shanghai he was anxious to see. His luck was immense. He could hardly believe it himself. Young as he was, he was Captain Barton now; and there wasn't anyone in the world he wanted to tell that to more than Laura Marlow. Of course, Johnny Drake probably didn't know that. But he knew something else. You could see it in his eye. And there is nothing more impish than a wireless man's eye when he's waiting for the proper instant to let go a bombshell. He looked up now as sweetly as you please.

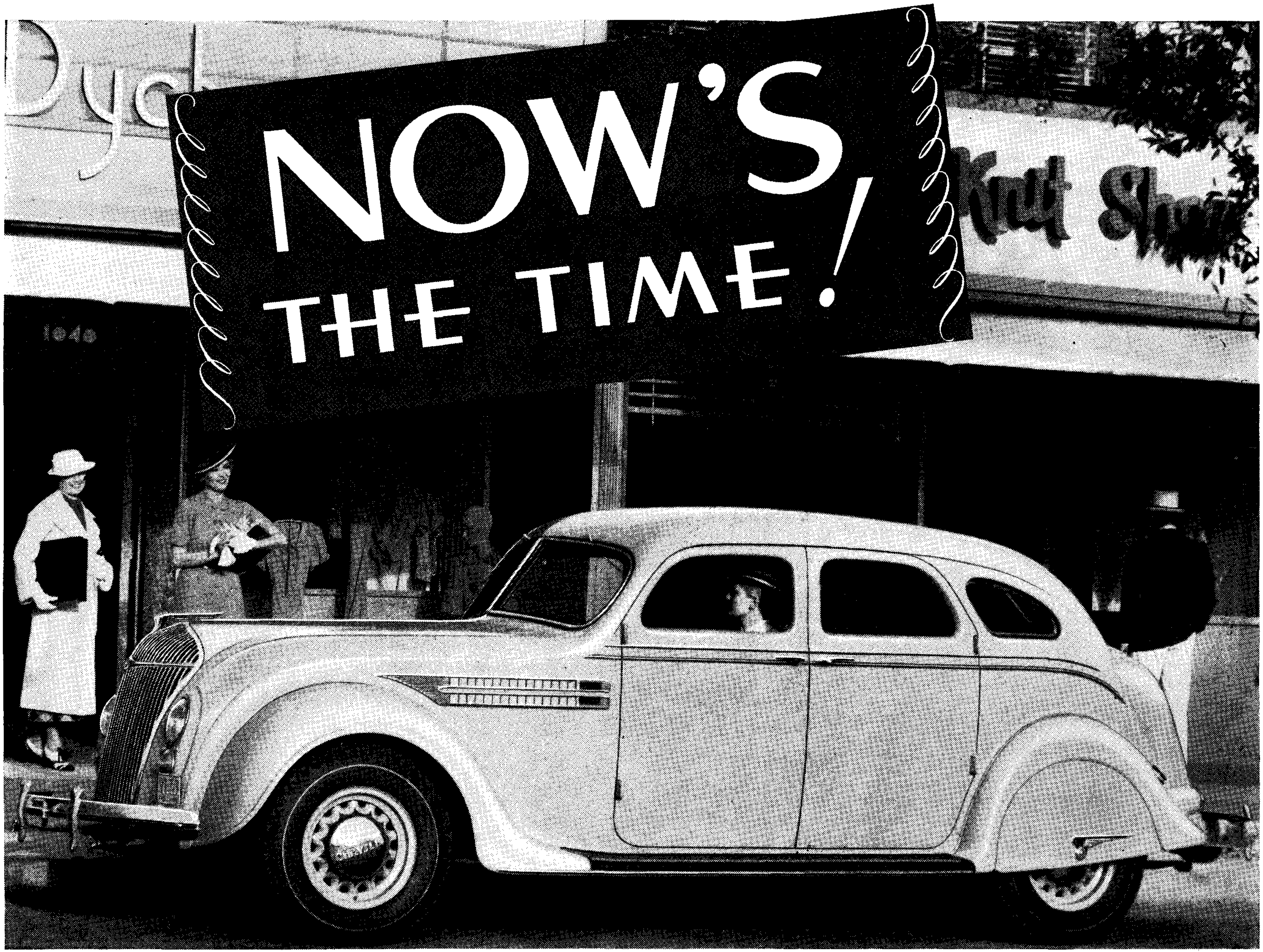
"Andrew Croswell," he murmured carelessly, "is in the Orion, you know."

The effect on Barton was startling. He stopped short, and his head shot round. "Andy—"

"Yeah. He's first assistant of her. Didn't you know?"

Harry just stood there for a moment, staring down at Johnny Drake. The bare mention of the engineer's name hardened his jaw and clenched his fists. Slow anger smoldered suddenly in him. His jovial face became tightly set. They didn't like each other, those two. That was plain. Johnny Drake should have known that. As a matter of fact, he did. It was the famous joke of the line, that virile and enduring resentment between the two. It had grown to the large proportions of a saga in the fleet. And

(*Continued on page* 30)



Airflow Eight six-passenger Sedan, $1345*

Buy an Airflow today

. . . YOU GET TOMORROW'S VALUE!

BECAUSE it's the roomiest car ever built. All cars must some day try to match the true living room comfort exclusive to the Airflow. The wide divan-like seats. Room to stretch out and relax. Room to enter or leave in comfort. Extra inches in every dimension for a ride without crushing or crowding.

BECAUSE no car can match its ride. Modern weight distribution originated in the Airflow Chrysler. It is carried farther in the Airflow than in any other car. You ride near the center of balance . . . cradled between the axles. It's true that you can read or write in an Airflow at 60 miles an hour!

BECAUSE it's the safest car on the road. The safety which only Airflow design gives—riding *inside the frame* of the car . . . with long, strong girders of steel protecting you on every side. The strength and silence of a body and frame inseparably welded into a single sturdy unit. The matchless added protection of Chrysler's famous hydraulic brakes . . . and Lifeguard tubes to end blow-out worries.

BECAUSE it brings new economy. With its Airflow lines and Automatic Overdrive†, the Airflow Chrysler sets a standard of economy never before approached in a car so roomy and powerful. The Airflow Imperial holds an official A. A. A. record of 18.1 miles per gallon on a transcontinental run.

BECAUSE it will stay modern for years. The Airflow you buy today is a car with a future. It makes this year's dollars buy next year's values. In modern lines, modern performance, modern comfort and modern safety, it clearly sets the trend in all motor car design.

Your Chrysler dealer cordially invites you to see and drive an Airflow Chrysler . . . to see at first hand why its forward-reaching design makes it today's finest and most long-lived investment in modern motor car transportation.

☆ CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase. $760 and up.

☆ DE LUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase, $925 and up.

☆ AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. All models, $1345.

☆ AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. All models, $1475.

☆ AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 137-inch wheelbase, $2475 and up.

†Automatic Overdrive is standard on Airflow Imperial. Available on all 1936 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

*All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan. Available through all Chrysler Dealers.

AIRFLOW
CHRYSLER

MOST MOVIE HEROES USE IT

Don Herold Says:

A moral from naughty Hollywood

As a rule I don't care much about what movie stars do, eat, wear or apply externally.

But here's one tip that all men—even the most masculine—can take from movie heroes.

Under the extreme heat of studio lights and in the close confinement of clinches, movie men must be careful not to distract their leading women in any way whatever.

So many of them use Mum regularly—in addition to their usual showers, tubs, swims and dips, to make sure they won't give the slightest hint of perspiration odor.

Now, I don't say Mum will make you a picture star (heaven forbid), but you will recall that Shakespeare said that life itself is a movie. So it's your move.

In your office, at the theatre, at dances and parties, you don't want people to think what you don't want them to think.

MR. METRO, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY ABOUT MY LEADING MAN

Mum is a pleasant cream which stops perspiration odor without interfering with perspiration. Thousands of men now have the fine habit of using two underarm dabs of Mum each morning, and again before evenings out. Many also touch the feet with it to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

You won't know exactly how well Mum works until you try it yourself, so I suggest you write your name on this page, tear off the edge, and mail it for a free sample to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M86, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

(Continued from page 28)

Johnny Drake was the fellow who knew how to enjoy it to the full.

"Didn't you know?" he murmured again.

"No, I didn't!" Harry Barton snapped. "Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"The double-crossing . . . ! Got to go, Sparks. Thanks."

"What? No more beer? I thought maybe we could celebrate. You a skipper now, and all. What'll the Russian princesses think?" Johnny grinned his contagious grin. "Since the war, all the girls with an accent in Shanghai are Russian princesses. You know that. I know a couple of honeys. I could fix it up easy."

"No, thanks," Harry chopped off without humor.

"Just as well. I got a date anyway."

JOHNNY'S eyes were twinkling furiously. He watched Barton's broad shoulders sway across the room as he strode out and into the road. It may have been a good joke to Johnny Drake, but it wasn't to either Harry Barton or Andrew Croswell. They were poison to each other. It was that way ever since they both went to sea many years before. Neither one of them could remember now just what it was that had started the feud. But there it was, stronger and more violent than ever, after a goodly number of years plowing the oceans of the earth. In a way it was funny.

When they were kids, they used to sell newspapers together down at old Hamilton Ferry in Brooklyn. And they might have been seen then, toward evening of a hot, sultry summer day, a little ragged but very wide-eyed, watching the shipping slip down river and out to sea: Harry's head a mop of tousled black and Andy's red as common brick. They shipped together one year in a coal burning Mediterranean tramp. Andy went as wiper because he liked machinery, and Harry as ordinary seaman because he said he wanted to see the stars at night. A hundred miles or so south of Ambrose Light, someone tied some intricate knots in Harry's bunk blankets and soaked the whole thing in brine. Harry didn't like it; and although the black gang lived on the other side of the forecastle bulkhead, for some reason he insisted Andy did the trick. Andy wouldn't have squealed even if he knew who did it. So he said nothing. And they went at it hammer and tongs on the iron deck of that ship. It was a good fight, but it decided nothing. It merely started the feud. It had been going on ever since.

In the years that followed they met many times on the foreshores of the ports of the world. And wherever they met there was a row. Until they both found themselves in the same west coast fleet in the China trade. When Harry met Laura Marlow he forgot all about feuds. You couldn't remember silly things like that when you looked into the eyes of a girl like her. That trip, the world was Harry's oyster. But when he came back next voyage he discovered that Andy knew her too, because she talked about him a lot. It was natural he should know her when you came to think of it. Laura worked at the Shanghai consulate. But Harry didn't think of it. All he knew was that wherever he went and whatever he did, Andy's homely face kept coming in between. And something had to be done about that. Something very drastic.

That's what he was thinking now as his ricksha went bouncing along up Nanking Road. That cursed engineer! There he was, in port before him, and probably rushing Laura for all he was worth. He was attractive to women, that solid fellow with the freckled face and the flame-red hair. Still, the smile came slowly back to Harry's face. This was his day. The Saturnal was his. Command in the palm of his hand! A thing like that doesn't happen to a fellow every day. Wait till he told Laura!

Harry leaned back, luxuriating over his good fortune. The magnificent Chinese shops slid past, and the steady slap-slap of the running boy was sweet music in his ears. Until they stopped for the traffic at the corner of Thibet Drive and Harry happened to look across the street. There was a ricksha there jammed between a modern motorcar and a coolie-drawn cart piled sky-high with mat bales; and in it, sitting carelessly erect and grinning, was Andrew Croswell. The pleasure drained from Harry's face. He shook his fist, shouting. But the Sikh on the corner waved his white stick just then, and the ricksha started off with a lurch. Harry cried out for a stop, but his coolie didn't. So above the strange noises of a Shanghai street, Harry heard Andy's deep bass laughter booming after him.

It was still ringing in his ears when he went into Laura's little apartment.

"Harry!" she said, coming to greet him. "I'm so *glad* to see you."

When she put both her hands on his shoulders and looked up at him, Andy's sardonic laughter seemed suddenly very meaningless and unimportant. Laura Marlow was like that: she dominated things. She had a way of wearing that gown of pale blue stuff! She had grace and charm and reliance, with quick blue eyes that wrinkled up in a funny little squint when she was pleased. It was plain at a glance that this girl generally got her way and that she'd come out to Shanghai to do a job she liked, because she could never be content just to sit at home and wait for the golden apples of matrimony to fall in her lap. So Harry smiled at her, because he thought she was grand.

"Got news, Laura," he said. "I've got to get back right away, but I had to come and tell you. The Saturnal is mine!"

"Harry! Not really?"

"Fact." There was a pardonable ring of pride in his voice.

"Harry, I'm so very glad." You could tell she really meant it. When she smiled her whole face made holiday. She knew about Harry and Andy, too. "Andy just left," she said sweetly. "We were talking about you."

"Oh, so he was here!" His voice was considerably tighter. "I suppose—"

"Why don't you two stop that nonsense? You ought to be friends. As a matter of fact, I think you are, if you only knew it."

"Friends!" Harry snorted. "I suppose he's been rushing you all over Shanghai while I wasn't here?"

"We've had lots of fun. . . . You're not jealous of Andy; are you, Harry?"

"Jealous? Certainly I am. Who wouldn't be? Every time I see you, you start talking about Andy. I'll break his head open some day! He—"

"Don't snap at me." Laura's eyes wrinkled up in that funny way they had. "You ought to be glad I keep talking of him. Girls are funny that way, Harry. The fellow they always keep talking about isn't ever very dangerous."

HARRY grinned. He felt soothed. "Sorry, Laura. You know how I feel. And now that I'm master, I—"

"I'm glad you are, Harry," she put in quickly. "You can say a good word for me at the consulate."

"A good word for you!" Harry laughed outright. "You practically run the place now."

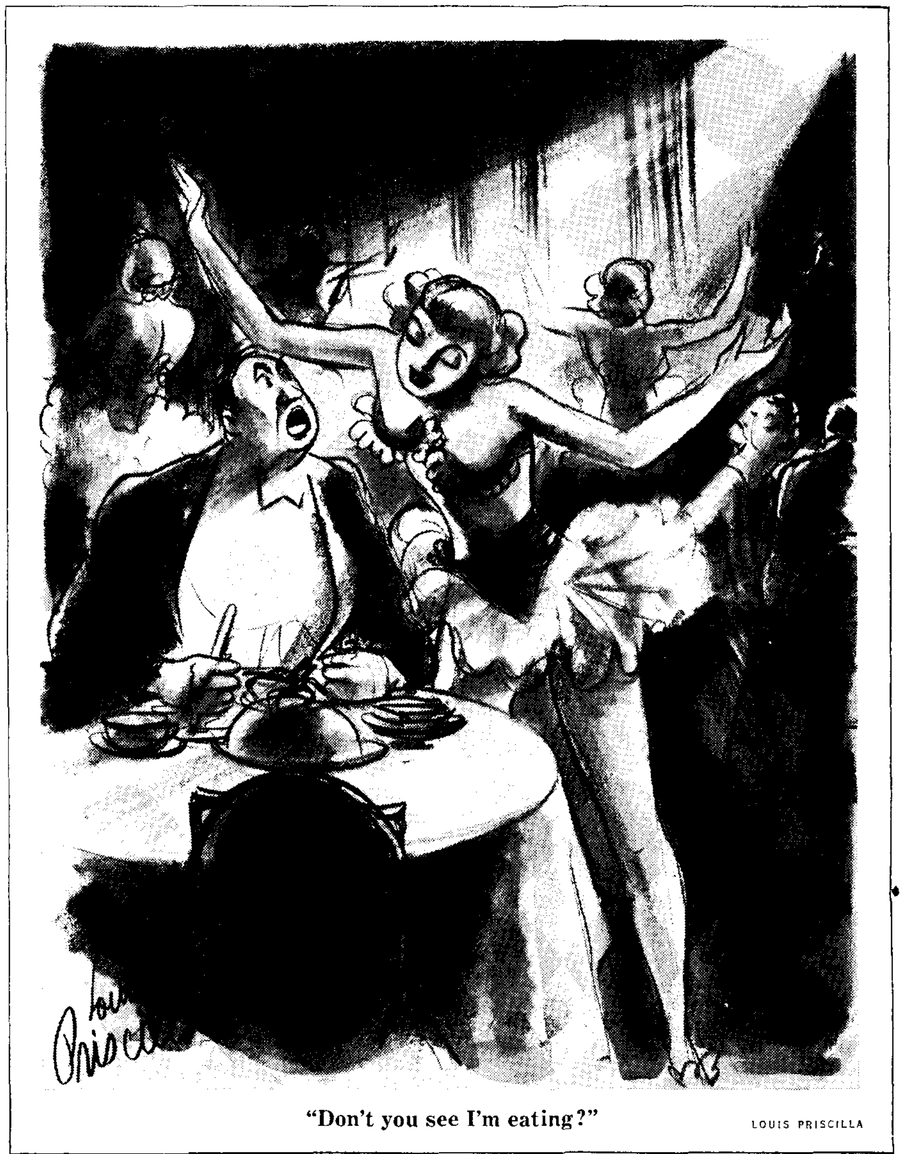
"I'm serious. I'm due to go home on vacation, and I'd like to pick my own ship."

"Well, why not?"

"I'd like to go in the Saturnal."

Harry could do nothing more than just stare at her. She was serious enough,

(Continued on page 32)



"Don't you see I'm eating?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

HOT WEATHER

CALLS FOR THIS HEAT-RESISTING MOTOR OIL

Read why Summer

MOBILOIL

lasts longer–cuts repairs

DRIVE AS HARD AS YOU LIKE—as long as you like—Mobiloil will give your engine the protection it needs this hot weather. And it will save money for you! Just as it is doing for millions of other motorists.

Reports keep coming in from Mobiloil users all over the country that prove these savings. They tell of oil mileage increased as much as 50%—of greatly improved car performance—of the much better protection it gives their engines.

Sensational results like these are possible because Mobiloil is free of the weak elements that easily break down, form gum, sludge and carbon. Those elements are successfully removed by the famous Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process, the new refining method which makes Mobiloil clean, tough, long-lasting.

No matter what type of bearings your engine has nor how high its operating temperatures, Mobiloil will give it complete lubricating protection.

• • •

MAKE SURE YOUR ENGINE has this greater protection now. Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Fill up with Mobiloil, America's favorite motor oil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

1936
Gargoyle
Mobiloil
Mobiloil
LUBRICATION
CHART
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY

SOCONY-VACUUM

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

See the 1936 Mobiloil chart for correct grade for your car

(*Continued from page* 30)

although her eyes were very much alight. It sent a wave of high exultation through him. She wanted to make the passage home in his ship. A man would be a fool not to feel fine about that. It was very irregular officially. The Saturnal wasn't equipped for passengers, not even consular passengers. But he knew Laura, and he knew that what she wanted she generally got.

"Laura," he said just before he left, "Laura, that would be simply grand!"

Yes; it would. Rolling back toward the Bund behind the steady jog of the runner boy, Harry Barton kept telling himself just how grand it really would be. The world was certainly his oyster this day! A shipmaster under thirty, and Laura Marlow making the voyage home with him in his own ship. He smiled. And when he thought of it again, he smiled some more. Andy Croswell could go to the devil! A lot that fellow knew. Wouldn't he boil when he heard?

He was humming blithely to himself when he went aboard his ship toward dusk. There was a new spring in his step as he came over the gangway. Even the bosun noticed it. It was already the step of a captain, and no longer the heavy tread of a mate. His quick glance along the deck was different, too. Until he spotted a solid-chested fellow with brick-red hair coming toward him from the bunker hatch. He stopped short at once, waiting. It was Andy Croswell, all right. There wasn't any mistake.

"What," Captain Barton asked acidly, "are you doing on this ship?"

Andy looked him over with an unhurried calm. "Just poking around, Mr. Mate," he said carelessly, with a considerable emphasis on that "Mr. Mate." "Like to get acquainted, you know. Just poking around."

"Well, poke some other time. Get off my ship."

"*Your* ship!"

"That's what I said."

ANDY came up another step. He peered at Harry darkly. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you're the new skipper?"

"Right the first time. Now get!"

Andy let go his breath in a profound and whistling sigh. "I'd love to," he growled. "Only trouble is, Harry, *I'm* the new chief engineer."

"You . . . !"

"That's right."

"Judas Priest!"

They stared at each other, glowering. Sudden, swift doubt shot through Harry's mind. He thought about Laura, sailing in the Saturnal. He wondered if Andy knew. He wondered, also, if Laura knew. Maybe it was to be with Andy and not . . . He refused to think further of it. But the last vestige of sunlight seemed blotted at once from the face of the river called Whangpoo.

"I suppose," Captain Barton snarled, "that I'll have to be civil to you."

Andy grinned. There was humor in him. "You better be," he said, and walked away.

The old bosun, loitering against the rail, spat solemnly over the side and nudged the gangway watchman standing next to him.

"This," he prophesied glumly, "is gonna be a helluva trip."

He wasn't far from wrong, although not in exactly the manner he meant.

When the Saturnal sailed for home, Laura was aboard all right, on the articles third cook at twenty-five cents a month. As a matter of fact, she did teach the Jamaican cook how to produce French fried potatoes that weren't soggy with grease. The crowd in the cabin all but cheered, because deepwater galley potatoes get tiresome to even the stoutest digestion. She sat next to Captain Barton that first meal clear of the Saddle Island, a pretty sight in the dining saloon of an offshore tramp rolling eastward into blue Pacific swells. And the clear, gay tinkle of her laughter was a wonderful sound to them above the steady pound and throb of the main engine and the hiss and spatter of the sea.

Captain Harry Barton was tensely on the alert at the head of the table, watching Andy, who sat opposite him with his red hair burning in the sunshine of an open port. A suppressed feeling of high humor ruled the rest of the officers, because they all knew about those two. But Laura chatted and laughed and enjoyed herself immensely. They all thought her a pretty swell dish. Even Johnny Drake, the wireless man, kept grinning at her with that impish look of his. Laura walked the deck with Harry while he puffed his after-dinner cheroot. Then, to show she wasn't partial and to keep things on the right, she took a turn or two with the chief engineer before he went below to have a look around.

Harry didn't like that very much. He stared forward fixedly from his bridge, watching the Saturnal's head bowing and curtsying to the deep rollers that showed white foam along the horizon lip. The watch officer found it funny and laughed outright. But he took good care to do it off by himself. The night fell very dark and mild, with a southwest wind just barely whispering, and the stars crisply remote and aloof. Captain Barton kept the deck till late. You could forgive him for that. He wanted to feel the Saturnal with his master's tread, figuratively to pat her on the back and tell her how fine he thought she was and what he would do for her. A skipper gets only one first ship in his life.

"Beg pardon, Madam, but that last row you knitted is all spaghetti!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

He turned in smiling, with the sweet knowledge that Laura wasn't very far. He even felt a warm glow toward Andy . . . because he felt he had him licked.

It was well toward the end of the middle watch when something shot him bolt upright. The Saturnal was shuddering in every plate. From below came a thunderous roaring, the wild race of the main engine, a mad metallic din. Then swift and sudden silence. Harry was into his trousers and halfway up the ladder when he heard the telegraph's excited jangle. He reached the bridge, bellowing. He expected to see a mass of wreckage, a collided ship, or the thunder of white surf ahead. The sea had chopped up, but it was empty. The wind was stronger. But the stars and the faint line of the dark horizon were all in proper place.

"What have you smashed into?"

"Nothing, sir. They've just rung up stop from below. Sounds like she's flung her wheel."

"Flung her . . . Blast that fellow anyway!"

HE SPUN round and went for the engine-room ladders. When he reached the floor plates, the light over the log desk was swinging in deep quick arcs. The soiled face of the oiler, startlingly white, hung at the dynamo platform. He seemed rigidly frozen in that singular position, staring down with an oil can in one hand and a pluck of cotton waste in the other. The fireroom door was open, and three sets of popping eyes showed there full of fright. Harry spotted the engineer of the watch and the chief over against the shaft alley door. Andy shouted something. Harry reached them on the run.

"Well," he roared, "what the devil have you done to my ship? Flung her wheel off in a hundred fathom?"

Andy turned with slow decision. "I wish we had, Harry."

"You wish . . ."

"Yes; I do!" The engineer's voice was savage. "She's smashed her tail shaft and stabbed herself in the side. Taking water in there like a sieve."

Harry looked at him, suddenly very sober. "Well?"

"There's the whole Pacific Ocean on the other side of that bulkhead."

"Then we better shore it up—and quick."

"Yes."

"How long will it hold?"

"Who knows? Pumps will help a little . . . a very damned little."

Harry's eyes were hard and narrow; his jaw set taut. He was thinking of nothing now, of nothing but the ship: she was his first. Andy knew that. There was no nonsense between them. They had the Saturnal to think of, and she was strictly up to them. There was a brittle quality in Captain Barton's voice.

"Look, Andy," he said tightly, "I don't intend to give her up. We've got to bring her in! Get your crowd down here at once. I'll send you Chips and the whole deck bunch. We've got timbers and some good beams. We'll shore up that bulkhead and keep every pump you can on it. I'll get Sparks to wire Shanghai for a couple of tugs. Get 'em here as quick as we can. Better than a salvage, if we can keep her afloat that long. And by heaven, Andy, we got to!"

Andy only nodded. He understood the compulsion of that inner force as well as the master did. And they went to work down there to keep the Pacific Ocean from shattering through a thin steel wall into a helpless hull.

Day broke brilliant and clear, with the Saturnal wallowing in a white-tipped sea with two black balls on her forestay to show her out of control and a faint brown pennant of smoke pouring from her funnel lip, the slim signal of her remaining life. When the sun came ranging through the engine-room skylights, it lit up in staggering patterns a strange and eerie scene. You could hear the sea plainly down there now. Behind a crisscrossing of braces and timbers the bulkhead showed a heavy bulge, and here and there the rivet heads started sweating in a steady, maddening drip. Andy Croswell and Harry Barton stood in front of it in the midst of a perspiring, half-exhausted crew. They looked at it anxiously, grimly wondering if it would hold long enough to haul the Saturnal to a Shanghai drydock. Because they refused to give her up.

LAURA knew what was going on. She came down in the first light with coffee and sandwiches. There was time for nothing else. She looked at that buttressed wall of bulging steel and shuddered. But when Harry came up to her, she smiled at him. That was the least she could do, she thought, he looked so haggard and worn.

"I must be hard luck," she said wanly.

Harry shook his head. "No. But I wish you weren't here. We—"

"Then you just act as if I weren't, Harry. If thirty-four men can stand in front of . . . of that without running, I guess I can too. I don't like lifeboats, anyway. They bounce too much."

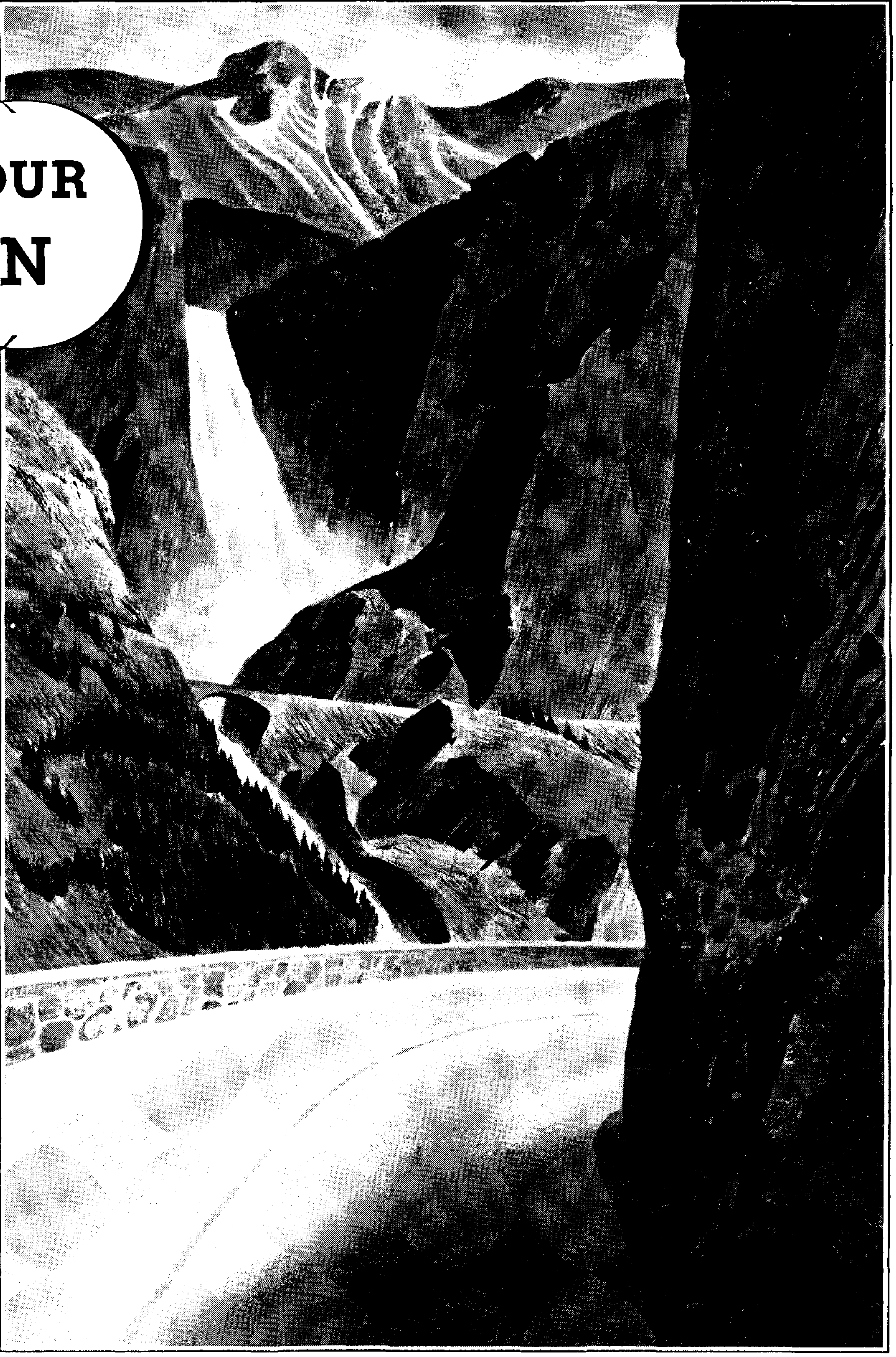
He smiled faintly. "You may have to get used to one yet."

"Then I'll try."

Harry watched her go climbing up the ladders. He discovered Andy was standing beside him. They looked at each other for an instant, grimy, utterly weary and sleepless, desperately clinging to a single purpose. The Saturnal lurched soddenly underfoot. Andy grinned at him and Harry touched the engineer's arm. That gesture alone made it plain that what they did was for something better than the greater glory of Marine Underwriters or the fame of a single day's newspaper banner no one thought twice about. . . . Late that night the Shanghai tugs found her and passed aboard their lines. Johnny Drake, high up on the boat deck, took one look at them, snorted, and went back into the wireless room to keep in touch with whatever shipping was close around. Because Johnny knew that Shanghai was a long way off for a ship deep down by the stern, depending for her life on buck-

(*Continued on page* 34)

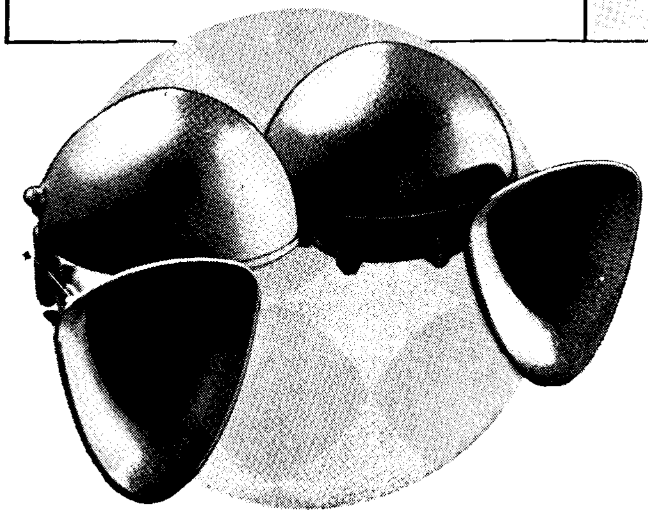
SOUND YOUR KLAXON



A sharp, blind bend in the road! Play safe! Sound your Klaxon! On the highways of the world, for more than a quarter of a century, millions of motorists have been sounding their Klaxons to prevent mishaps. Over the same span of years, Delco-Remy engineers have been creating and improving upon these safety signals. Klaxon horns have long been standard equipment in many leading motor cars, including all General Motors cars. The same is true of Delco-Remy starting, lighting, and ignition equipment and Delco Batteries. So, the next time you sound your Klaxon, won't you remember that in automobile horns, as in all things electrical in a motor car, it pays to think of Delco-Remy.

●

Year after year, Klaxon has set the vogue in warning signals. The matched set of Sea Shell horns illustrated below is the latest development in the air-tone type of electric horn. Klaxon matched pairs of air-tone horns are available for installation in all motor cars. They are obtainable wherever fine accessories are sold.

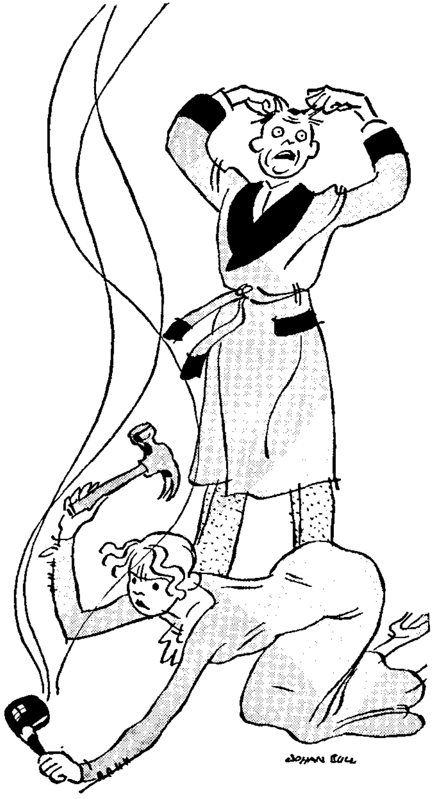


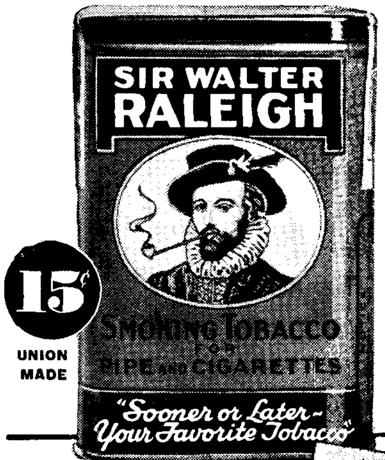
Delco-Remy

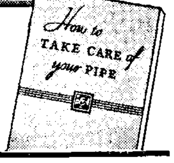
MANUFACTURERS OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION · KLAXON HORNS · DELCO BATTERIES · AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT CONVENIENT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE ...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.






How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

THE END OF A PUFF-ECT DAY

LIFE'S too short and marriage too sacred to spoil them with a foul pipe and unholy tobacco. So we urge husbands to keep their briars sweet and clean and filled with Sir Walter Raleigh's milder mixture. No woman ever recoiled from Sir Walter Raleigh burning fragrantly in a well-kept pipe. As a matter of fact, this gentler blend of better Kentucky Burleys makes men more attractive and women more yielding and admiring. Try a tin for the little woman's sake . . . and your sake . . . and our sake. We honestly feel it's the easiest-smoking, best-smelling blend ever offered for only fifteen cents!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-68

(Continued from page 32)

ling steel plates and a few timber shores to keep back the ocean's weight. And Laura Marlow remained on the ship. She refused to be taken into the tugs.

That was the way the Saturnal came back to the river called Whangpoo. By all the rules she should have been fathoms under. But she wasn't. She was half full of water all right, but still afloat, with her tugs hooting for right of way. She came back for no other reason than that two men, who thought they hated each other, refused to acknowledge her to be in distress and offer her up for lost or salvage.

Captain Harry Barton knew this. It was written plainly on his weary face when they hauled the Saturnal at last into drydock and got her into position to lift her for survey and repair. He had brought her in, which was what he had to do, and in that he felt a slow and stubborn pride. He came down off the bridge to seek out Andy Croswell, because he knew his ship was safe at last.

HE FOUND the chief in his engine room, alone. He had sent the rest of them away: their work was done. Andy was sitting on the topmost grating, staring down at the black bellies of the steam chests. Water, thick with oil and bilge, sloshed around knee deep on the floor plates, and the pattern of timbers bracing that after bulkhead looked singularly out of place. You might wonder what those funny fellows had been up to, erecting a crazy scaffolding like that down there where it had no reasonable right to be. You might have thought the chief asleep, except that his tousled red head kept nodding now and then as if in glum approval of that desecration of his sacred engine room. The coolie dockyard workers were scrambling aboard. One of them, pattering along the alleyway, poked his head in for an instant. But what he saw sent him off on the run, jabbering in high excitement to his mates. Harry Barton watched the chief in silence for a moment, and then sat down beside him with a heavy sigh.

"She's in, Andy," he said, and that was all.

"Aye. She's in."

Neither spoke for some time after that. They were both very near to exhaustion. They weren't thinking of the Saturnal. There were other things. Old Hamilton Ferry, perhaps, and the things that had happened in between. Harry blinked and coughed.

"Y'know, Andy," he said gruffly, "I think we been a couple of fools."

ANDY grinned, tired as he was, and looked up. "I was just thinking the same, Harry."

"What started it, anyhow?"

"Bless me, Harry, I can't remember now."

Harry sighed. "Of course you know, Andy, how I feel about Laura."

"Sure. Me too. Funny thing, Harry, about Laura. Every time I used to see her in Shanghai, all she talked about was you. Used to make me mad. I guess you—"

"No! I was just going to say the same about you!" Harry was silent for a moment, frowning. Then: "Tell you what, Andy. Let's stop being a couple of fools and go topside together right now. She knows how I feel, and I guess she knows how you feel. We'll ask her right out straight. And whichever one it is . . . well, that's the way it'll be. What do you say, Andy?"

"Aye, Harry. That's fair enough."

They stood up together. The shoreside crowd was overrunning the ship, filling her with an outlandish jabber and the slap-slap of Oriental feet. Harry Barton and Andy Croswell, shouldering through them, climbed the after ladderway. Arm in arm they started across the deck in the gathering dusk for the forward house where Laura lived under the bridge. But on the way they passed Johnny Drake's wireless room. The door stood open, and in the yellow light that flung out of it they both stopped short in their tracks. Andy Croswell gasped. Harry's arm fell stiffly to his side. Because Laura Marlow was in there. Not only that, but Johnny Drake had her tightly in his arms, and their lips were together in such a kiss as no man on earth could possibly mistake!

Johnny saw them first. He looked up quickly, with that impish twinkle of his eye. But he still had one arm tightly about Laura. You could see she didn't mind in the least, except that she blushed in a wave of comely crimson. Harry and Andy simply stared, openmouthed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" was all that Captain Harry Barton could manage to explode.

"You see, sir—" Johnny Drake started to say.

"My sight is perfect!" the master snapped.

"So's his," Andy put in with wry humor.

The chief, no doubt, was referring to Laura, because he was looking straight at her. She was very lovely and small and fragile, with that faint crimson still drenching her face and throat. Johnny Drake shuffled his feet awkwardly.

"We were going to keep it a secret, sir," he mumbled. "We wanted so much to be together for the trip home, we took the chance. Because if you knew, sir, what with company regulations and all, it—"

"Knew?" Harry growled. "Knew what?"

Laura looked sweetly up at him with her wide, clear eyes. "Johnny and I were married," she said, "the day the Saturnal sailed."

"And now I suppose I get the can," poor Johnny complained in deep despair.

At that moment, by the look on Harry's face, he certainly would have got what he called the can, to say nothing of anything worse. But Andy Croswell, who knew a genuine joke even when it hit in his own midriff, suddenly tipped back his flame-red head and laughed.

"If he fires you, or even so much as reports you to the office," the engineer managed at last, "I'll smash him down. . . . You win, Johnny."

But it was more than Harry could stand. He went grimly down the ladder again, ahead of the engineer. "Beats me!" he growled when they reached the Saturnal's main deck. "I never so much as knew she'd ever heard of Johnny Drake! She never talked a word about him. . . . Dames are funny, Andy."

"Sure, Harry," the chief agreed. "Seems like it's the fellow they *never* talk about—that's the guy who's dangerous."

THAT was the second time Captain Barton had heard that sage remark. He didn't like it in the least. There was no comfort in it for him.

"I'll bet," he said sourly and with sudden spleen, "I'll bet you knew it all the time. Just like a crumby engineer!"

"Who? Me? You're off your dot."

"I ought to break your head!"

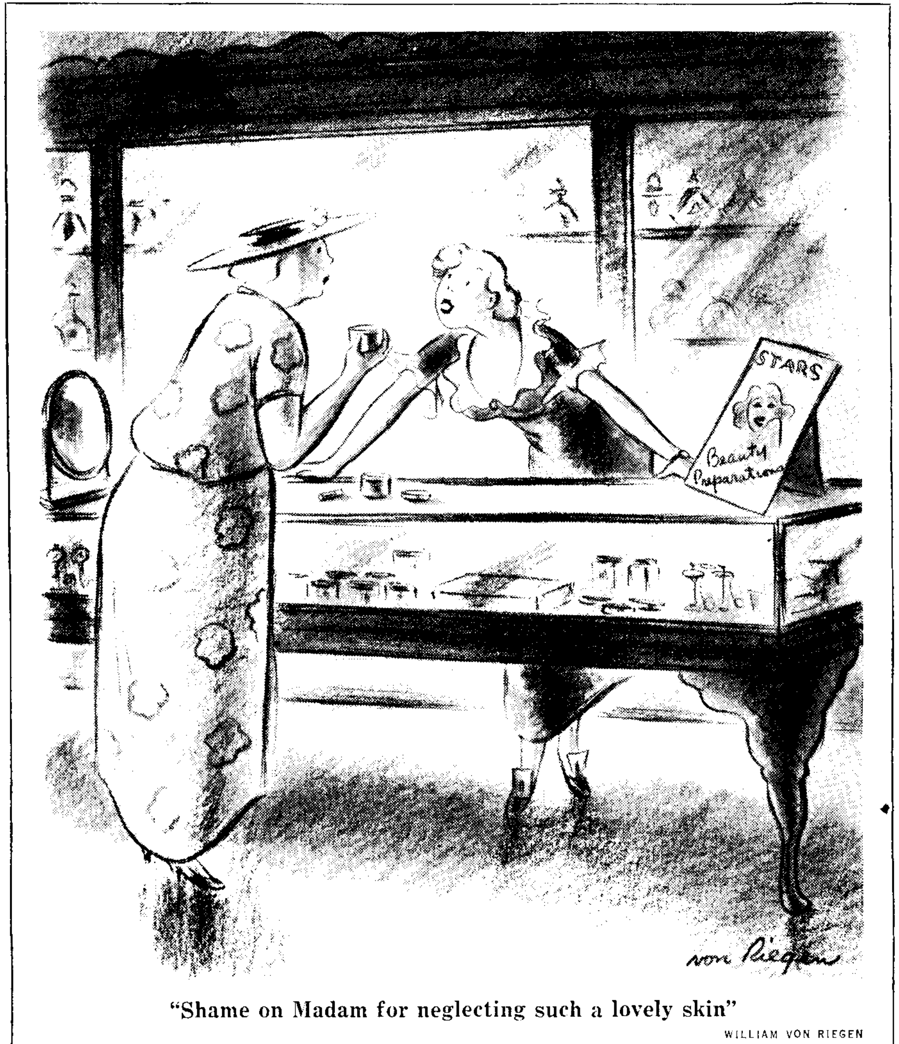
"You just try it, Harry. That's all: just try it!"

Their voices, loud and a little quarrelsome, reached the gangway where the bosun stood, wondering whether he ought to pawn that pair of sea boots for a drink or two ashore. It was what a fellow needed, and no mistake, after such an unholy trip. The sailor beside him, grinning, nudged his ribs.

"There they go again, those two. Rowing. Lord, how they must hate each other!"

"That's all you know," the bosun grumbled serenely. "You shut your lip. They couldn't get along without each other. They just can't be pals unless they're in a brawl. I've seen it before."

He was a man of mature judgment and judicious eye, the bosun of the Saturnal. He knew. He had seen it before. And he probably had the truth of it.



"Shame on Madam for neglecting such a lovely skin"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

4 STOPS

JUST GOING TO THE MOVIES

YOU STOP IN YOUR DRIVEWAY

While a Car Goes By. Then it's Shift-Shift-Shift to Get Going Again. You Make Hundreds of Stops Like This Without Realizing It.

STOPPED BY A TRAFFIC LIGHT

Shifting Gears After an Ordinary Stop Like This Can Use Up Enough Gasoline to Take You One-Third of a Mile.

HELD UP BY AN OFFICER

Then You're Slowed Down by Traffic Jams . . . Have to Shift Gears Again and Again. This Kind of Driving Eats Up Gasoline!

THEATRE
Senior

YOU FINALLY GET THERE!

It's Been "Stop-and-Go" All the Way. You've "Stepped on it" to Get There in Time for the Feature Picture. This Fast Accelerating Can Use Up 60% More Gasoline Than Steady Running.

4 out of every 5 miles you drive today are "STOP-and-GO"

TRAFFIC SURVEYS SHOW

that 4 Out of Every 5 Miles You Drive are in Short Trips . . . Shopping . . . Making Business and Social Calls.

Costly...unless you have "STOP-and-Go" gasoline

4 STOPS just driving to the movies . . . 5 stops going to the grocer's . . . 6 stops taking the children to school! No wonder you average over 30 stops a day.

These 30 daily stops, remember, can use up enough of your gasoline to take you 10 *miles.*

For economy in today's driving, your gasoline needs 3 kinds of power, just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears.

You need one kind of power for QUICK STARTS, one for FAST PICKUP and hill climbing, one for STEADY RUNNING.

First to recognize the need for such a gasoline in today's "stop-and-go" driving, Shell engineers now give you these three different kinds of power combined in one fuel—THE FIRST TRULY BALANCED GASOLINE.

Super-Shell is sold at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

SUPER SHELL

"Your Ford has a swell engine, Mister! Keep it that way"

Millions of cars leave the factory equipped with oil filters. More than 95% of all these filters are GENUINE Purolators. So it's natural enough that garage men who have worked on all sorts of jobs know all about the Purolator. Natural, too, that they advise Ford owners to protect their engines with a GENUINE Purolator Oil Filter, especially engineered for Ford V-8s.

The cost ($3.25 plus a small installation charge) is as nothing compared with the saving. The best engine ever built depends on good, clean, high-grade oil. Not just clean when it goes in the crank case, but clean day after day, as it circulates, and lubricates closely-fitted moving parts.

Without filter protection, crank case oil begins to accumulate sludge at once, becomes black and tarry looking after a few hundred miles of driving and is constantly picking up dirt and grit and hard carbon and small metal particles—grinding abrasives that you can't keep out of an engine ...that get in the oil stream, and cause costly repairs and replacements.

A Genuine Purolator filters the crank case oil as it circulates, keeps it so clean and pure that it even retains its color after thousands of miles of driving—and service garages everywhere are prepared to give Ford owners this service, on both passenger cars and trucks.

There is just one thing to be remembered by the thousands of Ford owners who have equipped their cars with Purolators and the millions of other motorists whose cars are Purolator protected.

After about 8,000 miles of driving the Purolator must be renewed.

That is because it is full of sludge and dirt it has removed from your oil stream, and will hold no more. Ask your favorite station about this service, or for further information, write Motor Improvements, Incorporated, Newark, N. J., makers of

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter on Your Motor Car

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Track and Field Marshal

Continued from page 26

masters of the famous school, in awarding him the Teschmacker Scholarship to Harvard, made the motion unanimous when at the public presentation they solemnly declaimed, "this boy has been the greatest influence for good at Exeter since the days of Marshall Newell." This was gloria excelsis, for Marshall Newell has been extolled to countless campus generations as "the ideal Exonian."

Bill Bingham had become quite a track star at Exeter. He'd done some running in the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. in his mill days, and little George Connors, then Exeter track coach but later more famous at Yale, thought he saw in the lad the makings of a good half-miler. George had read the signs correctly. Bill became the first New England schoolboy in history to run the half in less than two minutes. He broke three Exeter records before he finished—the 600 yards (1:15⅖); the 1,000 yards (2:16⅖) and the half mile (1:57⅖).

Neck and Neck

Harvard presented an older Bill Bingham many of the same problems Exeter had presented to the boy from the mill. His scholarship was small, his courses stiff, his way hard. He quietly met these problems in just the same way and with almost precisely the same results.

Here again he was made president of the Freshman Class, and before his graduation with the Class of 1916, he found himself captain of track, leader of the glee and musical clubs, varsity cheer leader, treasurer of the Fox Club, member of the Institute of 1770; D. K. E.; president of the Phillips Brooks House Association, vice-president of the Student Council and vice-president of the Varsity Club. Then came the highest honor in the power of his classmates to bestow. He was elected First Marshal of the Class of 1916, which means its permanent president.

As a track star at Harvard, Bingham made history.

He wasn't the greatest half-miler of his intercollegiate day, for it chanced that Ted Meredith of Pennsylvania was at his peak simultaneously. Bingham could run with, but never by, the Flying Quaker, who was generally conceded to be the greatest middle-distance powerhouse of modern times until the phenomenal Paavo Nurmi came along.

But it was Bingham who forced Meredith to his historic world's record of 1:53 for the half-mile in the Harvard Stadium in 1916, roaring down the stretch shoulder to shoulder with him and finishing on his hip at the tape. Both Bingham and Meredith crashed the record that day as a matter of fact, but the Pennsylvanian was a breath ahead at the wire.

Still perhaps Bingham's greatest race, at least the one they still recall most vividly in Harvard-Yale family circles, was his eyelash victory over gallant Johnny Overton of Yale in the Boston Athletic Association Indoor Championships in 1916.

Bingham was captain of Harvard; Overton captain of Yale. Each was running as anchor man for his team in the two-mile relay, the feature event of the evening. Bingham had already run one race that night, as anchor man for his team, and he now felt the strain of that ordeal.

Neck and neck the two stars—the two captains, Bingham and Overton—snatched the batons and started off. Overton, the fresher, leaped to the fore, but Bingham clung to him with desperate strength.

Two laps from home, they started to tear. Overton was a stride ahead but Bingham hung on. They were still in those positions halfway around the last lap, with the crowd roaring the chandeliers loose from their sockets. Coming off the last corner, Bingham shot every ounce of his strength and his stamina into one last desperate bid. As if propelled from that man-shooting cannon they have in the circus, he whizzed past Overton in a red and white blur, and broke the tape by a whisker ahead of him.

Johnny Overton was the first to grasp Bill Bingham's hand, and that scene has a touching sequel. Both these young captains were shortly in France, and captains of companies in the line now, not pleasant companies of track and field aspirants. Captain Overton, gallantly leading a charge of his company of Marines near Château-Thierry, was killed in action ahead of his men. When they brought the news to Captain Bingham where the heroic ambulance company he commanded was billeted near Verdun, not even the Croix de guerre, newly shining on his tunic "for extraordinary bravery under fire" could assuage his sense of personal loss.

After the war, Bill Bingham accepted a position with a banking firm and was sent by it to Texas. Oddly enough, or perhaps characteristically, it was a Yale man who hired him. He was doing well, too, but Harvard wanted him back. Track was at a distressingly low ebb at the Cambridge institution. They begged Bill to come back and take charge. To his Yale boss it was something of a facer, but he said "Okay, I'll lend you to them for a couple of years and good luck to you, except when you're battling Yale."

Bingham took what seemed to be a mediocre squad and whipped it into a fighting crew that defeated Princeton in a dual meet, gave Yale the scare of a lifetime, blazed in national competition to within a half-point of the national intercollegiate championship, losing only by that fraction to California, and finally topped off the year by defeating a crack British team from Oxford and Cambridge.

When his two years' sabbatical leave from business was finished, Bill went back to the industrial marts, his job for his alma mater having been faithfully and successfully done.

Four years later, Harvard was at him again. This time, they besought him to take complete charge of all Harvard athletics, to formulate their policies, hire and fire their coaches, contact the alumni and the representatives of other institutions, to run, in fact, what amounts or what amounted at that time to an industry doing a million dollars worth of business a year. The Department of Athletics was to be officially recognized for the first time in almost three hundred years as part of the university curriculum, and the new director, Mr. Bingham, was to have full rank as a member of the faculty of Arts and Sciences.

That was in 1926. For ten years, Bill Bingham has served in that important capacity. And it is nationally important in the field of athletics, for the official voice of Harvard is perhaps the mightiest in the councils of athletics intercollegia and Bill Bingham's voice, slightly broadened at the A's now by such long contact with the celebrated Harvard accent, is that voice.

The job hasn't been a soft one, but he was never used to soft jobs. Personally conservative and a stickler for the strict amateur code, and official representative of an institution that demanded football reform long before the professional bluenoses ever thought of it, Bill Bingham has stopped his share of the brickbats and cabbages, even from some of his own win-hungry alumni. Some of those who were "liberal" have considered him too conservative when he stated that football was a game primarily intended for the pleasure of the players and when he therefore limited practice hours, abolished the ghost ball and the flood lamps used on other fields to drive players after darkness.

Bingham's position and Bingham's personality led on to other honors and responsibilities. He was shortly a member of the Football Rules Committee, head of the Committee for the Selection of Eastern Football Officials, and member or director of a half-dozen other important committees and organizations dealing with amateur sport, including the Olympic Men's Track and Field Committee.

It was to the first meeting of this latter that Bill Bingham went in November of 1934 to hear himself unanimously elected chairman. This meant that practically the full responsibility for selecting, financing, training, coaching and transporting to and from Berlin the Men's Track and Field unit of the United States 1936 Olympic Team was his.

Of course, the Harvard director had a committee to help him. They were a dozen in number but they were scattered geographically all over the land, and their task was advisory. His was executive. The job carried no pay. It was strictly honorary but, none the less, grinding. For a year and a half, Bingham worked, often far into the night, checking reports, dictating letters, making decisions, formulating policies.

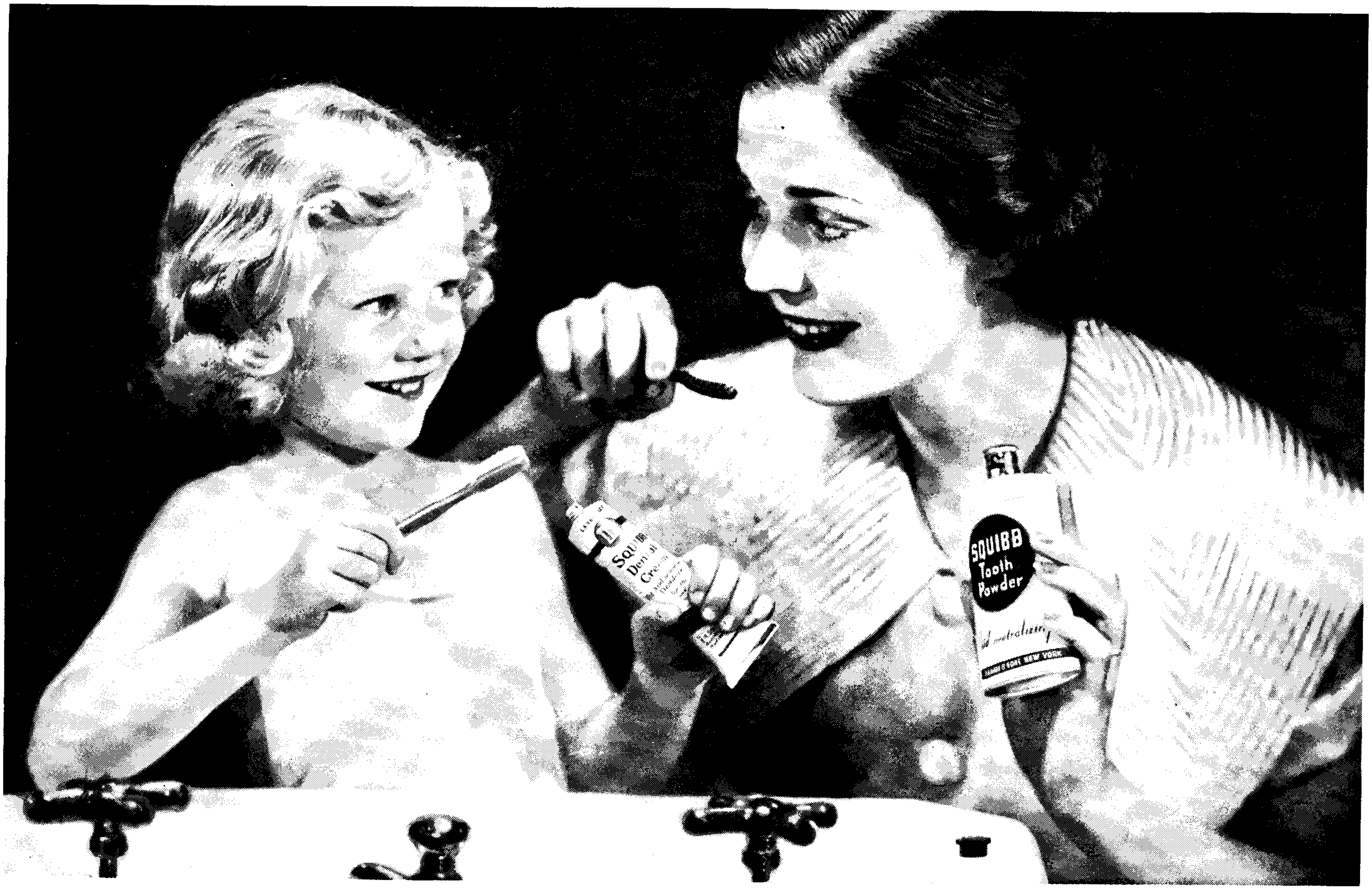
His Only Reward

The details of selection and financing were essentially the same as those followed in 1932, but they meant an exhausting amount of intricate work just the same. It is estimated that there are from three thousand to five thousand amateur track and field athletes in the United States. Of these, the sixty-nine best were wanted—three men for each event, with no substitutes nor alternates.

The regulating of all this was a terrific task demanding energy, ability and a plenitude of tact. And the man who did the major part of it is this same Bill Bingham, assisted, of course, by his able assistants and committeemen. As commander-in-chief he heads the gallant band that sailed aboard the Manhattan, and with him and the Messrs. Metcalf and Masters in charge, they should be the best-shepherded crowd that ever undertook a similar junket, for, as graduate managers of three major athletic institutions, each of these gentlemen is accustomed to moving troops.

When it's over, with no reward but the knowledge of a testing job conscientiously done, Bill Bingham will be back at his desk in the Harvard A. A. offices—directing, until further notice, at least, the destinies and the policies of that organization.

He's older now, a bit plumper. He's a solid citizen of one of the nicer New England towns with two fine sons of his own. A broom in a textile mill may not seem to have much resilience, but here's a fellow who used one as a very real springboard to a career of service and accomplishment.



Most tooth decay can be prevented

DENTAL science has moved forward more rapidly than is generally known. The dental profession today knows that for people of all ages there is no need for most of the pain, the expense and the illness throughout life that have their source in tooth decay.

Because of this fact millions of men, women and children are following the Squibb Plan.

The daily care of their teeth has a purpose far more important than merely brightening the teeth or sweetening the breath. It is part of a plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented.

In following this plan the dentifrice used should contain an element that penetrates into many tiny crevices to neutralize the bacterial acids, that cause tooth decay, wherever it comes into contact with them.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder both contain an antacid many times more effective than Bicarbonate of Soda. Both are thorough cleansers. They are refreshing to the taste and soothing to the gums.

These two products do not contain soap or harsh abrasives and were developed by the Squibb Laboratories in cooperation with members of the medical and dental professions to provide the best possible daily aid in safeguarding the health of teeth and gums. They are available today in any drug store at little cost.

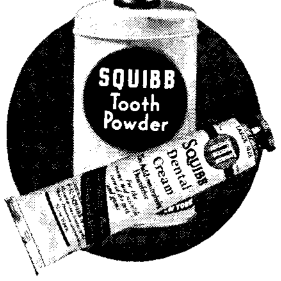
THE SQUIBB PLAN ***by which most tooth decay can be prevented***

1. Go to your dentist and follow his advice. This will include the kind of toothbrush to use, and how to use it; what kind of dentifrice to use, and what kind not to use; and whether you should supplement your own home treatment with the use of dental floss and oral perborate.

2. Check your diet with your physician or dentist—to be sure your system is getting the elements essential to the health and strength of your teeth.

3. Brush your teeth thoroughly, at least twice a day, and be sure you use a dentifrice scientifically prepared to clean teeth effectively, and safely.

START TODAY on the Squibb Plan for the care of the teeth and gums. It costs little and may prevent pain, ill health and expense later in life.



SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM · SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker

Colorado IS NOW ONLY OVERNIGHT FROM Chicago!

ON UNION PACIFIC'S Streamliner

CITY OF DENVER

IN DAILY SERVICE

NO EXTRA FARE

★ Enjoy cool Colorado this summer. But first experience the pleasure of riding the fastest long distance train in the world—with features that no other streamline train between Chicago and Colorado provides:

- Deep-cushioned, reclining coach seats and soft blue night lights
- The Frontier Shack, reminiscent of the days of '49
- Bedroom, compartment, open section and private section Pullman accommodations
- Windows in upper berths
- Beautiful observation lounge
- Dining car with ultra-modern refreshment lounge
- Registered Nurse-Stewardess in attendance.

★ **OVERNIGHT SERVICE—DAILY**
Going: Leave Chicago 6:20 p. m., arrive Denver 9:20 a. m.
Returning: Leave Denver 4:45 p.m., arrive Chicago 9:35 a. m.

★ **BARGAIN VACATION FARES**
between Chicago and Denver, $20.71 one way in coaches; $34.20 round trip in coaches or Pullmans (berth extra). 16-day return limit —NO EXTRA FARE.

In addition to the "City of Denver," *Union Pacific's Fleet of Streamliners* includes:

CITY OF LOS ANGELES
CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
CITY OF PORTLAND

—39¾-hour service between Chicago and the Pacific Coast! 5 "Sailings" a month—each train —each direction.

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

W. S. Basinger
Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 415, Union Pacific Railroad Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Please send me information about__________
Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ Also tell me about Escorted, All-Expense Tours.

UNION PACIFIC

Perfect Hostess

Continued from page 18

"Come in," she said, her face radiant. She held the portieres aside. Alec passed through and peace descended upon him. He drew a deep breath, sensing the waves of contentment sweeping over him. It was the Perfect Home. And that was—the thought came blindingly clear, like lightning on a dark night—because . . .

"Sandy," he said, and paused, dumfounded at his audacity. "I beg your pardon."

"But that's my name," the girl said. She sank down upon the davenport and motioned him to sit beside her. "We can talk better this way," she said. "What more information did you want?"

"Well," said Alec, "this house. I can see it's really perfect. But a person like myself, whose business takes him all over the world . . . There would have to be a very good reason for buying it."

"I can understand that," Sandra said.

"If I thought . . . That is, for me to buy it just for myself, that would be foolish."

"I suppose it would."

"But if I met someone who seemed to be as perfect as the house, who would marry me and live in it . . . There would be a good reason, wouldn't it?"

"There must be dozens of girls who would be suitable," Sandra said lightly. "We merely supply the house, you know."

"There's only one," Alec said, ignoring her attempt at facetiousness. "It may not seem possible. I would have denied it myself, an hour ago. But now, since I've met you . . ."

"You mean," cried Sandra, "you think I'm that girl?"

Alec drew a deep breath, hoping to overcome the sudden tendency of his knees to knock together. This was madness, he told himself, and apprehension as to the outcome turned his hands to ice. But he'd gone too far; there was no way of retreating. And he didn't want to. The conviction stilled the rising panic. He leaned toward the girl, his sunburned face stubborn and determined.

"I'm sure," he said. "Absolutely sure. When I saw you again, standing there, it all came over me in a flash."

"You want me to marry you? And live in this house?"

"If you would," Alec said, "I'd be the happiest man in the world."

SANDRA rose to her feet. She turned slowly about, her eyes inspecting every part of the room, floor, pictures, fireplace, windows, ceiling, furniture. An expression of anger and disappointment appeared gradually on her face.

"And sit here," she said bitterly, "while you go off across the world seeing marvelous places and having wonderful adventures?" She flung out her arms in a wild gesture, as though, like Samson, she were pulling the walls down about her. "Never, never, never," she cried. "I won't."

Alec stared at her, speechless.

"You're just like all men," she went on passionately. "You want to go, while your wife stays and keeps house for you and cooks and washes and mends and minds the children. You want to chain her to the ghastly routine of housekeeping. Domestic slavery, that's all it is. Getting breakfast, getting lunch, getting dinner, dusting, making beds, cleaning. . . ." She turned her blazing eyes upon him and finished in a despairing voice, "Oh, I thought *you* were different."

"But," stammered Alec, "you said yourself . . ."

"What did I say?"

"Why, about how every woman longs for a home like this, and it 'being the deepest instinct of a female heart.' "

"Oh, *that*," cried Sandra in a wail of despair. She snatched a pamphlet from a pile on the living-room table, hurled it furiously into his lap, whirled and fairly ran out of the room.

Alec sat there stupefied, his mind incapable of reason, his body powerless to act. Mechanically, after a time, he picked up the booklet and leafed the pages. Pictures of the house sprang out at his dazed eyes; lines of bold type struck upon his numbed brain, danced and jiggled, fell into coherence. "The Complete Modern Realization of the Word HOME." "The DREAM of Hundreds of WOMEN." "It Answers the Deepest Instinct of the Female HEART."

With the most dire curse in ancient Chinese that his scattered wits could recall, Alec slung the book through the open casement window of The Perfect Home into the Perfect Garden, jammed his hat on his head and rushed out of the house.

FOR half an hour, Alec walked back and forth along the block that held the office of the steamship company. In the window, brilliant posters read, "Come to Sweden—Come to Switzerland—Come to Russia—Come to Austria." A model liner with glittering ports rode alluringly on a cerulean cardboard sea.

Alec turned at the corner to retrace his steps. He glanced at his watch. In ten minutes the office would close.

"I am an archaeologist," he kept repeating. "First, last and always. Nothing must interfere with my work. The next time I'll go in and buy my ticket and join the expedition in Egypt."

When he reached the office, he turned resolutely and entered. While he waited for the clerk to fill out the necessary forms, he glanced idly toward the window and started in surprise.

Sandra stood there beyond the glass. Her eyes were fixed upon the model ship and her whole attitude was one of hopeless longing. In that instant, understanding broke upon Alec.

"That will be two hundred and . . ." the clerk began, and found that his customer had vanished.

When Alec reached the pavement, Sandra had gone. Up the street amid the crowd, he saw her. He ran headlong and caught her at the corner.

"Sandy," he said.

She looked up at him for one startled moment, then turned her head away and hurried across the street. Alec kept pace with her.

"It's you I wanted," he said, "not the house."

Sandra did not answer.

"With me," Alec went on firmly, "in Tibet or Java or Yucatan."

"I'd cause trouble," Sandra said. "Wives always do on expeditions."

"It would be difficult on this one," Alec said. "With just you and me and a couple of camels."

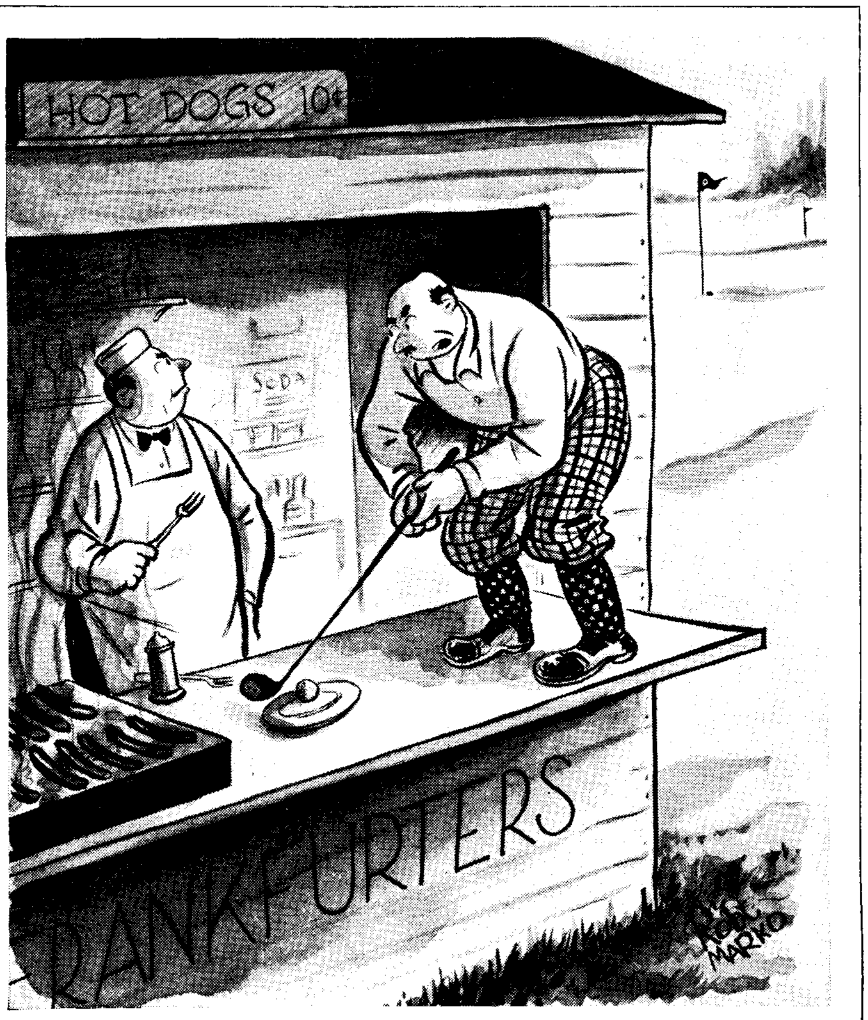
They walked a block in silence.

"I've been planning for some years," Alec said, "to have a small field expedition of my own."

Sandra lifted her glowing face to him. "That would be wonderful," she cried. "It's what I've always longed to do."

Alec gazed down at her ardent eyes, daffodil-covered hair and entrancingly red lips, at her sophisticated hat, smart suit and high-heeled shoes.

"I guess," he said helplessly, "I don't know much about women."



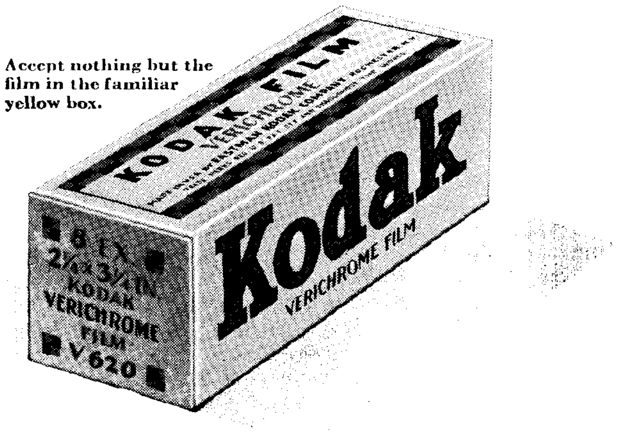
"A little less grumbling, sir. I certainly didn't drive the ball here deliberately!"

ROBERT MARKO

you'd die watching how he imitates everything his daddy does. This snap will tell you how devoted they are, better than anything I could write.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.


KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
8 EX
2¼ x 3¼ IN
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V620

WHEN you write—send snapshots. You don't know how much they'll mean to your family and friends. Snapshots tell things that can't be put into words—make what's dim and far-away seem real and near. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Racers in Harness

Continued from page 16

impossible for an owner or a trainer to make a great deal of money from the sport, and the owners and trainers are the first to insist upon this principle.

In the days of the last century the owner of a fast trotter would say to his neighbor: "I'll bet you a gallon of applejack that my horse can beat yours." So they'd race and, needless to say, the winner would gleefully share his liquid purse with the loser. That same spirit prevails today among the owners and trainers and drivers of fast trotters. Trotting is a friendly sport. Unlike horse racing, it doesn't attract the shifty-eyed gentry who are trying to turn a quick, dishonest dollar by betting on sure things. One never hears of trotting horses being needled or sponged or pulled. They don't have "boat races" at the harness horse tracks. That's why Goshen will be jammed to overflowing on August 12th this year.

There was a time when New York City was a great center for trotting during the winter. Maud S. was queen of the harness racing world then, and the crowds would stare as she'd go prancing through Central Park with her proud owner, William H. Vanderbilt, holding the reins. John D. Rockefeller, Russell Sage and others would flash by behind pairs of fast trotters and friendly brushes were the order of the day.

It was pride in the ownership of fast horses and it's that spirit which has culminated in the Hambletonian. Men like E. Roland Harriman, William H. Cane, Benjamin Franklin White, Will Reynolds, Dr. Hugh M. Parshall, Billy Dickerson, Will Caton—owners, trainers, drivers—all meet there in the common fraternity of the, to them, greatest sport in the world.

The race itself is named after Hambletonian X, greatest of all trotting sires, and it is fitting that the track at Goshen is located almost within the shadows of the huge oak tree beneath which the horse was foaled. The date was May 5, 1849, and that was really the beginning of today's line of trotting horses, for during his lifetime Hambletonian sired 1,288 foals and today ninety per cent of all the trotters are lineal descendants of the peerless Hambletonian.

A Sport for Oldsters

Odd thing about the horse—he made money for everyone except his original owner, Jonas Seely. In those days the eyes of everyone were on the West, where gold had just been discovered. Seely, dreaming of the fabled wealth of California, hardly took a second glance at the sturdy son of Abdallah I. Abdallah I was greatly undervalued, as a matter of fact, by the breeders of Orange County.

When William M. Rysdyk of Chester, New York, offered $125 for the colt, Jonas Seely gladly took the money. Hambletonian was a popular name among trotters. There had been many called Hambletonian. This big colt was thereafter known as "Hambletonian X," or more popularly Rysdyk's Hambletonian. The horse never was given much of an opportunity to distinguish himself on the track. He did trot the regulation mile in 2.48½ as a three-year-old, which was fair but not sensational time in those days. But Rysdyk was essentially a breeder and he recognized in Hambletonian a quality which the less astute Jonas Seely failed to detect. So successful was Hambletonian as a sire that Rysdyk collected $200,000 in service fees during the lifetime of the horse. As a two-year-old Hambletonian was granted four mares, getting three foals, one of them being Alexander's Abdallah, remembered chiefly because he was the sire of the incomparable Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, greatest trotter of the seventies and biggest money winner of all time.

By now the fame of Hambletonian as a sire had spread far beyond the confines of Orange County. Even in his lifetime it was said of him, "he is head of a line that gathers honors as it lengthens." Not only his sons but his grandsons and their sons and daughters were known as the fastest and sturdiest of all trotters. And when the horse died in his twenty-seventh year he was buried with honors at Chester, New York, and now there is a monument over his grave which reads, "Hambletonian, The Great Progenitor of Trotters."

A visit to the track and to the stables at Goshen before the race will provide an open book for the unlearned in the lore and craft of trotting. Meet a man, for instance, like Walter Cox, one of the greatest drivers of all time. When you talk of drivers you talk of Geers and Murphy and Cox. Now Cox is training for William Cane and he'll be sending a horse or two to the post on August 12th. In 1929 at Lexington, Cox gained the greatest distinction ever attained by a Hambletonian trainer or driver. He was both then, and he drove Walter Dear to victory, but in addition three other horses trained by him finished second, third and fourth.

shington Squar
MENU
ICE CREAM
BERRY
MIKE BERRY

Walk into Cox's large rambling home at Goshen. Go into his study and the high-pressure life of 1936 is far away. You're living in tranquillity and you're living with the ghosts of the great trotters of the past. They peer down from the study walls, and more often than not crouching in the sulky behind you'll see a younger Walter Cox than the man who sits in a comfortable chair dispersing hospitality as only horsemen know it. Then ask Cox which was the greatest. Was it the peerless Peter Manning which Tommy Murphy drove a mile in 1:56¾ at Lexington in 1922? Cox himself drove Peter Manning to many a victory. Was it Maud S. or Guy Axworthy or Greyhound or one of a dozen others?

"The records say that Peter Manning was the greatest and you can't dispute the books," Walter Cox will tell you. "But to me the greatest will always be a horse called Fire Glow, not because of what he accomplished but because of what I think he might have accomplished had he lived. I can't prove my statement—it's just the stubborn conviction of a stubborn old horseman, but to me Fire Glow will always be the best.

"I broke and trained the horse and I drove him too," Cox tells you, and his voice is as mellow as the whisky he offers you. "He was beaten twice as a two-year-old. Once I let him be beaten. I just wanted to school him. The second time he had bad luck all around, though I did my best. But as a three-year-old he was never beaten."

Most of the drivers in this year's race are more than fifty years old. Driving trotters is distinctly not a youngster's game. It takes a great deal longer to make a good driver at trotting than it does for ordinary horse racing. You couldn't trust a fifteen-year-old jockey behind a good trotter. There are too many tricks of driving which can only be learned through years of experience.

The two youngsters among the drivers this year are Gibson White, who is twenty-one, and Dr. Hugh M. Parshall of Urbana, Ohio, who is thirty-seven. As a matter of fact, there's a nice human touch about young White, who this year probably will race against his father, Benjamin Franklin White. Father White, a veteran trainer from Lexington, has in his stable a well-thought-of filly named Rosalind. Last year she got a two-year-old record of 2:03. She has been the winter 2-to-1 book favorite for the Goshen Derby. Incidentally, the Hambletonian is often called a derby, for like all derbies it is limited to three-year-olds.

But Father White only trains Rosalind—he doesn't own her. His son, Gib White, owns Rosalind, and probably will drive her. So Father White, who has worked hard to bring the filly to perfect shape for the race, will actually drive another horse—probably Ed Lasater or Rosette, and he'll be doing his best to beat his son and the horse his son is driving but which he has brought up and schooled. Only in trotting circles could such a situation exist.

Lost by a Stumble

No one has ever won the Hambletonian twice; if it is done this year it will be done probably by Father Ben White, who won in 1933. If his son wins with Rosalind the credit will go to him too, for the trainer as well as the driver shares the honors at Goshen.

The Hambletonian, which is of course a one-mile event, is trotted in heats—the horse winning two heats being the winner. This means that a trotting horse can't be bred for speed alone. Stamina counts just as much. No thoroughbred trained for the one mile or mile and a quarter races of the race tracks could stand up to two or three or maybe more races in an afternoon. The trotting horses take this in their stride.

In the 1934 race, as a matter of fact, four heats were necessary. Princess Peg, with Palin driving, won the first heat. Lord Jim, with Dr. Hugh Parshall behind him, copped the second. Then Musceltone, driven by Darryl Parshall, won the third, making a fourth heat necessary. The three winners came out alone for the final heat and Lord Jim, who was freshest, won rather handily.

The 1933 race furnished more thrills than any of the others. Before race time it was agreed pretty generally that the race would lie between Fred Egan's Brown Berry and Mary Reynolds of Ben White's stable. Mary Reynolds won the first heat and Brown Berry the second.

The third heat got under way and the early speed of Brown Berry gave him a three-length lead by the half-mile mark. Mary Reynolds came fast, but at sixty feet from home Brown Berry still led by two lengths. He was going strong, too, and it looked as though he were in. But there are forty ways to lose any horse race and suddenly, for no reason that anyone could see, Brown Berry stumbled and went to his knees. Egan, driving, was thrown forward against the shaft of the sulky and within a few inches of the horse's hind hoofs. By some miracle he managed to hang onto the reins. He yanked himself back and pulled the horse back too. Sheer instinctive thinking had averted what might have been a tragedy for horse and man. But the stumble had lost Brown Berry the two lengths and Mary Reynolds swept by to win.

Now the decks are cleared for action and the stage is set. Church societies have rigged up tents and you can have country fried chicken in them for forty cents. There is no profiteering at Goshen on race day. You're the guests of the town and the townsfolk are glad you're there to pay tribute to the horses. You can wander around the stables and look at the horses and if you look as though you loved horses the trainers won't mind if you pet them a bit. There's no secrecy about the Hambletonian. It's man against man and horse against horse and it's one race in which the best combination of man and horse wins ninety per cent of the time.

He can swim like a fish, and dive like a duck—

But he has Vacation Hair

Not greasy— makes the Hair Behave

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau
KREML
HAIR TONIC
REMOVES DANDRUFF

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

Does *your* hair stand on end after a cool dip in the briny?

Do wind and sun and dust make it stiff as a poker, dry as a bone?

That's what is known as Vacation Hair and the way to prevent it is to use Kreml.

Here's a hair tonic that contains beneficial oils to replace the natural scalp oils that are washed away by water or dried out by the sun.

Kreml makes dry hair pliable; gives it new life and lustre. Great for removing dandruff, too! Marvelous for stopping excessive falling of hair! Fine for stimulating hair growth!

Forget those sticky, dust-catching, gigolo concoctions that plaster your hair down tight to your scalp.

Put a bottle of Kreml in your vacation suitcase and you won't have to worry about Vacation Hair.

And, by the way, if you need a shampoo, ask for Kreml Shampoo, a pure liquid shampoo made from an 80% olive oil base. It creates billowy lather that takes out every trace of salt and grime.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

SORE GUMS?

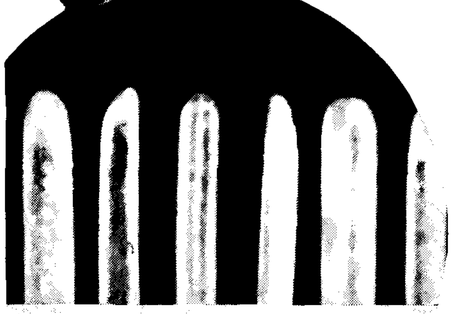


Photo-Micrograph of
ROUND-END BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

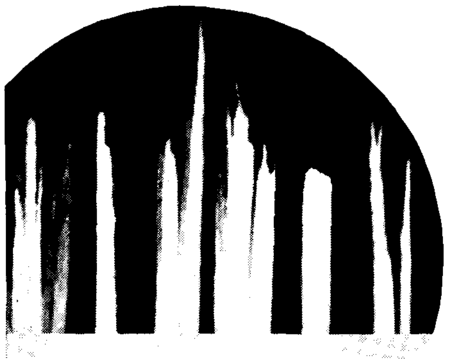


Photo-Micrograph of
ORDINARY BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

DON'T blame *hard bristles* if brushing makes your gums tender and painful.

Dentists by the thousands now say that the sharp, jagged ends of ordinary bristles are the cause. You can see the scientific evidence upon which this judgment is based, in the photo-micrographs at the left.

Note the amazing difference between the Round-End bristles—exclusive in Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes—and the split, scratchy bristles in all other tooth brushes. This astounding difference is the result of a remarkable new invention.

A device and method so delicate and painstaking that all the burrs and spurs on a thing as tiny as a single bristle are removed.

The end of every bristle in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is thus processed. Hence it *must be gentler* to the gums and sensitive mouth tissues.

If you now use a small brush, ask at your regular drug counter for the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Small Type for Adults.* If you prefer a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Regular Adult.* Either is 50¢.

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

BRUSHING BRINGS BEAUTY

Here is a new kind of hair brush . . . with the husky, penetrating, quality bristle you expect in all Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes . . . for teeth, hair, complexion, bath, hands and nails. Its *U. S. Patent* design actually helps waves, instead of spoiling them. That's why the Stranzit is used in most movie studios.

SEND FOR INSPIRING BOOK

Imagine a 300-page beauty book boiled down into 32 crisp and helpful pages. With 25 diagrammatic illustrations. Tells you exactly *what* to do and *how* to do it—for hair, skin, and figure. Merely clip this ad and send it with 6¢ in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., DEPT. C-8
Florence, Mass.

$1.50 to $3.50

STRANZIT

A Change of Face

Continued from page 22

haircomb was the only one? No doubt you went at the business from the wrong end. You can count on your hair to change your face, if you follow the rules. You can sketch in a new design pretty well for yourself with comb, mirror, and a little guidance from those girls whose faces are literally their fortunes.

Take Anita Counihan, for example. If there is a cigarette ad covering half the front of a building in your town, chances are they are her lovely features which adorn the third and fourth stories. Miss Counihan herself is now working out a film contract in Hollywood, whither she traveled via the advertising posters and the magazine covers. It may come as a shock to you to learn that the face you see enlarged a thousand times is not absolutely flawless, but that's the way it is. This is no news to Miss Counihan, nor to the agent who sells her features, and especially not to her hairdresser. The uncompromising camera revealed that her forehead was a shade too narrow, and her chin rather on the pointed side.

Look at Yourself

So what? So she brushes her hair entirely off the forehead, giving greater breadth to the brow and at the same time emphasizing the fine lines of her chiseled face, and she lets curls cluster over the rims of her ears and low at the nape of her neck to prevent these same fine lines from looking sharp. This is the basic architecture of her coiffure; with this to go by, she can play around quite a bit. She can comb out the curls at the back into a long, fluffy bob like a little girl's, for casual daytime hours. Or she can thrust flowers into the curls above her ears and look lovely and fresh in a summer evening gown. Or brush the curls sleek and fix them in place with jeweled pins for a very dressy occasion.

A brace of hairdressers who have made a specialty of coiffures for these girls who must face the camera are Messrs. Frank and George in New York. Having worked out the principles with scissors and comb, they were kind enough to put them into words. The first step, said they, is to look in the glass and determine which type of face is yours.

There are, roughly speaking, just three—the long, thin face, the round, and the oval—and the most satisfactory of these, from the spectator's point of view, is the oval. This is two-thirds as wide as it is long, measuring in a straight line from ear to ear (hold a ruler horizontally against the tip of your nose, and mark the places where your ears would meet it if, Heaven forbid, they came that far forward). Also, the length of the oval face is divided into three equal parts, from the hairline to the eyebrows, from the brows to the tip of the nose, and from there to the chin. Don't be disturbed if your measurements are away off; that's where your hair comes in. Your aim is to approximate the oval, meanwhile playing up your best features and soft-pedaling your second-best.

Suppose you have a round face. So has Ruth Martin, one of the cigarette-ad girls, small and round and pert. It might be babyish, with the wrong coiffure, but Miss Martin and her hairdresser know much better than that. She wears instead a rather formal arrangement, high off the forehead, the ears quite nude, with a part drawn low at one side and turned sharply down behind her ear to deflect the round line of her head. The hair drawn back from her forehead gives perfect visibility for her big eyes, and the whole arrangement has a touch of young dignity which is far more distinguished than the mere prettiness of a baby face.

A thinnish face can wear curls in a big way. A center or off-center part adds width, and the fluffy long bob is a nice corrective for the austerity of thin features. But keep an eye on your nose, for a center part may make it too prominent.

As for ovals, if you have one and it is perfect, you're no problem to anyone, least of all your hairdresser. You can wear your hair pretty much as you like, parting it in the center, on the side, or not at all, with curls hither and yon, a classic chignon in the back, or a halo braid over the top. But—of course there's a but—you'd better make sure first that your eyes and nose, forehead and chin are also perfect, and that the back of your head is as admirably constructed as the front.

Take stock of your features, the good ones first. Have you, like Jessie Shanks of the fashion ads, unusually interesting eyes (hers are almond-shaped, almost Oriental)? Then by no means obscure them with complicated doodads around the hairline and temples.

Have you been blessed with ears like the famous ones of Kathleen Moran, small, dainty and close to your head? Make a point of showing them to the world, placing your curls above or below.

Your nose determines where the part goes, and don't be surprised if a trial center part suddenly reveals to you that your nose isn't in the middle of your face. Lots of noses, even quite pretty ones, list a bit to port or starboard, and if you use an off-center part and pick the spot for it with care, no one need be the wiser.

Above all let the coiffure be simple. Simple enough so that you can comb it yourself and still get every wave and curl in place. The day is past when a wildly flying mop was considered charming. Smooth and shapely is the idea. The simplest coiffure can be dressed up when the moment arises.

Useful Decoration

And that brings us to the bows and bands, the pins and combs and flowers which you are going to choose as carefully as you ever chose a pair of shoes or a scarf to go with your costume. They serve a double purpose, the practical one of keeping your locks in line and the purely decorative one of dressing up your hair to suit the rest of you. For a complete hair wardrobe, consider some of these:

A raffia or braided rubber halo for the beach, or a fishnet cap with a raffia edge, in full colors. A crisscross knitted band for tennis, golf or riding in the rumble seat, ditto a fishnet cap with an exaggerated square felt visor. A fabric or fishnet kerchief draped to suit yourself, or a gaudy turban of the kind that is high style in the islands of the Caribbean.

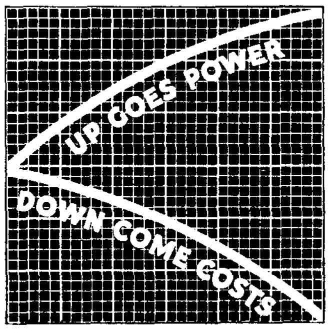
For evening a clip comb, bobby pin or barrette with any sort of flora or fauna from dragon flies and birds to leaves and shells in metal or jewels.

Finally flowers, either purchased at the artificial flower counter in town or borrowed from your neighbor's garden (or your own). If your escort sends you a corsage and you are tempted to put part of it in your hair, don't resist the temptation, but place the bouquet with cunning. Pin it in a clump to the top of your head with a point on your forehead like a widow's peak, or wire two little clusters to a ribbon that matches your slippers, one cluster at each ear.

This is the
GREATEST TRUCK YEAR IN ALL CHEVROLET HISTORY

DO NOT DROP
FRAGILE
512-480

Truck buyers prefer
Chevrolets because
they're outstanding in
PULLING POWER
OPERATING ECONOMY
LOW PRICE



CHEVROLET
FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

Thoughtful buyers of trucks and commercial cars are displaying overwhelming preference for Chevrolets. . . . They are giving Chevrolet *the greatest truck year in all Chevrolet history;* and they are recommending Chevrolets to all their friends. . . . Because they know that Chevrolet trucks have the *greatest pulling power* of any truck in the low-price range . . . because they know that Chevrolet trucks are the *most economical* for all-round duty . . . because they know that Chevrolet trucks are the *only* low-priced trucks with such advanced features as High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine, New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, Full-Floating Rear Axle on 1½-ton models, and New Full-Trimmed De Luxe Cab with clear-vision instrument panel . . . and because they know that these big, powerful Chevrolets sell in the *lowest price range* and are economical to buy, just as they are economical to operate and maintain throughout thousands of miles of dependable service. . . . Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today . . . ask for a thorough demonstration . . . and then choose Chevrolets—*the world's thriftiest high-powered trucks!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • NEW FULL-TRIMMED DE LUXE CAB • NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE • FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE ON 1½-TON MODELS

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN—MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

distilled oil

WILL NOT FORM INJURIOUS HARD CARBON

HAVOLINE
REG. TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
MADE IN U.S.A.
INDIAN REFINING COM
ONE U.S
HAVOLINE

SCIENTIFICALLY, Havoline differs from other premium-priced, widely-known, paraffin-base oils in that it is *not* a mixture of residual cylinder stocks and low viscosity oils, but *is wholly distilled in all grades*

You do not want carbon in your engine. Carbon from Havoline is slight, soft and fluffy; it blows right out the exhaust.

Havoline keeps your engine clean because it is *wholly* distilled.

Many premium-priced oils are only *partly* distilled. They can leave flint-hard carbon.

Ask your dealer, "Is it wholly distilled?"

If you are using a premium oil—make sure you are getting one that is wholly distilled. Ask for Havoline. It is 100% distilled from rich paraffin crudes and is made Tarfree and Waxfree.

It is the modern oil for the modern automobile. Through 100% distillation, harmful impurities are left behind. Havoline keeps your engine clean—protected to the last mile.

You can purchase Havoline at Texaco dealers in all forty-eight states. They can serve you with the correct grade for *your* particular year and make of car.

Next time you drain or add a quart, ask for Havoline—it is a 100% distilled premium oil. Indian Refining Company, Indianapolis. Affiliated with The Texas Company.

KEEPS YOUR ENGINE *CLEAN*

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 20

Millard followed her in, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm going up to Wasatch to get the rest of my things. I'll be back in two days."

She didn't answer. She stood against the cabin wall, watching him pull on his long coat.

At the doorway, she watched him get his horse and ride across the parade, following the trail made by Peace. He lifted his arm and waved it at her, but a numbness held her there, beyond the possibility of answering him; a numbness made by fear. And behind that fear was a formless, helpless, primitive anger. After the white snow screen covered him up she ran out of the cabin, her head lowered and swinging from side to side, and came into her relative's lodge. Only one man was there—the bony, big-nosed man with the wide mouth, who was her cousin.

He said, in their own language: "What do I see? A woman running from the lodge of her man. He will come here and beat you. That is right."

She called him by his name. "Walks-at-Night. There is another man, a friend of the lieutenant's, who hates me. He came here now and talked, and went away. The lieutenant is following. He won't come back."

"So," said Walks-at-Night. "Your man is weak to listen to this other."

"This other," said Cherry, "has a power. A bad eye." She folded her hands tightly across her body; she swayed and she said in a wild, terrible way: "He should be dead! He should be dead! The lieutenant will not come back."

WALKS-AT-NIGHT looked at his cousin carefully, his slack big lips meeting in a straight line. After a little while he left the lodge. In another lodge he got a gun, discarded his blanket in favor of a white man's blue army shirt, and trotted out into the woolly drive of the snowstorm. An hour later, well satisfied he was in front of Peace, he settled himself at the top of a low roll of ground overlooking the road and squatted down to wait.

He had not been there long when a horse and rider materialized through the thick and continuous screen of snow. The rider was dressed in a long blue army overcoat and he had his head bowed against the snow. Walks-at-Night laid his gunsights on that figure and followed him this way another twenty yards, or until the target was too plain to be missed. His shot sent a muffled, damp echo across the smothered world; the rider, never straightening from his bowed position, fell from the horse slowly and lay still.

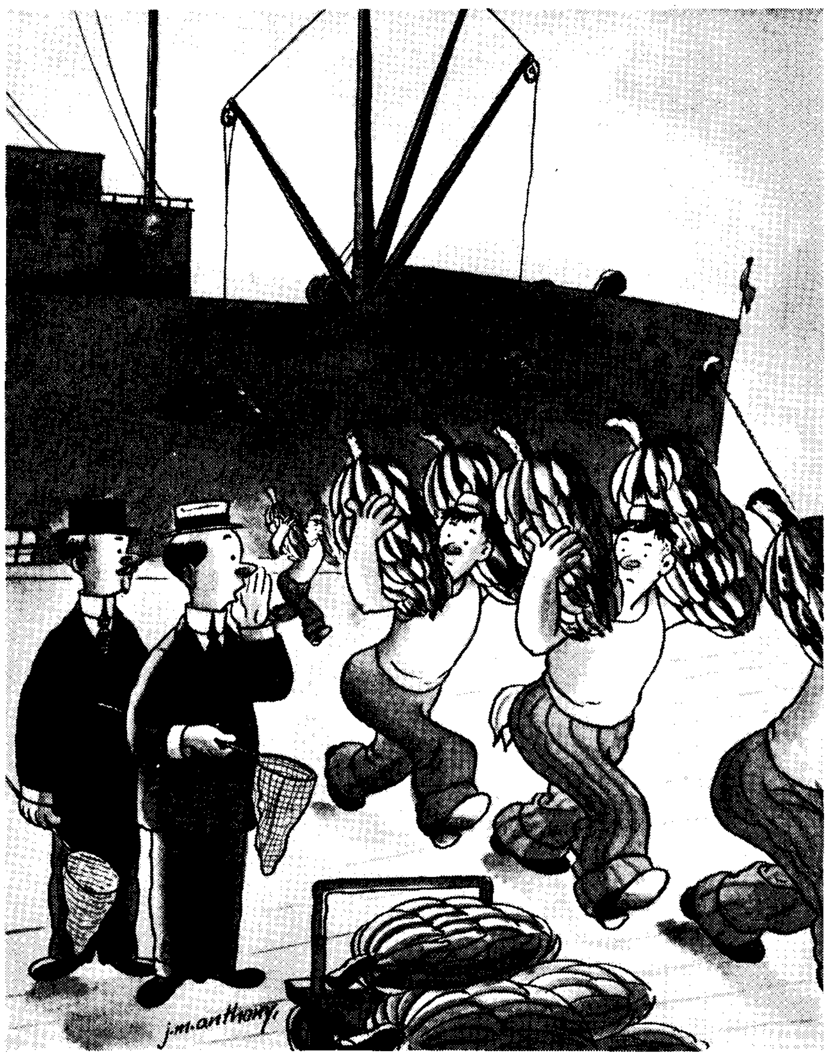
Walks-at-Night drew back into the gray mists and vanished, pleased with knowing he had destroyed the man with the bad eye.

But Peace had taken another trail toward the railroad; and it was Archie Millard who lay in the trail, his hand reached up to grasp a button of his overcoat and halted there, his yellow head uncovered and his life quite gone.

When Mormon Charley returned to the fort from a scouting trip that evening, he heard the news. Millard's horse had drifted back to the fort and a squad of soldiers, tracing the trail, had found Millard and brought him in.

Mormon Charley saw his daughter neither at the cabin nor at Colonel Carter's. He knew then where she was—and went directly to the Arapaho camp, to the tent of her relatives. She was alone in the tent, a small round huddle of clothing in this growing darkness. She was swaying back and forth; she was saying something in the Arapaho language. When he called to her she lifted her head—and old and tough as Mormon Charley was it gave him a shock to see the red, savage gleam of her eyes. She stared at him and refused to know him. She said, "Go away. I live here. Go away."

BURIED by great drifts of snow, blasted by a blizzard wind that howled steadily and unrelentingly across a world without sun and without sky, Casement's Irish doggedly fought their way out of Wasatch toward the head of Echo Canyon four miles away and seven hundred feet lower. To cover that drop, Reed's engineers had projected two high trestles across a pair of gullies, and a tunnel seven hundred and seventy feet long through the shoulder of a ridge. The bridge gangs had finished their chore; but the tunnel crew had not. Caught here by the weather they had to handle the ice-hardened red clay and sandstone as they would have handled solid rock, blasting it with nitroglycerin. Each yard of excavation was costing $3.50; and the bore moved inward one painful, reluctant foot at a time.



"If you fellows run across any poisonous spiders, will you keep the Museum of Natural History in mind?" J. M. ANTHONY

Reed and Casement and Peace held a meeting on that. Time pressed them cruelly and they were getting nowhere. Each night the Union scouts over in Nevada wired the day's work of the Central.

The Central, still free of heavy snow, pressed across the high desert, their construction crews forging through the low passes of the Pequop and Toano ranges. They were doing a mile a day; they were doing two—and sometimes three. Huntington, the Central's driving force, had some wily plan up his sleeve. His instructions to the Central's engineers was common knowledge: "Come right on as fast as you can and leave a good road behind."

"If we could get by that tunnel," said Reed, "we could lay steel in Echo Canyon."

"Build a Z around it," said Peace.

"How you going to make a grade, when the ground's twenty feet under snow?"

"Lay your steel on the snow," replied Peace.

"No," protested Reed, "that won't do."

But Casement, made desperate by the sight of his terriers standing idle, came into the argument. "The tunnel won't be done for a month. The Central can come fifty miles in a month, or maybe a hundred. Try it. Try anything."

So Casement's paddies backed away from the tunnel, dug an entrance through the solid alley of ice that imprisoned them on the grade, and charged out upon the solid, pure drifts. They dropped their ties on this naked surface and bolted down their rails; and so by ten miles of uneven, precarious and temporary trackage they came down upon the head of Echo and back to the main grade. When he rode over the completed Z for the first time, Reed looked at the ties and saw the engine's weight slip them down the side of the stiff hill. He shook his head: "It won't work." His gloomy guess was well borne out. The next train over the Z, carrying ten loads of steel and a caboose, reached the lower switchback, broke the rail fastenings and slid, engine and steel and all, a hundred feet to the canyon's bottom.

Casement came storming up to the break with his terriers and repaired it. He went back then and got another engine and another load of steel and, asking no man to do what he wouldn't do, took the train down himself. Peace fired for him. They reached the head of Echo without accident.

"We've licked it," crowed Casement.

They thought they had. Yet that afternoon when they returned to Wasatch, the down-drifting snow had begun to boil before a strengthening wind. At five o'clock it was pure black and a roaring arctic blizzard smashed Wasatch and again traffic on the road came to a full stop and this camp was shut out from the world.

IT WAS Christmas Eve. Peace went down the street and turned into Roy Lovelace's shanty.

He found them sitting up to the table, Roy and Helen and the twins, and the young Irish girl. He laid his packages before them, not bothering to loosen his coat. "Next Christmas," he said gently, "I'll miss you. I suppose I'll be in Texas. Where will you be?"

They had changed—these two people. Something had happened to Lovelace; it was harder for him to keep up his proud, gentlemanly front. After the Bryan episode he had set up his own gambling establishment, but it was common knowledge that his luck was consistently bad.

"I don't know, Frank."

Peace said: "Why don't you get out of this now, Roy? You'll recall what you said about your luck."

Lovelace stared down at the table, his dropped shoulders buckling up the smooth front of his white shirt. The twins were softly giggling between themselves. "I know," murmured Lovelace. "I know. But I think it will turn better. I think it will."

Helen lifted her eyes to Peace and he saw a misery in them that made him turn away. "I wish you a Merry Christmas," he said, and tapped each of the twins affectionately on the head, and left the room.

When he passed the snow tunnel leading into Campeaux's Club, sound rolled out hugely—sound and warmth and the glitter of many lights. A woman half ran toward the club and collided with Peace. She gripped his arm and he saw the dark, prematurely wise eyes of the fragile Rose lift to him. He swung about so that his body might shelter her from the wind.

"Rose," he said, "Merry Christmas."

HE SAW her lips moving and bent down. "It was what I wanted to wish you," she said. Her hand lifted to him, and her fingers opened to expose a small package. "This," she said, "is for you." But he stood there, not quite understanding and she slid her hand along his overcoat dropping the package into his pocket. "You've been nice to me."

"Rose," he said, "you're young enough yet to get out of here. Do you need help?"

She looked at him carefully, the faint and anonymous smile she showed so many men softening her lips. But he saw a strangeness stir in her glance. "Not now, Mr. Peace," she told him. Her fingers touched his coat a moment; and dropped reluctantly. She turned into the club tunnel; but just before she pushed the doors aside she swung her head and looked at him again. She was laughing then, and her white face stirred to a recklessness.

He plugged on, his hand touching the package she had given him. Abe Klein's voice sailed out of some dark doorway's crack. "Merry Christmas, Frank." Peace entered the Oliver-Latimer store and crossed to the rear room. Eileen's voice pulled him in.

She was waiting for him. He saw that. He saw how it colored her cheeks, how it laid sweetness across all her even

Something any Father can be proud of—

Double Eagle Airwheel

ELL may you pride yourself if your precious ones are *doubly* protected against the perils of blowouts or any other tire hazard by Goodyear Double Eagle Airwheels* and LifeGuard* Tubes. Yours then is the satisfaction, yours the peace of mind of knowing that they are armored against danger by the finest tire safety equipment now purchasable in the world! That has been proved conclusively by weeks of torture tests at top speed on blazing-hot Bonneville Salt Flats, the world's fastest speedway. As anyone would expect, these definitely super-standard products cost a little more; in fact, their appeal is the direct opposite of cheapness—being built not to save money but to save life.

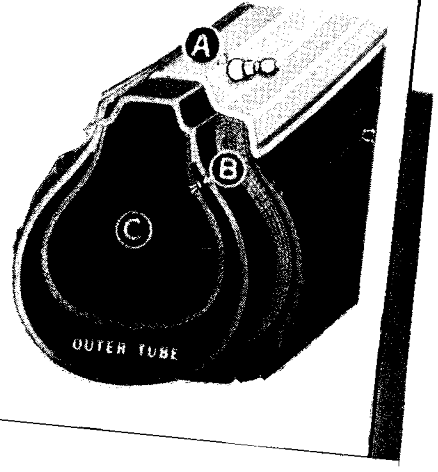
*Trade-mark Registered

GOODYEAR LIFE GUARD TUBE

A Look for the yellow valve stem and blue cap.

B Life Guards* take a little longer to inflate because air passes gradually from "inner tire" to outer tube through this VENT HOLE.

C On this two-ply "INNER TIRE" you ride to a stop with car under control, even though casing and outer tube blow wide open.



MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND features. She wore a dress he had not seen before, the lines of it tightening around her slim hips and lying smoothly across the soft swell of her breasts. The table was set only for two. He spoke of that.

"Where's Ben?"

She shook her head; and the shyness she could not help showing made her drop her glance. "Not tonight, Frank. I asked him to eat at the hotel."

"That's too bad—for Ben."

"You're sorry?"

He said, "No," and crossed to take her between his heavy arms. Her hair ran neatly and beautifully across her head; two turquoise earrings stirred as she came forward. He kissed her, the flavor of her eagerness reacting strongly in him. But she pulled back to show him how quietly she was smiling.

"I do not know a happier Christmas, Frank. Sit down."

She went into the small kitchen. Peace took off his overcoat, finding it pleasant to observe the grace of this girl as she moved around the table. She beckoned him, and they sat down to the meal.

THEY talked a little as they ate, of things out of the past. They were through, Eileen rose and brought in a bottle of champagne; and they stood together by the black cold outline of the window and touched glasses, and drank. He put down his glass, troubled by the moment to come, and got a box from his pocket. His heavy fingers opened the box and drew out a ring whose white facets streaked a bright glitter across the room. He took her left hand and put the ring on the third finger.

When he looked up from her hand he saw how white her cheeks had turned. He couldn't understand this, and in all his life he never did understand it; but there was an expression in her eyes then so shaken and so strange that it might have been despair or it might have been happiness. He didn't know. She came against him, her cheek against the rough surface of his coat. It went like that for long, long moments—until he heard her say in a deep, outgoing breath: "No, Frank, you don't know what fullness is. But I do." She stepped back from him, her manner turned gay.

He helped her with the dishes; and afterwards they sat by the stove, all the outside pressure of a mad world cracking against the building front. Shot echoes raced thinly with the wind; a tin tub of some kind went banging down the street.

She said: "I heard that Nan Normandy found her father. He was a gambler in a grading camp. Or a saloonman."

He looked up. "When was this?"

She looked at him. "Didn't you know? I thought you would."

He shook his head. "Haven't seen her lately." He bent over in the chair, rubbing his big palms slowly together; a long line cut its way across his forehead. She watched him, gone quite still.

"Frank," she whispered, and drew up his glance. But he shook his head, the scowl erased by a slow smiling.

"No, Eileen. No."

"What are you thinking?"

"Nothing," he said.

At ten o'clock he pulled on his coat and braved the storm again. Braced against the bitter wind, he crossed over the street and headed for the commissary. Nan's restaurant—and he had not consciously realized this—was directly in front of him, all its windows turned an opaque milk-white by the layered ice. He paused by her door, his shoulder resting against it, and thought of her with a hunger that he couldn't prevent. He stood like that for two or three minutes, and then went on. The party in the commissary's dining-room was at high tide, but he avoided it, going to his own quarters.

Overmile, notoriously an early riser, woke Peace in the bitter black of the next morning. "Merry Christmas," he said. "There ain't no track in sight and every door in Wasatch is froze solid. Snow measures thirty feet deep at Campeaux's. You know that girl Rose?"

Wind still drummed and whined across the tin roof of the commissary building. Peace lighted a match to look at his watch. It was five o'clock. "Rose? Sure."

"They found her dead. She took laudanum. It's breakfast time."

Overmile stamped out. Peace lighted a lamp and got dressed. He thought of something then and went to his overcoat, lifting out the package Rose had given him. She had found a piece of tissue paper somewhere with which to wrap it. When he pulled it open he found a small heart-shaped locket attached to a thin gold chain. He brought it nearer the lamp and wedged his thumbnail against the locket's edge, opening it. The lamplight was bad and he couldn't see very well; he turned up the wick, forgetting the bitter bite of the cold air. Inside the locket was the picture of a little girl who stood braced by a tall chair, all her clothes stiff and starched and her hair braided back from a pleasant face. She looked straight out at him, her mouth on the verge of a smile, her eyes direct and trusting and without shadow. This, Peace understood, was the childhood Rose—as the older Rose wanted him to remember her.

ON NEW YEAR'S the storm swung off. The first week in January it struck again. The sundered telegraph wires remained down. In and near Laramie Plains two hundred miles of track lay buried and could not be opened. Snow plows cut a way back to Evanston and got stuck at Piedmont station. Casement's terriers cleared the road to the tunnel so that the men there could continue the bore; and cleared off the buried Z. In that merciless cold their heavy clothes helped them little and they had to build a chain of bonfires along the road to keep alive. There was no wood except the ties painfully hauled from the higher Wasatch canyons. Laid down on the grade those ties cost six dollars apiece. It was Collie Moynihan who estimated he warmed his hands over a hundred-and-fifty-dollar fire at the head of Echo Canyon. Pneumonia laid them low and frostbitten members crippled them—and there was no steel coming up the grade from Omaha.

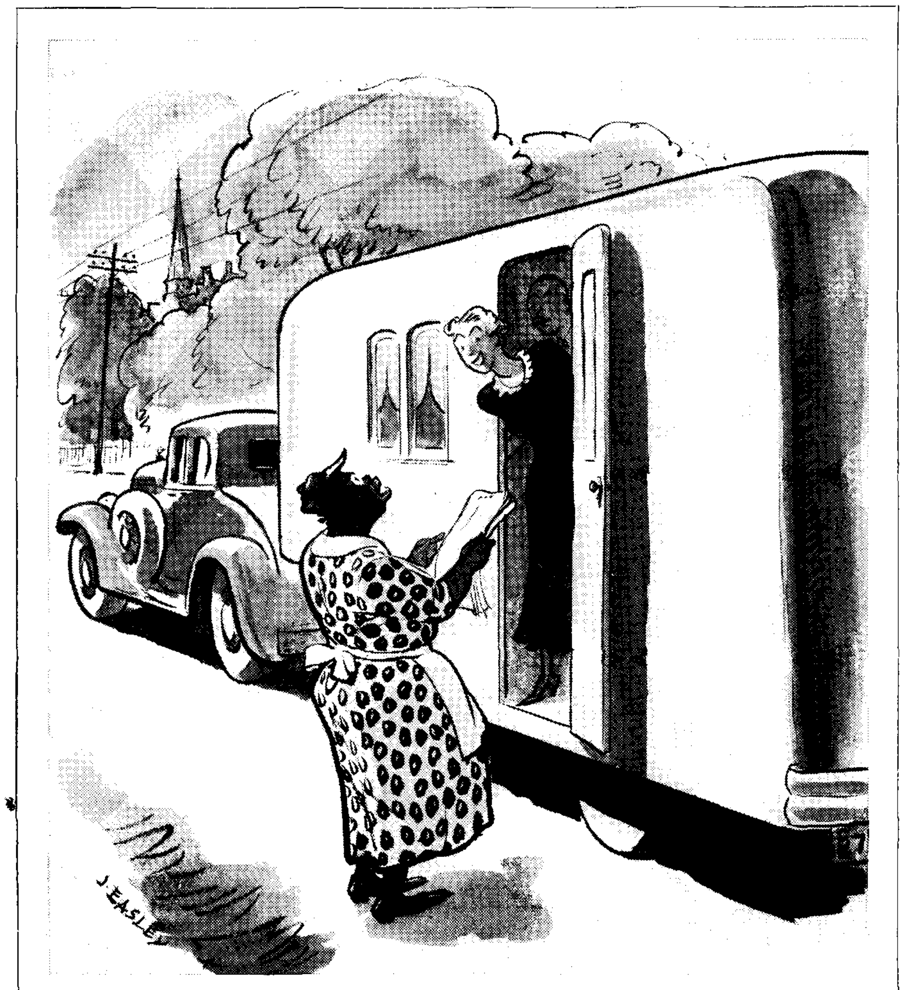
It was that lack which turned Reed desperate as he tramped the right of way and saw no progress. Caught in the jaws of a vise that would not let go, the Union lay within hand's grasp of the prize of Ogden, which was only sixty miles away, and could not be reached; and meanwhile the Central would be striding over the level Nevada high desert. Peace said: "Tear up the sidings and use that steel."

Casement jumped at the thought. His terriers backtracked all the way to Bear River Town, ripping up every secondary rail; and thus they crept over the Z with their loot and tossed it to the track gang nervously waiting at the head of Echo. Three weeks after Christmas, Dan Casement's first material train broke through the Laramie Plains and came snorting up the Wasatch grade. The wires into Ogden were mended. The Central, came the message, was within a hundred and twenty miles of Ogden, and advancing fast.

"They've cut our lead in half," said Casement. "To hell with 'em. Watch us go."

DOWN Echo they went, through its narrowing walls to the high, black shoulders of the Weber Gorge, where the snow-fed Weber River stormed at their very feet. Echo City bloomed and wilted, all in the course of a week. Near the first of February they passed the lone pine standing out of the rock—one thousand miles from Omaha. And that day the wires from Ogden were full with the Central's newest trick. The wily Hunt-

(Continued on page 48)



"Yes, we advertised for a cook, but she must board out" JOSEPH EASLEY

"My husband makes only a modest salary—

can we have
HOME CONDITIONING?

Yes! No longer need the family with a small income be satisfied with just heating alone. New American Radiator Conditioning Systems combine all seven essential factors in modern, scientific Home Conditioning. Here are benefits never before possible, yet all of them are now within the means of the man whose salary is small. Be sure you get *all* these comforts.

CONDITIONED AIR—Conditioned air, as fresh and sweet as a spring day, cleaned of dirt and dust and then silently circulated throughout your house. In winter, proper moisture is added to provide the maximum of comfort!

RADIANT HEAT—Two kinds of heat—heated air, and also sun-like radiant heat that insures healthful warmth regardless of the weather outside. New controls and special valves *guarantee even heat distribution*, room by room, from cellar to garret.

HOT WATER—Year 'round domestic hot water, a special feature of these great systems, provides hot water for baths and general cleanliness, day and night, winter and summer.

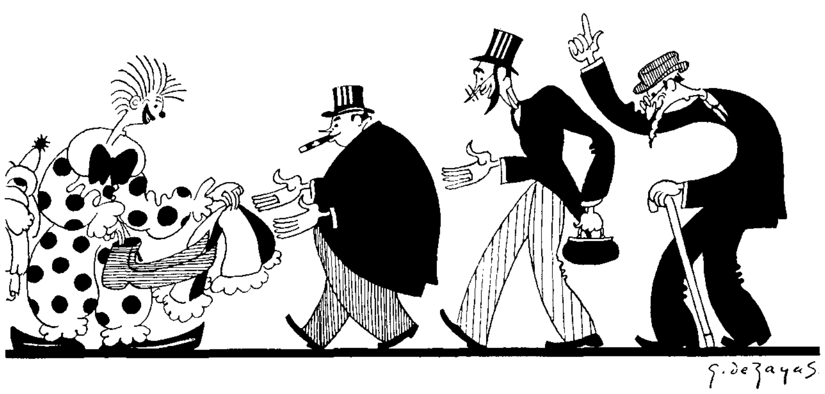
Everything can be automatic; any fuel—coal, oil, coke or gas—can be used. Send coupon today for the complete story of Conditioned Comfort—and how you can have it immediately for what you can afford to pay.

New
AMERICAN RADIATOR CONDITIONING SYSTEMS

Bring in fresh air • Add humidity
Clean the air • Circulate the air
Give sun-like radiant heat
Warm every room evenly
Supply year 'round domestic hot water

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
45 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y
Send your free book, "This New Comfort."
☐ Building a new home. ☐ Modernizing an old home.
☐ Just interested.
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City or Town*__________*State*_____
© A. R. Co. 1936 C-8-15

LISTEN IN! American Radiator Fireside Recital...every Sunday 7:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. WEAF-NBC Network



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Many Americans—including bankers, physicians, lawyers and manufacturers—possess such a desire to play the part of a clown that when the circus comes to their town they seek and are usually granted the privilege of "going on" for at least one performance. Some shows even supply them with a costume carried for this particular purpose.—*By Ralph S. O'Leary, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

In 17th-century England pirates sold the people such vast quantities of stolen merchandise at such low prices that these buccaneers came to be looked upon as public benefactors. Hence the courts could rarely find a jury that would convict them. Later however, England virtually killed piracy on the high seas through a law which pardoned all freebooters who surrendered themselves by a certain date.

Natural electric currents, having no relation to the weather, flow through the earth and often circulate in grounded electrical equipment to such extent that they set in motion and even damage receiving instruments. During one week about 75 years ago, these currents were so strong that they were able to carry telegraphic messages, without the aid of batteries or any other source of current, for more than 300 miles.—*By W. Mankovsky, Pointe Noire, French Equatorial Africa.*

A giant earthworm, recently discovered tunneling its way through the ground near Gippsland, Australia, is so large that many zoologists doubted the authenticity of its measurements until they saw the worm in a motion picture. It measures eleven feet in length or four feet more than any other earthworm on record—*By Lazarus Pertulis, Paterson, New Jersey.*

The first submarine to be used in warfare was the American "Turtle," which, propelled by oarsmen like all others in the preceding 156 years, tried to blow up the British warship "Eagle" in New York harbor in 1776. The attempt to attach the bomb to the bottom of the battleship was a failure.

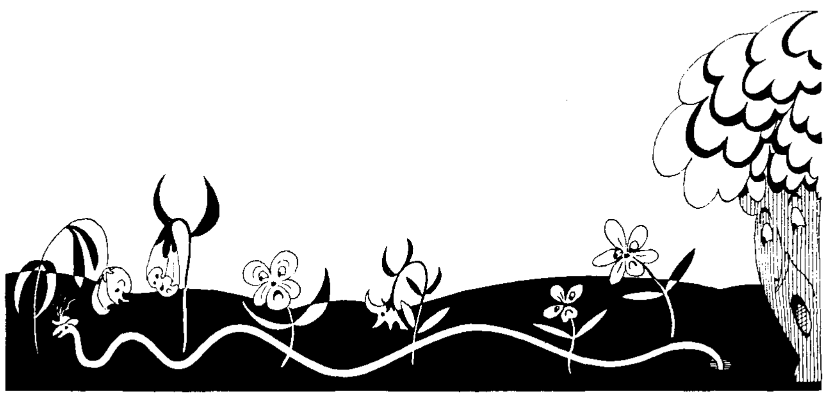
Cheek plumpers were used by many American and European women less than a century ago. They were two hollow silver balls that, when placed in each side of the mouth, rounded out flabby cheeks and smoothed out many wrinkles. A connecting wire, worn under the tongue, held them in place so the wearer could talk and titter without danger of choking to death.

One day, 400 years ago, worship could not be held in a synagogue in Jerusalem because one individual was required to make up the required Jewish congregation of ten persons. A stranger walked in, the service took place, and then he disappeared. Believing he was Elijah, the prophet who died about 900 B. C., members of "Elijah's" Synagogue have kept his seat empty for him, during all these years, in the hope that he will come again.

The age-old desire of the Chinese to avoid despondency, sadness and even solemnity is typified in their funerals. Such services are always accompanied by as much gayety, noise and music as weddings. As a matter of fact, few Chinese can tell a funeral from a wedding procession until they are close enough to see whether it contains a casket or a wedding-throne.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers



(Continued from page 47)

ington, playing his trump card, had filed on the right of way all up the Weber and Echo canyons in Washington, claiming government subsidy on it, claiming a prior right to it. Dodge wired Reed to come to Ogden.

Reed called Peace into the office shack. "You'll take this job here. I've got another one at Ogden. Huntington's smart. Our steel covers the ground he's claimin'. But the administration doesn't like the Union and it may allow his claim. If it does, we've built sixty miles of track that he'll say belongs to the Central, which is just another way of shutting us out from Ogden. Dodge sees it. It's a game two can play. I've got my orders to grade out of Ogden, clean through Nevada, paralleling the Central's track. So we'll see."

It rained in Weber Canyon, and snowed; and thawed and froze. The rails swung down that gorge without regard to footing or ballast; bridged the river, tunneled the outcropping shoulders, fought forward. And on March 3d, with the military band from Fort Douglas blaring out a welcome tune and Captain Wadsworth's artillery booming its salute, the Union's first train rolled through Ogden.

They had won the thousand-mile race for Ogden. One hundred miles to the west, crippled by a steel train tearing through a trestle, the Central's track-layers limped slowly on.

But that night the weary Union staff, gathered together by Dodge, heard bad news. Dodge held a telegram in his hand; he waved it before Reed and Casement and Peace and the others.

"We beat 'em to Ogden," he said dryly. "But apparently we've lost. For the Secretary of the Interior has approved Huntington's claim of the whole sixty miles from Ogden to the head of Echo. The bonds have been issued the Central. The Central hasn't laid an inch of track there—our steel covers the whole distance. But we don't get a dime of it, and in addition we have been told in so many words that our entry into Ogden is illegal."

The staff sat there in stunned silence.

"President Johnson never trusted the Union," Dodge went on. "But I want to remind you that tomorrow is the fourth of March, the day of Grant's inauguration. What Johnson has done, Grant can undo. That's the only hope we have. We're working on that proposition in Washington. Grant knows what we have been up against. He's fair, which is all we ask."

ON MARCH FOURTH, Casement's paddies aroused by the thought of competition swung out of Ogden with a yell. The track raced northward along the borders of the lake. Spring touched Salt Lake Valley and the rigors of the Wasatch winter became a memory. Dan Casement's supply trains hurried in from Omaha by night and day, and the flow and swing and roar of another construction year disturbed a brightening Utah sky. The Central's steel was seventy-five miles away and the Central's graders were coming down the lake beside the Union's steel; whereupon Casement's terriers only laughed and ran out their rails and dropped them and hurried on. Thirty-one miles from Ogden and twenty-five days from Ogden the Union's trains touched the edge of Bear River and spawned Corinne.

All at once fever touched Corinne. Overnight it became the Queen City. Gentiles hurried up from Salt Lake to shape a great non-Mormon town in the basin; suddenly a huge freighting trade lumbered out of Corinne for the Montana and Idaho mines. All the riffraff and hangers-on who had pursued the Union as far as Green River and had been driven back by winter now swarmed over the mountains. The high, thin air went like wine to men's heads; optimism ran riot. Corinne's streets grew, row on row. Nineteen saloons, two dance halls and eighty girls made Corinne's evenings large; the Corinne Reporter forecast a population of ten thousand people in two years. At night, lighted by tar flares, men stood on soapboxes and spoke of Corinne as a colossus that would stand in the midcontinent, looking west to China, looking east to Europe; and Abe Klein scurried about and made his fortune. This was Cheyenne and Laramie and Benton and Wasatch all rolled into one. Campeaux's Club roared, pandemonium surged through the streets with the Union's construction crew. Four men died of gunshot wounds the first week.

BILL WALLEN came into Nan's restaurant late in the evening and sat at the counter, gravely watching expression play across his daughter's cheeks. "The road," he said, "will be done before long," and fell wonderingly silent, absorbed by a regret he could never forget, and by an affection he could not express.

"Cheyenne seems so far back," she remarked. "It's hard to realize all this will stop."

"You're not sorry?"

"I wish I knew."

"You're wondering what comes next for you."

She looked at him. "How did you guess that?"

He had a slow, small smile that turned his features half-handsome. "I've come to the end of things a good many times—always wondering what was next. I can suggest something for you."

"What?"

"I've seen most of the world. It isn't much fun for me any more. There's always a time when the novelty wears thin and the hope wears off, and afterwards your eyes get tired. I have money enough. Let me show you the world, Nan. I think you'd like it—and maybe I could see something new, through your eyes, which are still fresh."

"I think," she said softly, "you want to change me."

"I happen to know how you feel about Frank Peace."

She didn't answer him. She stood against the wall, her hands tucked behind; her eyes were beyond reading. He couldn't guess how deeply she was hurt.

"There's another reason," he added. "The thing that ruined me was a restlessness I couldn't kill. I thought there was something in the world I was missing. Well, I know better now—but I learned the lesson too late. I can see some of that in you, too. You think there's something in the world you're missing. I don't want you to spoil your life that way. We'll take a look—a good long look. Then I think you'll see."

She said, "All right," in a quiet, unemotional way.

"Now?"

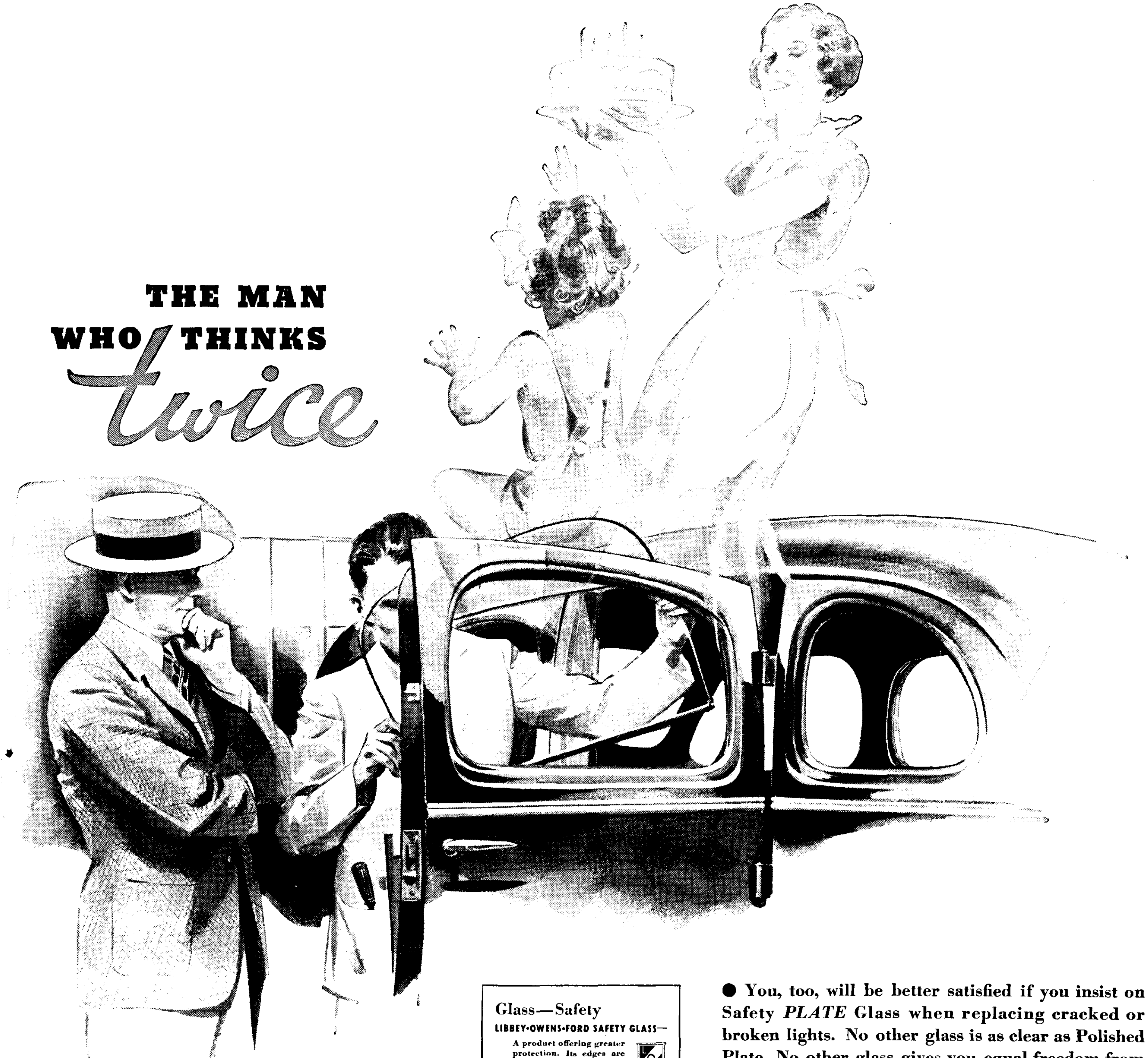
That brought a quick answer. "I'd like to see the rails come together. Then we'll go."

He got up. He said, carefully: "It will be a happy time for me, Nan. I had thought life was about through with me. I've had no real peace since I left your mother."

After he had gone into the robust, brawling noise of the street, she remained behind the counter, the pale glow of her hair throwing light down across the struggling darkness of her eyes. Her father, she knew, was wrong. It wasn't possible to forget. It wasn't possible to shut out of her mind the picture of Frank Peace. Wherever the years took her, she would remember him. She could say goodby—she had already said that to Frank Peace. She had put away her hopes. But she couldn't forget, and never would.

(To be concluded next week)

THE MAN WHO THINKS *twice*



● Here is a picture of a thoughtful American motorist, with the greater protection of his family always in his mind. He never forgets that they usually ride in back, practically surrounded by glass. He thought of them when be bought his car. That is why he made sure that it had Safety *PLATE* Glass All-Around. And he thinks of them *again*, now that replacement is required. That is why he is having a cracked window replaced with the same superior product. No compromise with quality for him.

Glass—Safety
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS—
A product offering greater protection. Its edges are sealed to insure long life with clear vision. Used by leading automobile manufacturers as standard equipment.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

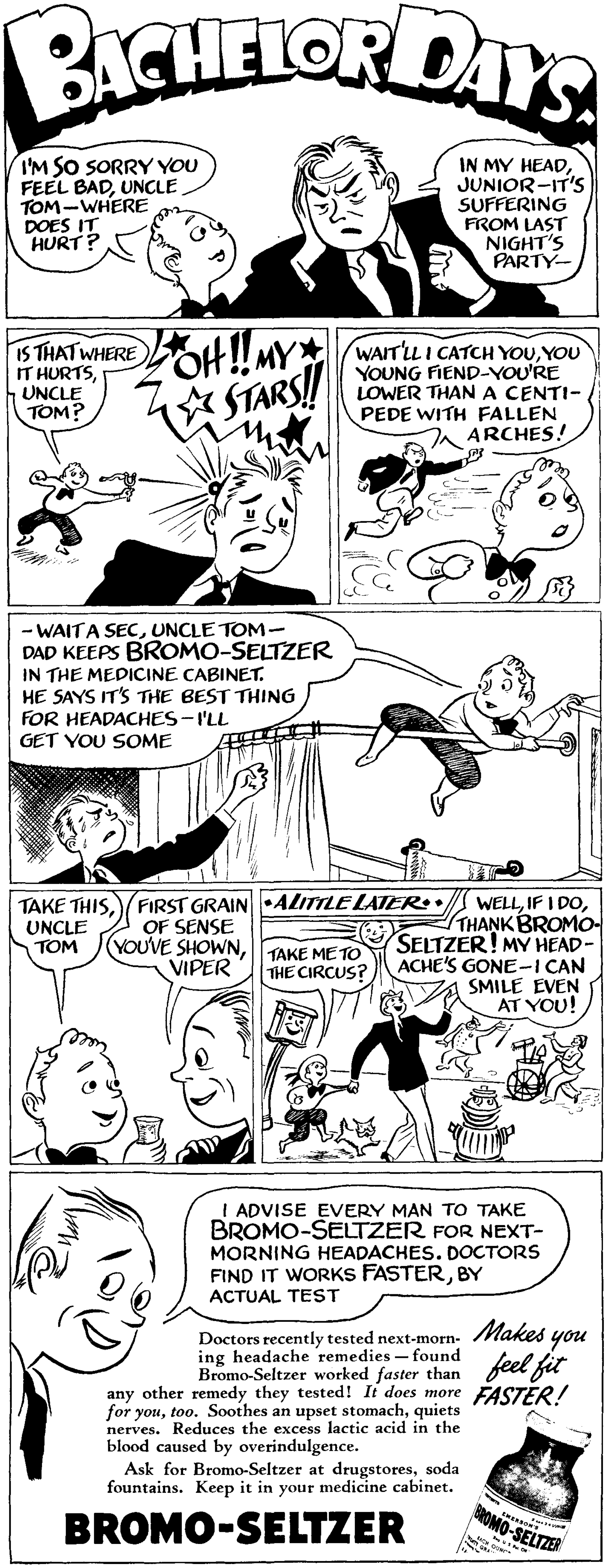
LOOK IN YOUR TELEPHONE BOOK

● You, too, will be better satisfied if you insist on Safety *PLATE* Glass when replacing cracked or broken lights. No other glass is as clear as Polished Plate. No other glass gives you equal freedom from distortion or the same relief from eyestrain.

● Do not accept a substitute. When occasion requires, go immediately to an authorized L·O·F auto-glass replacement dealer and have him REPLACE WITH L·O·F SAFETY *PLATE* GLASS. Your judgment in demanding it by name is confirmed by the fact that a majority of motor car manufacturers use L·O·F Safety Plate Glass as original equipment.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
Safety **PLATE** *Glass*



BACHELOR DAYS.
I'M SO SORRY YOU FEEL BAD, UNCLE TOM—WHERE DOES IT HURT?
IN MY HEAD, JUNIOR—IT'S SUFFERING FROM LAST NIGHT'S PARTY—
IS THAT WHERE IT HURTS, UNCLE TOM?
OH!! MY STARS!!
WAIT'LL I CATCH YOU, YOU YOUNG FIEND-YOU'RE LOWER THAN A CENTIPEDE WITH FALLEN ARCHES!
-WAIT A SEC, UNCLE TOM— DAD KEEPS BROMO-SELTZER IN THE MEDICINE CABINET. HE SAYS IT'S THE BEST THING FOR HEADACHES—I'LL GET YOU SOME
TAKE THIS, UNCLE TOM
FIRST GRAIN OF SENSE YOU'VE SHOWN, VIPER
•A LITTLE LATER•
TAKE ME TO THE CIRCUS?
WELL, IF I DO, THANK BROMO-SELTZER! MY HEADACHE'S GONE—I CAN SMILE EVEN AT YOU!
I ADVISE EVERY MAN TO TAKE BROMO-SELTZER FOR NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES. DOCTORS FIND IT WORKS FASTER, BY ACTUAL TEST
Makes you feel fit FASTER!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

Doctors recently tested next-morning headache remedies—found Bromo-Seltzer worked *faster* than any other remedy they tested! *It does more for you, too.* Soothes an upset stomach, quiets nerves. Reduces the excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

Ask for Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet.

BROMO-SELTZER

Listen, Mr. Landon

Continued from page 9

starve slowly and hideously to death in slums, spend the rest of a misbegotten life at the opera eating caviar.

While some of us out there under the heat-stunned trees in Capitol Park were inclined for a variety of widely dissimilar reasons mildly to rejoice in the defection from Mr. Roosevelt of such political heroes as Messrs. Al Smith, Bainbridge Colby, Jim Reed and Joe Ely, some of Mr. Landon's ballyhoo artists were less enthusiastic. Not that they lacked admiration for the glittering patriotism of these gentlemen or discounted the priceless services they had rendered so unselfishly to their fellow citizens, including the poor, while occupying public office.

Compromising Friends

But these gentlemen and others who had fled Mr. Roosevelt threatened to be a problem similar to that which the Old Guard Republicans represented. These gentlemen too, while nominally Democrats, were of the Old Guard. They too were of, if not in, the Liberty League's disinterested fold. And as such their presence in the Landon camp would not be warranted to provoke the masses to frenzied cheering. Mr. Landon and his hog-calling Machiavelli, Mr. Hamilton, had come into possession of what remained of the once-irresistible Republican machine because they had demonstrated their disdain for the Old Guard which was even now, as we sat in the Capitol Park at Topeka, making fervent overtures for inconspicuous but important seats on the Landon wagon.

One of the first delegations to arrive at the Kansas capital had been startled into action by the telegram the Governor had sent to the Cleveland convention immediately after the platform had been adopted. In that telegram, as you may not remember after so many days, Mr. Landon gave the world reason to think that he would not hesitate to place his own interpretation upon various planks which had purposely or inadvertently been left interpretable. The innuendo was something of a major shock to those of the Old Guard who had weathered the convention's Jayhawk cyclone and had lived to help hold the pen that wrote a well-ventilated platform. Particularly Mr. Landon's theory that a constitutional amendment in the interests of social welfare would not be a breach of faith with the Founding Fathers.

These disturbed fundamentalists came West filled with elegant argument. The Republican Party, whether its candidate be a Jayhawk, a Cornhusker, an industrialist or a banker's stool pigeon, must never forget for so much as a split second that labor must be free to make its own contracts with capital and, of course, vice versa. Anything else, any tincture of paternalism, would mean the enslavement of labor, the assassination of free will and be tantamount to a thorough dynamiting of our sacred institutions. At this point Mr. Landon blew his nose. But we have no further evidence of his emotional stimulation.

And while all this was going on inside the capitol, we, the park loafers, were not wholly silent. We knew precisely what was going to happen with Alfred Mossman Landon in the White House. Of course a few of us felt that a great deal of anti-New Deal voting would have to be done to install the gentleman in 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., but we let that go as something too obvious to linger on.

But with Mr. Landon in there (we now quote a gentleman from Salina) "the country would be run by hundred per cent Americans and not by a lot of reds with European names." This running broad jump into the future was the inspiration for quite an argument. There were many sides to the argument but the winner took the stand that the prophecy was inaccurate in that virtually all of us had European names although, he hastened to add, he was as much opposed to the New Deal reds "as the next feller."

Naturally this was important only in that it was the product of a certain element of the voter intelligence, and if you have any doubt concerning the stupendous proportions of voter intelligence you have but to ask one of the candidates. You will be told that there is no deeper, higher, broader and even thicker intelligence—particularly before election. At any rate we may as well give you one more sample of what we talked about in the Capitol Park while the Governor was doing his best to be tactfully noncommittal indoors.

Fair wages for an honest day's work. We didn't solve that one. For some odd reason we couldn't agree upon the dimensions of fair wages. We had just as much difficulty defining "an honest day's work." Several of our companions contended that they had worked for Governor Landon at odd times and they agreed that they had done an honest day's work every hour of their employment. And they were as one, too, in that they did not get bowlegged carrying the Landon wage home or to the nearest speakeasy.

"Alf," said one of these gentlemen, "may turn out to be another Abraham Lincoln, but he won't be no George Washington. Alf wouldn't throw no dollar across a dry creek bed unless he had Mickey Cochrane on the other side to ketch it and the National Guard ready to shoot Mickey if he moved an inch after ketchin'."

Balance—at Any Cost

"Alf will balance the budget, too," said a bewhiskered sage from Tecumseh. "Alf will make both ends meet even if he has to fire Congress off the pay roll. He was down in my town lookin' for votes a couple years ago and one feller asked him how much a feller ought to have to git along on. Alf said to this feller: 'How much do you git a week?' And this feller said sixteen dollars. 'Fifteen's your answer,' said Alf. Oh, Alf'll balance the budget all right, but a lot of folks of all sorts won't have as much as they have now."

This observation was well received. Moreover it moved several other gentlemen to recite stories, apocryphal and genuine, illustrative of the Landon character. One day Mr. Landon happened upon one of Mr. Harry Hopkins' pick-and-shovel lads who was neither picking nor shoveling but, rather, standing at ease held upright by his shovel. Mr. Landon regarded the fellow with great interest for a while and then, in a mild and inoffensive manner, told him that his method of clinging to the long handle of the shovel raised his right shoulder higher than his left. Mr. Landon's voice was vibrant with sympathetic concern. He suggested that the fellow shift a bit from time to time, hang on with his left hand occasionally, for example, thus exercising the left shoulder. Otherwise a permanent lopsidedness might ensue.

"Besides," said Mr. Landon as he moved on with a neighborly salute, "that's all very bad for the spine."

We said that the story rather surprised us, that we had no idea that Mr. Landon could be so subtle.

"Alf Landon is a very surprisin' feller," was our reward. "I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out that Alf could sing a good quartette tenor. And neither would he, although I never heard of his tryin' it."

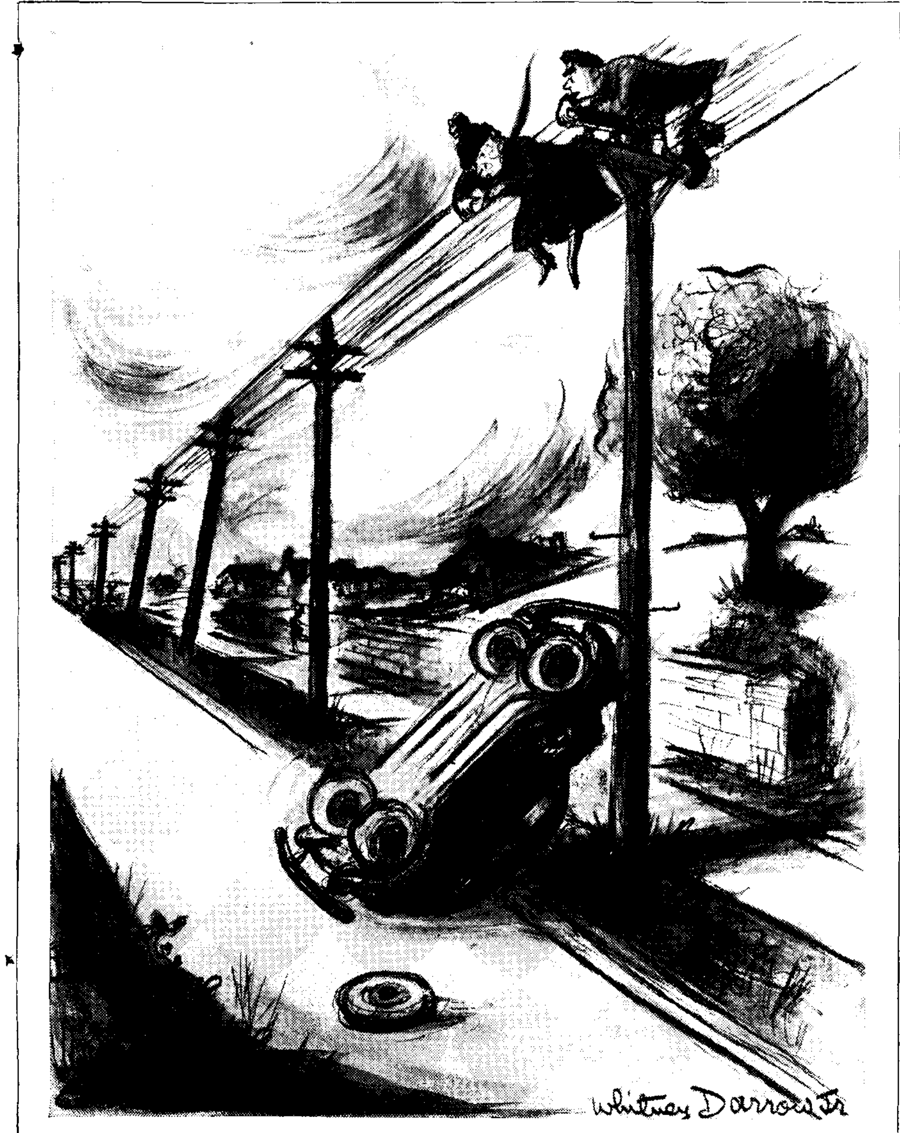
This sort of thing lasted all afternoon. We may as well own up that it was a little out of focus—to us anyway. And we had a feeling that it was even a trifle more blurred to the erstwhile proprietors of the Republican party who, coming in respectable loftiness out of the East to inspect with well-bred misgivings their darling's new home, had no end of trouble reconciling the county-fair aspects of the scene with what custom had given them to expect of party headquarters.

Mr. Landon's Show

For this should be kept in mind: Republican party headquarters are in Topeka. John Daniel Miller Hamilton, the new and headlong Chairman of the Republican National Committee, presides with explosive might over the Landon offices in Chicago but the actual boss of this Republican campaign is Alfred Mossman Landon. It is Mr. Hamilton who is leaping with red-headed vigor from state to state telling all and sundry that Alfred (Oh Susanna) Landon represents the difference between unplumbed misery and well-nigh insupportable prosperity. But the Governor of Kansas is running the show. He is his own producer. Almost all the lines are his. He wrote the play. And he is doing the stage directing. Mr. Hamilton is louder. Mr. Knox, although fourteen years older, is perhaps more at home on the flying trapeze. Mr. Fletcher, who now occupies Mr. Hamilton's old job—special counsel to the national committee—is more stately, and Mr. Hoover, softly fading into emeritus mists, is more oracular. But Mr. Landon is the boss. If we were Mr. Roosevelt we wouldn't have a comfortable moment.

The difference between what you see at Topeka and then at Hyde Park is apt to fascinate you if you aren't careful. Mr. Roosevelt is spoon-fed; Mr. Landon corn-fed. Mr. Landon has been consistently successful in his private business enterprises; Mr. Roosevelt has a less encouraging record. Mr. Roosevelt has charm; Mr. Landon has *It*. The President trumpets self-confidence; the Governor merely breathes it. Some time ago we said that it would be a race between a bright and carefree hare and a less than eager tortoise. We were slightly wrong. The personal speed is still with the hare but his opponent is more the bulldog—one of those English ones with andiron legs. Mr. Roosevelt rejoices in experiments and expedients; Mr. Landon is no laboratory wizard but a lover of the conventions. Before taking a daring two-foot leap he is liable to look so long that the audience gets tired and goes home. The Governor is a Bull Mooser with his 1912 ideals wholly intact. The President hates yesterday.

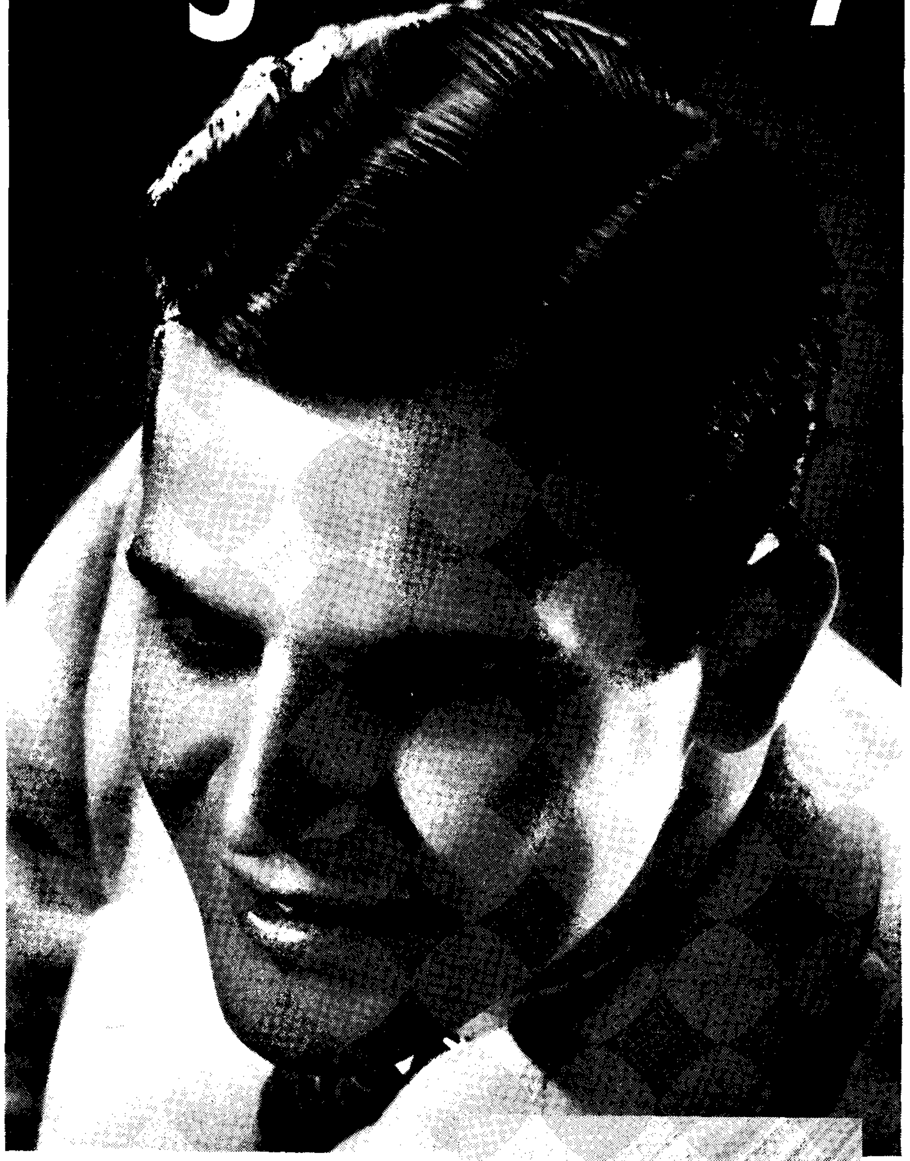
As for Hyde Park and Topeka and the supporting casts of these two stars—well, we'll tell you about that from Hyde Park. We can't squander all our stuff at one piece, you know. But we assure you it's a different story. You may sit on the Hyde Park lawn, but it's different—as far from the Capitol Park at Topeka as Mr. Landon is from Mr. Roosevelt. Cooler too. We have to go now and pack our bag.



"I don't think you need go any further with your driving test, Mrs. Cliff. You've given me a general idea of what you can do"

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

High and Dry



Hair dries out in the summer time . . . and before you really know it your forehead creeps higher and you're well on the way to baldness. Take reasonable precautions . . . such as a tiny bit of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic smoothed into the hair every day to supplement the natural scalp oils . . . and a vigorous scalp massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo to stimulate the circulation, keep the hair healthy.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. New York, U.S.

40¢ and 70¢

EASY AND INEXPENSIVE—Any drug store has 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Read carefully the booklet on hair and scalp care that comes with the bottle, won't you? Made by Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

Avoid Baldness

Do you do this after exercising? It's one of the worst things you can do for your hair...shocks the scalp, and washes out the protecting natural oil. For your hair's sake rub in a very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic after every shower. It's beneficial to the scalp and keeps the hair in place, besides.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Accuracy

In "Ula-Maika," Hawaiian game of bowls, accuracy of aim determines the winner. The "Ula" (polished stone) must roll true to the goal. In pineapple juice, accuracy of flavor determines the leader. In DOLE vacuum-sealed cans, flavor is true to the fruit.

Because of this accurate field-fresh flavor, Islanders have declared DOLE Pineapple Juice the leader. On the Mainland, the flavor, the economy, the ease of serving have made this unsweetened, natural juice a favorite morning, noon, and night. Be accurate when ordering. Always say DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco, California.

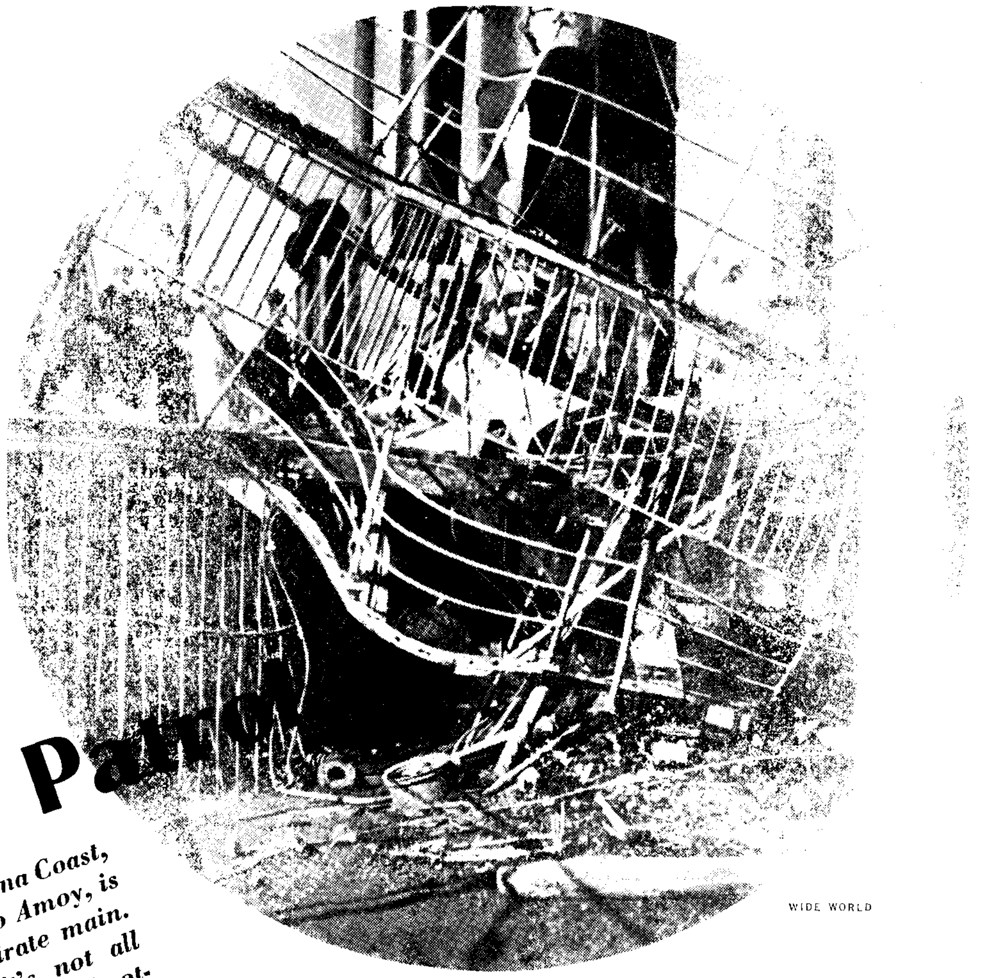
"LOOK MA! THE FUNNY CAR NEEDS SANI-FLUSH!"

Ten cents' worth of Sani-Flush will clean out an automobile radiator. Unclog the delicate veins that keep water cool. Remove the dangerous rust and sludge that often lead to costly repairs.

You can do it yourself in a few minutes. Just pour Sani-Flush into the radiator (directions on the can). Run the motor. Drain, flush and refill. The radiator is freed of obstructions. Water circulates freely and stays cool. Sani-Flush is safe—cannot harm the aluminum cylinder-head or the radiator connections. Most women use Sani-Flush to clean toilet bowls. You can buy it at grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN



A modern job of piracy. The British steamer Haiching after it had been looted and burned by South China Sea pirates

WIDE WORLD

Pirate Pa

Along the South China Coast, from Hong Kong to Amoy, is the world's last pirate main. But even there it's not all duck soup for the freebooters: the British fleet is on patrol. Come and see the fun

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

THE pirates? They're jolly fine chaps, really," said the ruddy-faced British skipper of the R-boat, bucking the tide through Lyemoon Pass, out of Hong Kong. He conned the ship through the chop, left Waglan Light behind and straightened out the submarine on her patrol course to the north-eastward. Over to port the hills of South China loomed up black against the dark sky. Deep inlets ran into the coast and here and there a dim light showed. Over there, to the northwest, lay Mirs Bay and Bias Bay, famous for centuries as pirate haunts.

The submarine rolled in the swell—1,400 tons of steel fish, manned by fifty men and five officers. Each man a specialist. A tiny navigating bridge carried the wheelsman and the officer on watch. The waves washed about the base of the gun-mount on the forward deck. Two thin masts carried the radio antenna. Down below, phones clamped to his ears and a chart in front of him, a radio man listened to the crackles of South China Sea static and the faint dots and dashes that got through. He made penciled notations on the chart.

"Half of them aren't pirates at all," said the Old Man, hitching up his khaki shorts and fidgeting with his singlet. They were all he wore, except for white canvas sneakers. At times, when a man had to be hauled up for some minor infraction of discipline, he put on a peaked uniform cap.

"Not pirates at all," he said. "Most of them are farmers, really. But when the crops fail they have to do something. So they go out and have a spot of freebooting and capture a ship or two and live high for a while. Or sometimes it's just boredom. But at other times, they're jolly fine chaps, most of them."

The morning sun blazed out across the heave and roll of the Pacific. The Old Man stuck his umbrella in the machine-gun mount on the bridge, sat down in a canvas chair and talked while the navigating lieutenant-commander headed the boat up into Mirs Bay—"for a spot of shooting."

"Pirates?"—hopefully.

"Blazes, no! Pigeon. And a few ducks, perhaps, if we can get the blighters in the villages to come along."

Along the South China Coast, from Macao and Hong Kong up to Swatow and Amoy, is the world's last pirate main and the 200-mile patrol line of British submarines and destroyers.

Seasonal Piracy

Most of the piracy takes place from December to February, between the potato and the rice crops. There are a few weeks in there when people in the rich river valleys between the rocky hills of the coastal range haven't much to do. Ennui descends upon them—or perhaps the rains have failed and planting rice seems a hopeless task. Then the men in the little mud villages drift together at a bigger village and form a ways-and-means committee. There are villages every two miles or so, and getting a quorum to meet in a chief's two-story house is no job at all.

The favorite method of piracy used to be worked this way: Villagers would get together and decide to send out a pirate party. Enough money would be contributed to furnish transportation to the pirate crew to Amoy or Hong Kong. Pistols and other weapons would be hauled out and hidden away in clothing. A dozen or so pirates would then set out for the nearest seaport and, separately, book passage on a coaster. Carefully avoiding all apparent knowledge of each other, they would go aboard. Somewhere off the coast, a few hours later, the pirates would seize the ship, holding up the bridge and engine room.

Sometimes they looted it then and there. Sometimes they forced the crew to steer into a hidden inlet and beach the ship. Occasionally they took prisoners to be held for ransom.

This method worked all right until ships put in iron gratings around their engine rooms and navigating departments, installed steel armor plate with loopholes and armed guards with repeating rifles and automatics. That made it harder, but once in a while a ship was captured and looted, despite all precautions. It was the British patrol and radio that finally made piracy an extra-hazardous occupation.

Each patrol craft keeps a continuous radio watch. Each merchant vessel in the area radios her position and her code number to the patrol every few hours. Positions are marked on a chart. If a ship fails to report, she is queried. If she cannot be found, the patrol tries to find her, calling for help if necessary from Hong Kong. Each merchant ship, too, is given a secret set of letters which mean, if radioed, that she is being attacked by pirates. Her radio man, if he gets the chance, can send out a meaningless string of signals, including the code group, and raise the alarm.

Today, no big ship is ever bothered and, as more and more coasters put in radio, the pirates find their job harder and harder. But there are still good pickings from the cargo junks that ply from Foochow and Amoy and Swatow, famed of old as pirate nests. A typical cargo junk is a teak vessel, sixty to a hundred feet long and a fourth as wide. Three great mat sails propel her when there is a wind; long sweeps keep her going in a calm. The sails, jib, main and mizzen, often are shaped and ribbed like

(*Continued on page* 54)

Think of yourself ten years from now

THINK of yourself ten years from now! Will your present productive years grant you security for yourself and those about you? Regardless of your other plans for financial independence, would not a Government check reaching you every month for a term of years add to your security?

United States Savings Bonds, which mature in ten years, afford a safe means of obtaining additional cash reserves. They protect and increase your savings, adding in ten years one-third to the amount invested. Savings Bonds may be redeemed in cash at any time after 60 days from issue date, in whole or in part.

In addition to creating cash reserves for future years, Savings Bonds will provide funds for the education of children, for the care of dependents, for travel and recreation and for expenses of illness and accident. To help remind you to set aside regular amounts for these purposes, Regular Purchase Plan forms will be sent to you upon receipt of the coupon below or upon request. By considering today the ways in which you hope to utilize savings ten years from now, you can construct a savings plan to meet them. Then purchase the Savings Bonds which fit your program.

Write a check each month for the future as you pay the usual bills. Invest in United States Savings Bonds. Held for ten years, your investment will increase 33⅓%.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

THE BASIS OF A SECURE FUTURE

The face values of United States Savings Bonds, bought at regular intervals and not redeemed prior to maturity, will be payable at the same intervals as the purchases, ten years from the respective issue dates.

For example, a $25 denomination bond (present price $18.75) purchased each month for 120 successive months will result, if each bond is held to maturity, in an ownership of $3,000, maturity value, of these bonds, payable during the following ten years by the United States Government on the first day of each month at the rate of $25 per month. Likewise—

Amount you invest each month for 120 months	Maturity value in 120 months	Payable each month for 120 months starting in 10 years
$37.50	**$6,000**	**$50 per month**
75.00	**12,000**	**100 " "**
93.75	**15,000**	**125 " "**
187.50	**30,000**	**250 " "**
375.00	**60,000**	**500 " "**

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT 804, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER		
....	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at **$18.75**	**$**..............
....	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at **$37.50**	**$**..............
....	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at **$75.00**	**$**..............
....	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at **$375.00**	**$**..............
....	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at **$750.00**	**$**..............
	Total	**$**..............

Register in the name of and send to

*Name*____________________

*Street Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Make all checks payable to the Treasurer of the United States.

YOU MAY PURCHASE AT POST OFFICES OR ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL

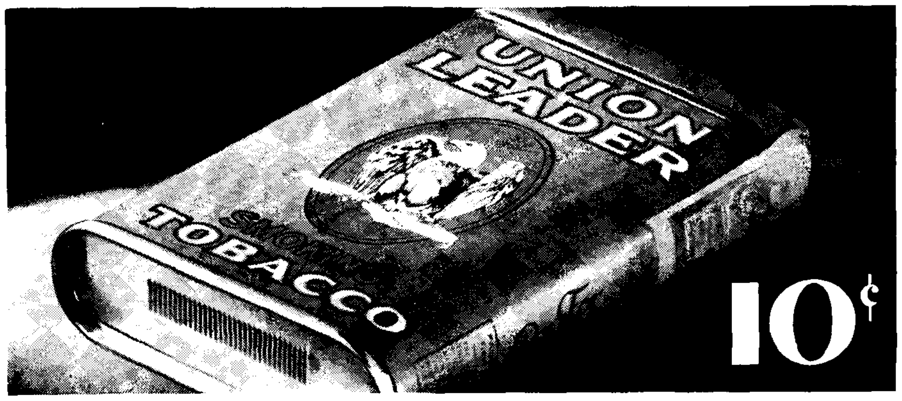
THE BIGGEST CATCH A DIME CAN MAKE
says Wortman
UNION LEADER
Wortman

DENYS WORTMAN, Union Leader smoker; famous creator of "MOPEY DICK and THE DUKE"

Yes, that's the way all Union Leader smokers feel, Mr. Wortman. They cast their dime on the counter and boy, oh boy, what a haul they get . . . mild, *old* Kentucky Burley tobacco, fresh, fragrant and flavorful. Union Leader has the mellowness that expert aging alone can give to fine tobacco . . . the smooth blending that has made P. Lorillard tobacco products famous for 175 years. That big, red tin is surely packed with plenty of pleasure and it's all yours for just a dime! (Union Leader is tops for cigarettes, too.)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Pirate Patrol

Continued from page 52

the open fin of a fish; the junk, under sail, looks as if she's headed for Davy Jones' locker. This is because she is low forward, with a broad flush deck. Aft, she rises to a high poop under which are living quarters, one or two stories high. But, ungainly as she looks, she can make surprising time in a breeze and, steered by a sort of sundial, she will make a landfall with all the accuracy of an Atlantic ferry raising Sandy Hook.

Most of these big junks carry old cannon, of about two- or three-inch caliber, some of ancient European vintage, others from Chinese foundries. Sheets of boiler plate surround the guns, and ball and powder are stowed away somewhere under hatches. A junk thus equipped may be an honest trader, or she may be a pirate—or she may be both. The patrol boat crew can't be sure, and so unless pirates are actually caught in an act of piracy nothing much is done. A junk full of stolen silk or tea or rice, hijacked from another junk, is safe—because proving a case in a British court would be well-nigh impossible.

Reproving Pirates

But when a patrol ship gets a pirate crew, it makes an example of its prisoners. One ship brought fourteen pirates into Hong Kong not long ago; a court solemnly tried them, and a dozen of them were formally hanged with great ceremony—"to encourage the others, my boy!" explained the submarine's captain, mopping his face with a handful of waste from the engine room.

The R-boat rolled and pitched along. The Diesels roared below and inside the sweating hull men went about their jobs almost naked. The man at the wheel steered a straight course through the junks and sampans, letting them get out of the way as best they might. Women sculled frantically at the sterns of ten-foot sampans; sails filled suddenly and the bigger boats heeled out of the R-boat's course.

One sampan, caught in the wash, jerked over and back again. There was a splash and a yell. Baby had fallen overboard. The submarine kept on. The Old Man, with a don't-think-I'm-heartless look, handed over the binoculars. Through them, you could see the baby roped to a block of wood. Its mother hauled it in at the end of a pole. Almost every sampan baby grows up with a rope around its waist and the life-saving block trailing behind. The block seems superfluous, because the sampan people are born on the water and take to it as a land baby does to the kitchen floor.

The Diesels droned to half-speed, then shut down. The gray hull nosed around a point and dropped her hook in a rocky cove. A curving white beach was crowded with sampans; so was the cove. Half a dozen small sampans came out to the steel hull and the Old Man and two other officers, mysteriously appearing from below with shotguns, stepped into one of them and were sculled ashore.

The village was built of mud—small one-story houses, dust-covered and bare. One or two had crude windows. The people—Fukienese—wore the blue shirts and baggy pants that are the Chinese uniform. Here and there a girl strutted in a Mandarin gown, face powdered, cheeks rouged, lips painted, hair bobbed. A giant of a man, his head shaved except for a two-inch square patch in front, came forward with a grin.

"Amoy man," explained the patrol ship's officers. Amoy, they went on to explain, has been famous for centuries as a pirate stronghold—sometimes sending out its own privateers, at other times being the victim of raiding junk fleets; often levying toll on the freebooters who landed their spoils near the swarming town. They were great men half a dozen centuries ago. There's a story that the pirates of Amoy once got together a fleet of 8,000 junks to do battle in some forgotten dynastic war—and that no man was accepted for service unless he could pick up a 600-pound stone and run with it. . . . And they're big, husky fellows, today.

The sportsmen from the submarine came back with a brace of wild pigeons apiece and the Old Man led the way to the beach.

"All quiet now," he said, "but it looks like a short-crop year, and there'll be a piracy or two next winter, you'll see."

He seated himself grandly in the stern sheets, lit a bulldog pipe, cocked his gold-braided white cap at a jaunty angle and, as the sampan slid through the rows of junks out to the submarine, said you couldn't really blame 'em. They had to live, and their customs were not ours. The British hated to interfere with native customs, and did so only when some Britisher's bank account was imperiled. Otherwise . . .

For instance, he said, sitting majestically under the umbrella on the tiny bridge, while the motors rumbled the R-boat out of the inlet, there was this business of girl slaves. The Chinese smuggled them all the time—out of Canton, out of Amoy, out of a hundred villages in Kwantung and Kiangsi and Fukien. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, in Macao and Hong Kong, where European rule was in force. In Hong Kong it is illegal to own a girl slave—unless she is registered with the police, which makes it all right. People have been getting up indignantly in the House of Commons for forty years to protest against the protection of slavery by the British flag, and this year still another commission is "surveying the situation."

But the patrols didn't bother much about the *mu tsai*—girl slaves—unless they were dead sure they had the smugglers cinched. It was hard to prove whether a slip of a girl on a junk was a daughter, or freshly bought from a starving farmer up in Kiangsi for a hundred Hong Kong dollars. The smugglers had ways of enforcing silence.

Cruiser in Bad Company

A small, dark gray cruiser, bristling with guns, was running parallel with the R-boat. A grizzled white man stood on her bridge, but the crew was Chinese. She looked businesslike. The cruiser's captain hailed briefly through a megaphone and swung away after a pair of junks two miles out to sea.

"Chinese Maritime Customs ship," explained the Old Man, settling the umbrella more firmly on the Lewis gun mount. "He thinks those junks maybe have sugar aboard, trying to run it in. Hong Kong's a free port, but there's a heavy duty on 'most everything into China. You ought to go out on the frontier, where our leased territory joins Kwantung province, some night. The guards out there never challenge a man with a load—they shoot. It's an unusual night somebody doesn't get killed."

Then he told the story of the customs cruiser that was lying up in a river mouth the other side of Macao. Her white officers had set their watch and posted their guards and gone to sleep. In the early hours, the guards dozed off and two sampans, loaded with a score of pirates, drifted silently alongside. It was all over in a few minutes, with not one of the crew left alive. The pirates were in possession of a perfectly good customs cruiser—and they proceeded to clean up the coast.

The cruiser had no wireless and so the fact she didn't report caused no alarm. The pirate crew steamed up and down the barren coast for days, running alongside cargo junks and seizing sugar and rice and anything else they fancied. They took the loot to their own cove, unloaded it and then cruised out for more. Some of the junks they sank with all hands. Finally, when they thought some suspicion must be arising at Canton over the nonappearance of the cruiser, they steamed boldly into a harbor up in the Bias Bay district, took everything movable off the ship and sank her. The hulk is on the bottom yet.

"They have wireless now," said the Old Man, giving the wheelsman a new course as Chilang Lighthouse stood out on the port bow, "and they keep a better watch. . . . And here's another trick, over to starboard, there. Take a look!"

Through the binoculars four junks loomed up, heaving and dipping along with the wind. On the first, several girls sat about on the high poop, or strolled in pairs across the broad forward deck. They wore gayly colored dresses and stood out conspicuously.

The Love-Ship Fleet

"Love ships, they call 'em," said the Old Man. "From Swatow. They'll land some contraband around at Aberdeen on the other side of Hong Kong island tonight, or I'm a Dutchman. But it's not my job. It's up to the Hong Kong harbor police. . . . Still, might give 'em a tip."

He sent a message by the radio man, and squinted a long time through the glasses at the four ships.

"First junk is just a decoy," he explained. "That's why the girls are out in plain view. This evening, the decoy ship will steer in—and if the harbor police become interested, that'll be fine—from the smugglers' point of view. While the police launches are rounding up the decoy junk, the other three—I'll bet they are packed full of girls—will sail in without lights, unload, and be away again before the police have finished searching the decoy boat and marching everyone off to jail."

The R-boat swung away and slid neatly around the Love-Ship Fleet. The girls on the first boat waved, but her crew stood gazing expressionlessly at the gray submarine, with its unmanned gun and incongruous umbrella and khaki-clad officers. The other junks dipped and swung through the swell, silently, only a few blue-clad sailors being visible. The mat sails bellied out in the wind and the fleet moved slowly on to the southeast.

"Chinese custom," said the Old Man. "They've been running girls in for a long, long time—and they'll be doing it somehow or other, no matter what we British do about it. Same with smuggling, and piracy and a dozen other dodges. We're just a handful of white men in a strange land; they're millions, in their own country—and that's that."

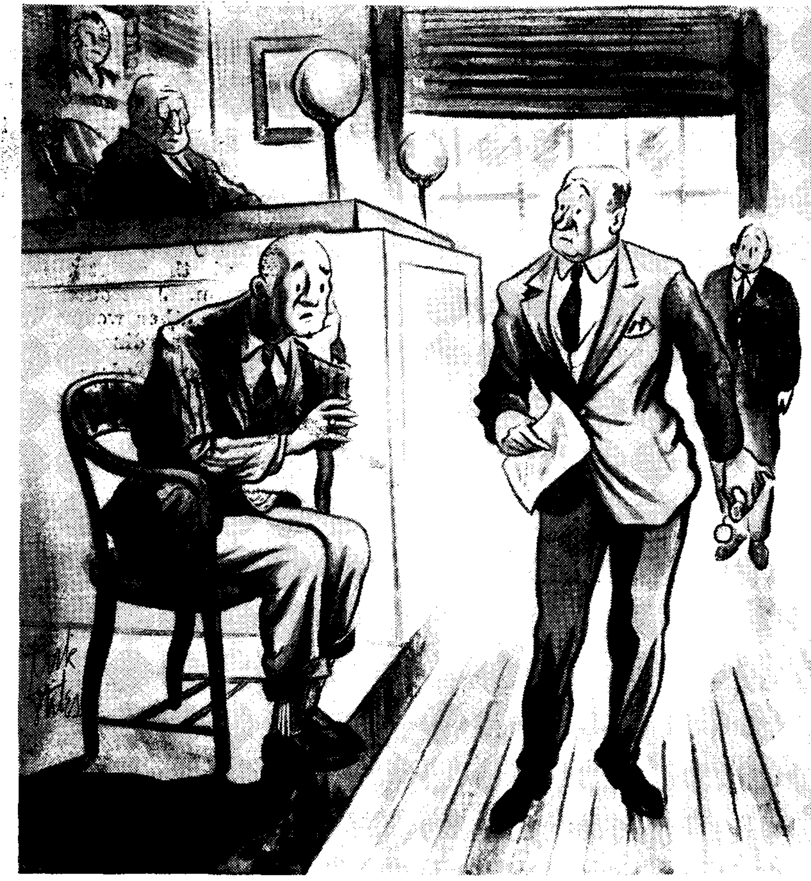
He gave the wheelsman the course for Lyemoon Pass, which is the narrow, tide-ripped entrance to Victoria Harbor on Hong Kong island. The sun was almost level with the raw hills to the westward.

A sailor came up through the hatch and unstepped the umbrella from the machine gun mount. The radio man reported all merchant ships on the coast running on course and accounted for. The misted peak of Hong Kong loomed up briefly for a minute; then was hidden as the clouds swirled around it again.

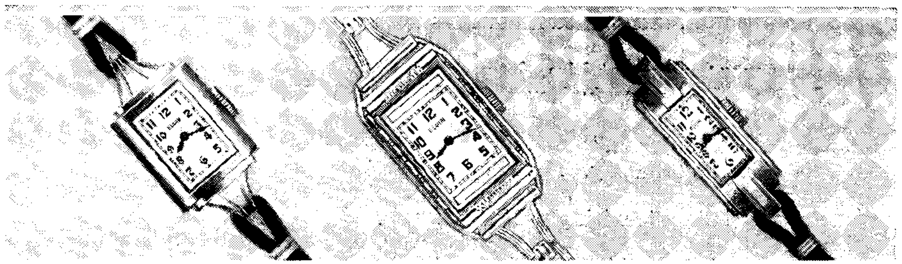
"Pretty quiet, right now," said the Old Man. "Just a few thousand tons of sugar being smuggled and some shiploads of girls coming in and maybe a score of pirates, looking like farmers, packing hidden guns and preparing to board a small cargo ship, somewhere. You can't tell. . . . But next winter there'll be something doing in the piracy line, or I'm a Dutchman. Looks like a bad crop this year."

He stowed the bulldog pipe, stood up and shook his huge frame.

"Don't get a wrong idea about these South China Coast pirates, though," he said. "They're jolly fine chaps—most of them."



"Now wait a minute. I can worm out of this one, too" KIRK STILES



"Like my grandmother in 1880... I wear an Elgin watch"

writes charming
MARY CAROLINE MILLER
of Detroit

Mary Caroline Miller is a leader in Detroit's smart younger set. She finished at Garland School, Boston...likes tennis and sailing . . . inherits a talent for music . . . is active in social work

● 1880—"Garfield for President"...bustles and trains... Oscar Wilde. 1880—that was the year, too, that Mary Caroline Miller's great-grandfather presented his daughter with an ELGIN watch.

Political battle lines have shifted often since then. Fashions in dress and literature have come and gone. And still the ELGIN tradition continues to thrive among prominent American families.

"I am the sixth ELGIN owner in our family," Miss Miller proudly says.

But do not be misled. There is more behind ELGIN'S popularity than tradition alone. Consider the newest models. Note the smart swing to their styling . . . the voguish distinction apparent in every line. And beneath each case there is a movement of dependable accuracy. For ELGINS—and only ELGINS—are produced by the perfect partnership of age-old craftsmanship and modern science. Experts plan, create and completely finish every ELGIN movement under a single roof.

Inspect the accurate new ELGINS at your jeweler's now. Each is timed to the absolute standard of the stars by an electrical timing device, developed in cooperation with ELGIN master craftsmen. The prices range from $17.50 to $500.

★ ELGIN ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

$37.50. *Gold filled case. 15 jewels*

$27.50. *Gold filled case and band*

$55.00. *14 K. solid gold. 17 jewels*

Coming and Going

Continued from page 15

iron-gray hair, a pince-nez and a pleasant manner. He looked what he was—a retired businessman of some wealth and position.

"Gentlemen!" he said, raising his hand, and the room became silent. Looking at him across the piled hats and overcoats on the long table, Mr. Mildmay felt disturbed. He thought: "That man's so very much cleverer than I am —and *he* thinks she did it. Maybe I'm wrong."

"Understand, gentlemen," Number Six was saying sincerely, genially, with only a hint of patronage, "I'm not trying to dictate to anyone. Every man is entitled to his own opinion. . . . Now, permit me to ask you this. If Betty Harrison shot herself—if, I say, if—why did she do it? . . . Motive! That is what we must ask ourselves—what was her motive? People do not shoot themselves for fun."

Number Three said casually: "Oh, I can suggest a couple of motives. One—she couldn't get the Taylor fellow, and that broke her all up. Two—"

"A moment, sir, a moment!" interrupted Number Six pleasantly. "Betty Harrison had known Taylor only a few days. Four, to be exact. And she had seen comparatively little of him. Yes, yes, she was attracted to him, undoubtedly—but as a man of the world, sir, as a man of the world, do you believe she could have become sufficiently despairing in so short a period that she wished to take her own life? Do you, sir?"

NUMBER THREE fiddled with his necktie. He scratched the back of his neck. He grinned faintly.

"Well—when you put it that way, I—I guess not. But how about this, look—she was mighty ashamed of going back on her best friend! She got so ashamed—"

"My dear fellow!" Number Six leaned back in his chair. He smiled with pompous patience. "My dear fellow! It's possible—yes. By sufficient exercise of the imagination one can conceive of anything as *possible*. But I'm a practical man, sir. In my experience—uh—I have observed very few people shooting themselves because they had gone back on a friend. It might be better, perhaps"—he allowed a smile to show —"if some of them did shoot themselves —but . . . No, sir, I cannot go with you there; I'm a practical man."

Before the charge of impracticality, of using his imagination, Number Three wilted perceptibly.

"All right," he said sheepishly. "All right. I guess I give up," and everyone began talking at once.

"Quiet! Quiet, please!" shouted the foreman. "We're taking another vote," and he started counting. "One . . . three . . . is that hand up or down? . . . Six . . . eleven. Eleven for conviction! Who's the one still holding out?"

Mr. Mildmay could feel himself flushing. Why didn't he just give in, as he did when Sarah started arguing with him about Mr. Roosevelt? Why didn't he agree right away, as he always did at the office? . . . No. This time, this time he was going to stick to his—to what he believed!

Slowly, timidly, he raised his hand a little above shoulder height. He held it there for an instant, then pulled it down hurriedly.

Everyone was looking at him. Number Six said: "Perhaps, Mr. Foreman, you will allow me to ask this gentleman a question? . . . Thank you."

He turned to Mr. Mildmay. Mr. Mildmay gulped.

Courteously but patronizingly Number Six smiled.

"My good sir," he said. "We have reached a—uh—rather delicate point in our—uh—deliberations. Eleven of us have reached a verdict; you do not concur in that verdict. Now, sir, don't mistake me! I'm not trying to bully you into agreeing with us—don't mistake me! But it seems to me—uh—only fair, that you should allow us to hear your reasons for believing that Betty Harrison committed suicide. Understand, sir, I'm only trying to be fair!"

With great difficulty Mr. Mildmay opened his mouth. "B-but," he said miserably, in his high, reedy voice, "I—I—I—b-but I don't think she committed —committed s-suicide."

Eleven chairs grated on the floor. Eleven faces stared at him with open, sagging mouths.

"You *don't?* You—you don't think it was suicide?" Number Six's voice was startled out of its habitual urbanity. "In heaven's name, sir—then what *do* you think?"

He must say it. Now he must say it. He had known the time would come and he would have to say it. He said it. He said:

Gustav Lundberg

"Look! All the string beans I got for ten cents"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"I—I—I *just know* she—she didn't do it. Jane Gordon, I m-mean."

For one astonished moment the room was completely without sound. Then words rushed over it like a flood over a broken dam.

"For Pete's sake! He's gone sympathetic! . . . She a sweet little gal so she didn't do it! . . . He *knows!* There's nothing to it; the man's a medium, he *knows!* . . . In my twenty years of jury experience, I never . . . To hell with him, he doesn't make sense. . . ."

Through the bedlam Mr. Mildmay heard Number Six shouting at him. Shouting at him—that measured voice loud and angry and frightening.

"But you must have *some* reason! It's not rational—it's stupid—you can't just *know!* You must have some reason!"

Mr. Mildmay quailed. He shouldn't have said anything. He should have just agreed with them. If Number Six thought they were right, if Number Six thought Jane Gordon was guilty, she probably was . . . But he was in for it now. He couldn't back down now. They'd only laugh at him harder than ever.

He must have some reason, Number Six had said. Yes, of course. He *must* have some reason. What had made him feel that Jane Gordon was innocent in the beginning? Just because she looked like Mattie—the same pink, curly mouth, the same deep blue eyes. . . ? No, it had been more than that. He had had reasons, in the beginning. But he had forgotten them. All this noise, all this arguing—the moment he got into the jury room he had forgotten them . . .

THERE had been moments during the trial. Moments when he thought: "That doesn't sound true. Of course, I may be wrong, but it doesn't sound true . . . I don't believe that happened, I really don't . . . I think they've missed something there, that doesn't fit in . . . Of course, they all know more about it than I do, still, I can't help feeling . . ."

Number Two was eying him scornfully. "The twelfth juryman," he said to the man next to him, but Mr. Mildmay heard it all. "I've heard of them, but this is the first I've actually seen. Odd-looking little man . . . Curious, in such an open-and-shut case. They've got the girl coming and going."

"Coming and going." Mr. Mildmay put his fingers in his ears. "Coming—and —going." What did that make him think of? If only he could remember—if only . . . if he kept his fingers in his ears perhaps he would be able to remember. He could shut out quite a lot of the noise that way. It was restful, too. Oh—if he only could remember . . . "Coming—and—going. . . ."

Suddenly Mr. Mildmay stood up. He was trembling, and his hands were hot, and his lips felt stiff.

"Er—er—gentlemen."

With a supreme effort Mr. Mildmay steadied his voice.

"You—you remember when Mrs. Dunn, the aunt, was testifying—you remember—"

"Yep, we were there!" Somebody laughed.

"Leave him alone!" snapped the foreman. "Go on, you."

Mr. Mildmay went on, rapidly, nervously: "Mrs. Dunn said that she—that she was in the library at the other end of the hall, forty—forty feet away from the living-room. She said she heard Miss Gordon come—come along the hall and —and then she heard the shot and when she got to the living-room she saw Miss Gordon standing with her—her back to the windows, and holding the gun in her hand."

He said it all in one breath and finished gasping. He looked unhappily, timidly, around the room. Now they would all jump on him, all begin talking at once.

"Quite true," said Number Six. "But —uh—what of it?"

"I—I can't help wondering—well, why did Mrs. Dunn say 'Come along the hall'? Why 'come'? Miss Gordon passed the library where Mrs. Dunn says she was sitting and went on toward the living-room. The thing I can't—can't help wondering is—I suppose it's very foolish, such a small thing—but why didn't she say she heard her *going* along the hall, instead of coming? Because Miss Gordon *was* going away from the library where Mrs. Dunn says she was, not coming toward it—"

"That doesn't prove anything! . . . Just her way of talking, that's all! . . . Where'd he dig this up? . . ."

But Number Six said tartly: "Will you men please keep quiet? . . . Go on, sir. I'm listening."

FLUSHING, stammering, Mr. Mildmay said:

"There's a sm-small closet just outside the living-room. If you l-look at the plan—there, right there—you'll see. I —well, the only way Mrs. Dunn could have heard Miss Gordon *coming* along the hall was if she'd been in that closet. I mean, if Mrs. Dunn had been in that closet instead of in the library where she said she was, she would have—have heard Miss Gordon coming down the hall the way she s-s-said she did . . . Do you see what I m-m-mean?"

"No!" Number Eleven gave a bark of laughter. "No," he said irritably. "Sounds like a lot of bunk to me." But Number Six said crisply:

"On the contrary. I—uh—*I* find it most interesting. Now, sir—correct me if I am wrong—you believe that Mrs. Dunn was lying. You believe that instead of being in the library, at the far end of the hall, *forty* feet from the living-room, she was in the closet *five* feet from the living-room. Just outside the living-room door, in other words. But in that case . . . Extraordinary! How do you proceed from there, sir? I confess to being still in the dark."

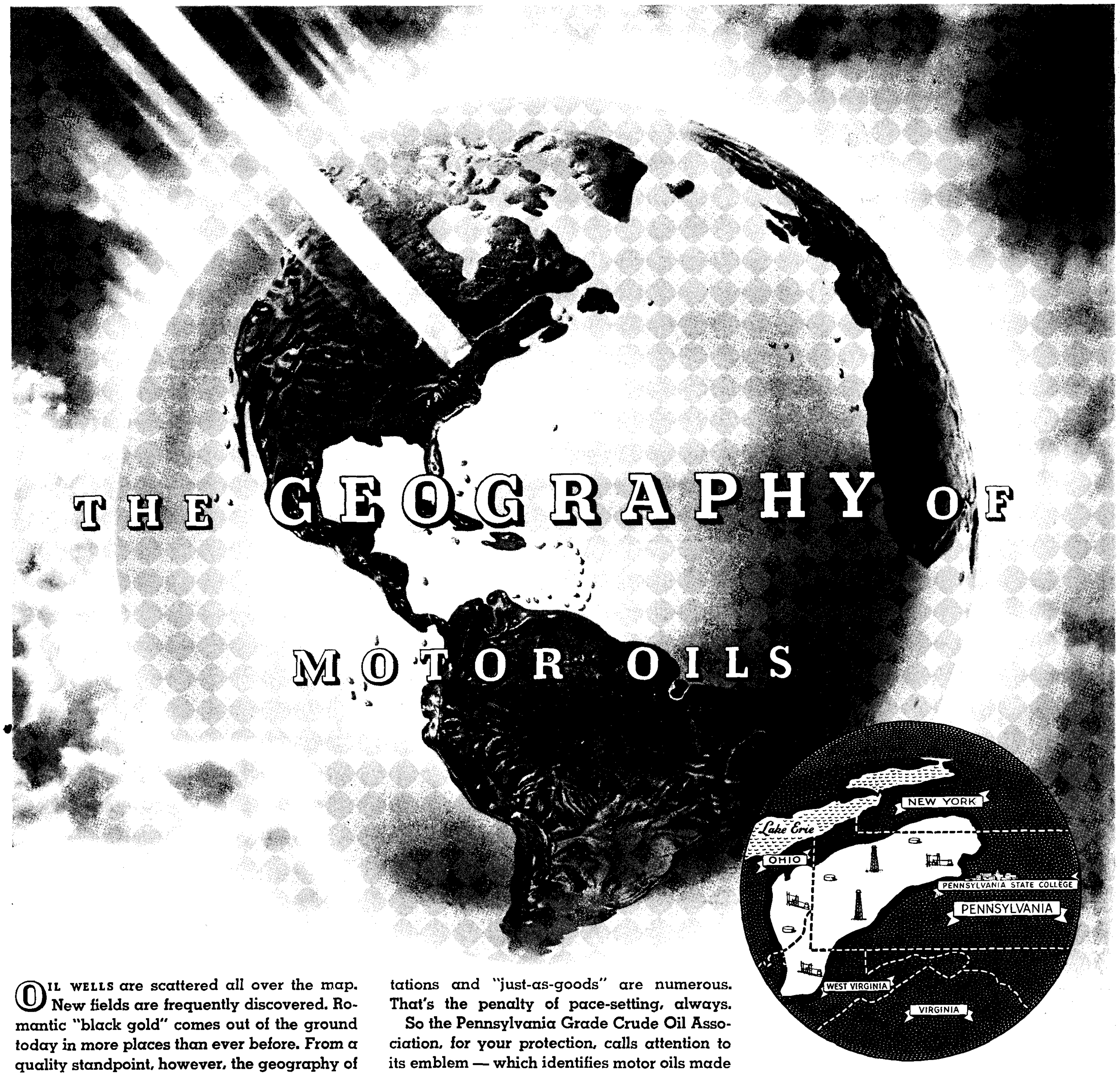
"But—but don't you remember what the butler said?" asked Mr. Mildmay eagerly. "The butler—when they asked him what was kept in the gun-room, he said—guns, and two bags of golf clubs. Mrs. Dunn's right-handed pair, and Miss Gordon's left-handed pair—I mean set, not pair. . . ."

Mr. Mildmay wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Number Eleven was grinning at him sardonically. The foreman was watching him with his head on one side and a doubtful expression on his face. Number Six was leaning forward, listening intently.

"Mrs. Dunn says that when she got to the—the living-room," said Mr. Mildmay, breathing hard, "she saw Miss Gordon standing with her back to the windows and the—the gun in her hand. The gun was the first thing she saw; it

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE GEOGRAPHY OF MOTOR OILS



OIL WELLS are scattered all over the map. New fields are frequently discovered. Romantic "black gold" comes out of the ground today in more places than ever before. From a quality standpoint, however, the geography of oil has never changed. Seventy-seven years ago, the world's first well was drilled in Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania field, touching four states, developed from this first well. In the face of all discovery and oil advancement, the first oil is still first—first in quality and first in crankcase performance.

Because of the long and definite quality leadership of Pennsylvania, flattering imitations and "just-as-goods" are numerous. That's the penalty of pace-setting, always.

So the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, for your protection, calls attention to its emblem — which identifies motor oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania. This emblem is not a brand. It guarantees source. And since all "Pennsylvania" oils are not emblem oils and do not meet our quality specifications, our emblem guarantees quality as well.

Certain Pennsylvania brands, approved by our Association, are licensed to use this emblem; a valuable privilege, for our emblem guarantees genuineness.

This is an enlargement of that small white section indicated above. It is the one district in the world where Nature stores her finest grade crude oil—Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Motor oils made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude are considered the finest in the world, because they possess the combined virtues of ready start, free pumpability, low consumption and rich lubrication. You can rely completely on these oils to save you money and to eliminate your oil worries.

Member of Pennsylvania Grade
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
Crude Oil Association
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Copyright 1936, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

• • •

Founded in 1923—not for profit. A voluntary Association of more than one thousand producers, refiners and sales companies whose membership dues are invested in research analysis and vigilant inspection to maintain the high quality standards for which the Association's seal of approval—its official emblem—stands.

FREE *A fascinating booklet profusely illustrated, with money-saving information about lubricating your car. A complete story. Send for your copy. Please use this coupon.*

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Oil City, Pennsylvania

Please send me free and post-paid, your new book.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY.....................................STATE..........................
:8-15

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

LIQUEUR QUALITY
HIGHER PROOF 94.4
GORDON'S
EST. 1769
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
NEW JERSEY

Why drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin

An exclusive formula, 167 years old, is the reason for Gordon's *liqueur quality*. It means richer flavor, velvety smoothness. And Gordon's attains a higher proof—94.4—because it means greater strength, sustained flavor. Gordon's pays a higher tax for this greater strength. That's why rickeys, cocktails and other gin drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.

ALSO, GORDON'S SLOE GIN—60 PROOF
AS SUPERIOR AS GORDON'S DRY GIN

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

GOOD NEWS!
GORDON'S GIN IS NOW MUCH
LOWER IN PRICE!

Copyright 1936, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

Coming and Going

Continued from page 56

was hanging by Miss—Miss Gordon's side. But if Miss Gordon had her back to the w-w-windows, her *right* side would have been toward Mrs. Dunn and that means she held the gun in her right hand and—and—well, she had left-handed golf clubs and so she must have been left-handed and wouldn't have held the gun in her right hand to shoot it, so—well, she must have just picked it up the way she s-s-said she did . . ."

It seemed to Mr. Mildmay that no one would ever speak.

"Say!" said the foreman at last, and whistled—a long, startled note. "You know, that don't sound so bad!" and once more a wave of sound was released in the room.

FOR two minutes everyone talked at once. Then Number Six made himself heard.

"Gentlemen!" He stood up—pompous but impressive. "Gentlemen—this puts an entirely different complexion on the whole case. It is important—very. We must now carry the matter to its logical conclusion . . . You, sir—I take it that you believe Jane Gordon's story. You believe that shortly after she came in by the side door, she heard a shot. That she rushed down the hall, into the living-room, saw Betty Harrison lying there, knelt beside her, picked up the gun—and was standing with it in her hand when Mrs. Dunn found her . . . But—good Lord, man, that means that Mrs. Dunn lied, from the beginning, about everything! That means—"

"Yes," said Mr. Mildmay. "Y-yes. Mrs. Dunn—Mrs. Dunn shot Betty Harrison . . ."

This time there was no uproar. No shouting, nor loud argument. But a faint, startled hum arose into the tobacco smoke, and spread, gaining volume; and Number Nine said dazedly:

"You mean she shot her, then hid in the closet and came out just after Jane Gordon had gone by . . . But—"

"But *why?*" asked the foreman. "Was she framing her own niece? Why?"

"B-because—" began Mr. Mildmay, but Number Six raised a hand.

"Because, gentlemen," said Number Six gravely, looking around the room, "because Mrs. Dunn herself wanted to marry William Taylor! Mrs. Dunn is a young woman, gentlemen, younger perhaps than Taylor, even if she is an aunt. And Taylor is not only a very attractive man—he is, as we ourselves have remarked, a very rich man! That, I believe, is our solution—am I not right, sir?

" . . . Thank you, sir . . . Gentlemen, Mrs. Dunn shot Betty Harrison. She threw the blame on Jane Gordon—and thus planned, hoped, to eliminate both of her rivals for the young man's—er—affections and wealth . . . And she very nearly succeeded, gentlemen! But for the remarkable deductive reasoning of this gentleman here—well, I shudder to think of what we might have done . . . Interesting, very. All through the trial the connection between Mrs. Dunn and Taylor bothered me. There was something—but I could not put my finger on it. Now the problem has been solved. You will remember, all of you, I am sure, Mrs. Dunn's manner with Taylor—how she clung to his arm, looked up at him, leaned against him—"

"And I didn't notice it!" The foreman slapped his knee in disgust. "She was making passes at him right under my nose, and I didn't notice!"

Mr. Mildmay sat there smiling. He could not stop smiling. It was all over. They agreed with him. The foreman agreed with him. And Number Six, Number Six spoke to him respectfully, as to an equal! Number Six had said that his deductive reasoning was remarkable!

That nice girl wouldn't be convicted. That nice girl who looked like Mattie . . . dear Mattie . . . He wouldn't have to tell Sarah he had convicted—he stopped. He lifted his chin firmly.

As a matter of fact, he would tell Sarah just as much or as little as he pleased! And if she didn't like it she could—she could go and jump into the lake!

"We're all a bunch of mugs," drawled Number Eleven belligerently. "We let this little runt tell us what to think. Who's he? What does he know? Nothing! To hell with him—I say the Gordon gal is guilty!"

Mr. Mildmay stood up. A new Mr. Mildmay. A Mr. Mildmay who stood confidently with shoulders back and chest out. A Mr. Mildmay whose manner was pleasant and authoritative and just a little patronizing.

"My dear fellow," he said. "I have been trying to help you. I have done my best to make this matter clear enough to be understood by anyone. In just what way do you consider my ideas—uh—foolish?"

"Well," said Number Eleven in surly tones, "maybe she'd already done the shooting with her left hand and then shifted the rod into her right—"

"Possible, sir, possible." Mr. Mildmay smiled witheringly. "But why? After all, we must be practical. Can you give me any reason why she should have done so? . . . No? I thought not. Thank you, sir, thank you."

"There's something I'd like to ask," said the foreman. "No criticism, no criticism—just a question, friendly. How'd you get hold of this idea? What got you thinking of it?"

MR. MILDMAY'S assurance vanished. Color flooded again into his pale cheeks. He said in a low, faltering voice:

"Why—why, I was so sure—so sure Miss Gordon could not have done that I . . . She reminded me of—someone I used to know. I knew that person couldn't have wanted to marry for money and couldn't have—have committed a murder, so I—" He smiled, embarrassedly—"I just had to think up reasons why Miss Gordon hadn't. I just stumbled on it; it was an accident."

"Well, well," said the foreman. "Isn't that life for you?" He bobbed his head profoundly. "Well, let's take a vote. All for acquittal . . . one . . . four . . . nine . . . *twelve!* Boys, we get home for supper! . . . Bang on the door, someone, and call the officer."

Mr. Mildmay struggled into his coat. Someone was helping him with it, guiding his arm into the torn armhole. He looked around. It was Number Six.

"I wonder," said Number Six, in a low, confiding voice, "I wonder if you'd stop and have a drink with me on your way home. I presume we have some sort of duty, in connection with our belief that Mrs. Dunn is guilty. Possibly, just possibly, we should communicate that belief and our reasons for it to the prosecutor. My mind is not clear about it; I should like your opinion in the matter. Have you a few moments to spare?"

"Why—why—y-yes," said Mr. Mildmay. He took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. In a calm, firm voice he said:

"Thank you, sir, very much. I believe I have."

Singing for a Living

Continued from page 21

This is quite a triumph for a man who was once a boy soprano, the statistics on mortality among boy sopranos being what they are. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901, went to Edgemont Grammar School and sang in St. Stephen's Church. His father was a designer of submarine devices and later the family moved to Philadelphia. Nelson's formal schooling stopped with his grammar school days, and his first job was telephone operator at the Mott Iron Works in Philadelphia at the age of fourteen.

From that he went to the old Philadelphia Press as office boy and ended up by writing obituaries.

All this time he was taking courses. He went to night classes in art at Central High and was reading the various volumes of a correspondence school course. He had a little trouble getting started at the latter because of the advice of an older man on the Press, who suggested that it would be senseless to start thinking of a business career without knowing what made business possible. He insisted on Eddy's reading Adam Smith, which was accordingly done, and then came the business courses.

It was about this time that he began singing again. He had run out of night courses and was rather looking around for something to do with his evenings when the family suggested that he take regular singing lessons again and stop bellowing around the house.

Soon after that he got a job with the Plays and Players, a lofty organization which felt that breeding was as important as art.

"I got that one," says Eddy, "because they could find the Eddy name in the Social Register."

He appeared in Mrs. George Dallas Dixon's society musical play, The Marriage Tax, but they didn't think enough of him to put his name on the program, even though he was playing a personage of some importance, the King of Greece.

His next singing was with the Savoy Company, doing Gilbert and Sullivan, and then he won a competition held by the Philadelphia Opera Company and got the part of Amonasro in Aïda. The big break here was in meeting Alexander Smallens, who had a great deal to do with his subsequent career.

What really made him as a concert artist was the depression. The big stars who had been getting $2,000 a night were now impossible for most towns. Eddy, who got around $200 and looked all right in a boiled shirt, was what they needed.

Without a Band

Eddy rides, swims and plays tennis when he isn't kicking himself for being a movie star. Things are soft for him in Hollywood now, but he is far from being a high-priced star and indeed is making movies at a financial sacrifice. They are paying him $1,000 a week at M-G-M and he can make more in concerts. They don't understand the thing very well in Culver City.

"You don't get anywhere with those personal appearance tours," they say, and Eddy assures them they're not personal appearance tours but concert tours.

"You mean you sing with a band?"

"No, I just get out there and sing."

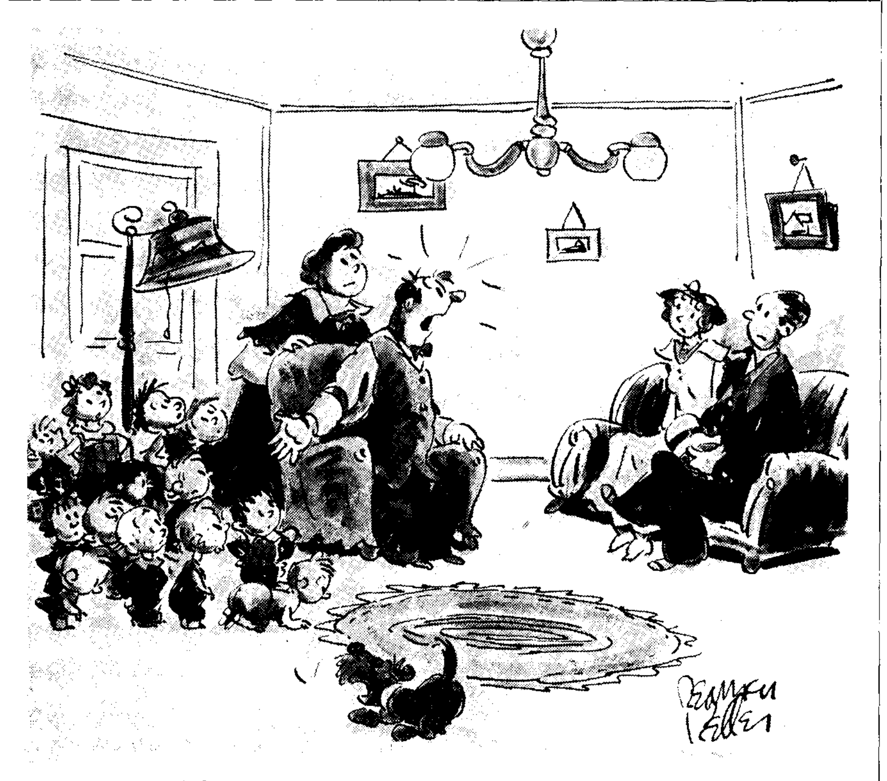
"All by yourself, there. . . . No other acts?"

"Just my accompanist," says Eddy.

"Say, that's nuts!" they cry disgustedly. "Who you tryin' to kid? You mean you stand up there and sing for two hours and people pay real dough for it! Don't be wacky. Even Jolson couldn't get away with a thing like that. Take some advice, baby; the movies, that's the place; right here. You can make more dough right here in a week. . . ."

It is then that Eddy reminds them again of the remunerativeness of concerts, but it never quite gets through. To make it even more drastic, he tells them the cold truth. If it *wasn't* for movies, he could be making $300,000 a year. Because of the movies, he's making a lot less.

"You must be nuts," they say faintly. "Nobody can do any good with them personal appearance tours. . . . You ought to be stayin' right here."



"We borrowed them from our neighbors for our income-tax report and they haven't called for them since" REAMER KELLER

..Another of those Snappy Buicks with

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS

This fair but amazed young lady "guessed right". Most of the new cars you see ARE equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings. Women everywhere, as well as men, have a pretty good idea of which manufacturers are contributing most to performance, economy, dependability and quick get-away in the cars they drive.

This same brand of engineering is available to you for RESTORING pep and economy to your OLD car. Ask your mechanic for a Sealed Power Sta-Tite "economy" ring installation, engineered especially for WORN motors. Sta-Tites pay for themselves in the gas and oil they save. The free booklet offered below tells why.

SEALED POWER AUTHORIZED SERVICE

Have Sealed Power motorparts installed where you see this sign

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS, PISTONS
PISTON EXPANDERS
PISTON PINS, VALVES
CYLINDER SLEEVES

Sealed Power Corporation C-25
Muskegon, Michigan
Please send my free copy of *"How to Cut the Cost of Repowering My Car."* Also send card entitling me to absolutely free Sealed Power Diagnosis which will indicate what MY car needs.
Name..........
Street..........
City..........State..........
THIS BOOKLET FREE

Mobil
Handy Oil

IT GETS TO WORK Fast!

Penetrates • Lubricates • Cuts Rust

NO MATTER where you use it—car generators, sewing machines, locks, fans, and all light mechanisms, Handy Oil gets right to work. It flows quickly —"creeps" right where it's needed. Gives new life to lazy machines.

Handy Oil protects against and removes rust. Use it on guns, on fishing tackle, on tools. Sold at Mobiloil stations and leading dealers.

Free WALL CLIP WITH EVERY CAN

Mobil-Products

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

SOCONY-VACUUM

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL UPPERLUBE

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Be more successful. **Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually.** We guide you step by step — furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 840-L, Chicago

Special Work for Women

UP TO $23 WEEKLY

Show lovely Fashion Frocks and take orders for these nationally famous dresses at factory prices. Write for money-making opportunity and get your own dresses free. No investment or experience. Give dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
Dept. JJ-150, Cincinnati, O.

Get all your own Dresses FREE OF ANY COST

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

Eyes Burn?

When your eyes smart and burn, refresh them instantly. Cooling, soothing Murine will relieve reddened, tired, sensitive eyes. Use it morning and night. Recommended for 40 years.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 13

for a meeting—doesn't it sound wonderful? London. Look, Mother, these are the Italian napkins I told you about; aren't they gorgeous? From the Blake Hutchinsons, whoever *they* are."

"You'd be away over Christmas?" Eva asked ruefully.

"Well, otherwise Christmas presents its problems, darling. I'd like, of course, to be with you and Aunt Nona and the girls. But if you go with Mrs. Poett to Santa Barbara you're out of it, and there's Alec's quite impossible mother, who naturally would expect us to be there. And that really wouldn't *do*."

"Is she so awful, Sanna?"

"No, she's not awful at all. But she's pompous and affected—or perhaps I mean artificial. Anyway, she makes life terribly trying."

"Where's the little boy?"

"Phil? He's in a special baby school up in Pomfret. He has his nurse with him—it's really an old-fashioned big home, with about a dozen small kids in it. Alec and I went over there on Sunday and took him marshmallows and a scooter; he was very cute. We had to rush back for the Pearson breakfast—"

They were always in a hurry. It seemed to be the natural condition with everyone who lived in their world of excitements and good times. They were hurrying away from the perfumed chatter of some tea to jump into dinner clothes and fly to an early dinner; they were eating with one eye on the clock—an opening tonight, and nobody must be late! It was only late at night that the time could be stretched at all, and Alec and Susannah went on from party to party after the theater or opera or dinner in the only leisure they knew. Often it was two o'clock, sometimes three or four when they got to bed; Susannah could sleep late if she liked in the morning, but she hated to awaken to find that Alec had dressed and slipped away hours earlier, and usually got up when he did, even if afterward she tried for a midmorning nap.

SUSANNAH had been almost a year a wife before she realized, finally and for all time, that Alec did not like domestic peace, did not, indeed, know anything about it. His life had always been much too exciting for that. He had always been free enough, and rich enough, to cast about in his mind for whatever amusement seemed most tempting and indulge in it in the smartest possible way; the entire world had been his playground.

Her predecessor, the delicate Betty Livingston, had been a member of a family so prominent and wealthy that every luxury and distinction in life had been quite calmly taken for granted by them. Cousins and uncles had been statesmen and judges; cousins and aunts had married titled foreigners or had ruled their respective social groups in American circles. Everybody had had governesses and years in Europe, riding horses, presentations at St. James', opera boxes and suites de luxe; great dressmakers had designed the women's clothes; great painters had made them immortal on canvas.

Betty's four years of married life had been four years of constant motion. To Santa Barbara, to France, to the South Carolina place, to Mexico and Alaska, Betty's restless fancy had taken her. She had been eternally afraid of missing something somewhere, of being outstripped by somebody in her race for pleasure.

"You aren't to let me die!" she had said feverishly to the great doctor who had chartered a plane to come from New York City to her bedside in Hollywood. "That's why I sent for you—why else should I wire for you! I've my costume for the Durbar Ball, and besides, there's the baby. My grandmother's dead and Mother's dead—there's no one to look out for him—"

She had presently cried in despair and rebellion for a whole day. Nothing in her life had made it easy for Betty to die; her last word, her last look for Alec had been reproachful.

"You could have done something about this, you know. There are other doctors—there are serums and things—"

Had Alec loved her, had he really mourned her? Susannah sometimes asked herself. She thought not. He talked of her as if she had been a willful child; perhaps she had never been anything else. He seemed to feel seriously the hurt that her disposition of their son's fortune had given him; Betty had chosen her own executors, her husband not among them; little Phil's money had lately depreciated materially in a depreciating world market.

Contemplating the glimpses that she had of this situation, Susannah could honestly tell herself that it was through her that Alec had had the greatest, perhaps the only happiness of his life. She knew that even while she accompanied him on the mad round of social engagements that was his life, she was softening him, bringing him nearer to a realer and more simple attitude. Driving northward to the Bancrofts' Canadian camp on a heavenly autumn day, they shared a picnic lunch beside the road together, and Alec made her happy by saying: "Why don't we do this oftener, we two?" And there was another occasion, an evening this time, when they dined alone, for almost the first time since their honeymoon.

"Why did I ask Dud and Bill to come over and play bridge?" he said then. "This is kind of fun, just ourselves alone."

But still the old feelings and habits persisted, and when she spoke of a free evening he would say promptly: "Ah, we ought to have the Chamberlains, then. And I'll tell you who's in town—Otto Hoffman. See if you can catch him at the Ambassador."

FOR their first anniversary she suggested that they go back for one night to the New England inn that had been the scene of their first married joy. Alec agreed to this enthusiastically, and Frost was asked duly to make arrangements. But when, muffled in furs and feeling for the first time a little cramped and heavy, Sanna was helped by her husband's hand from the car to the ground, at the doorway, it was to find a surprise party of magnificent proportions awaiting her.

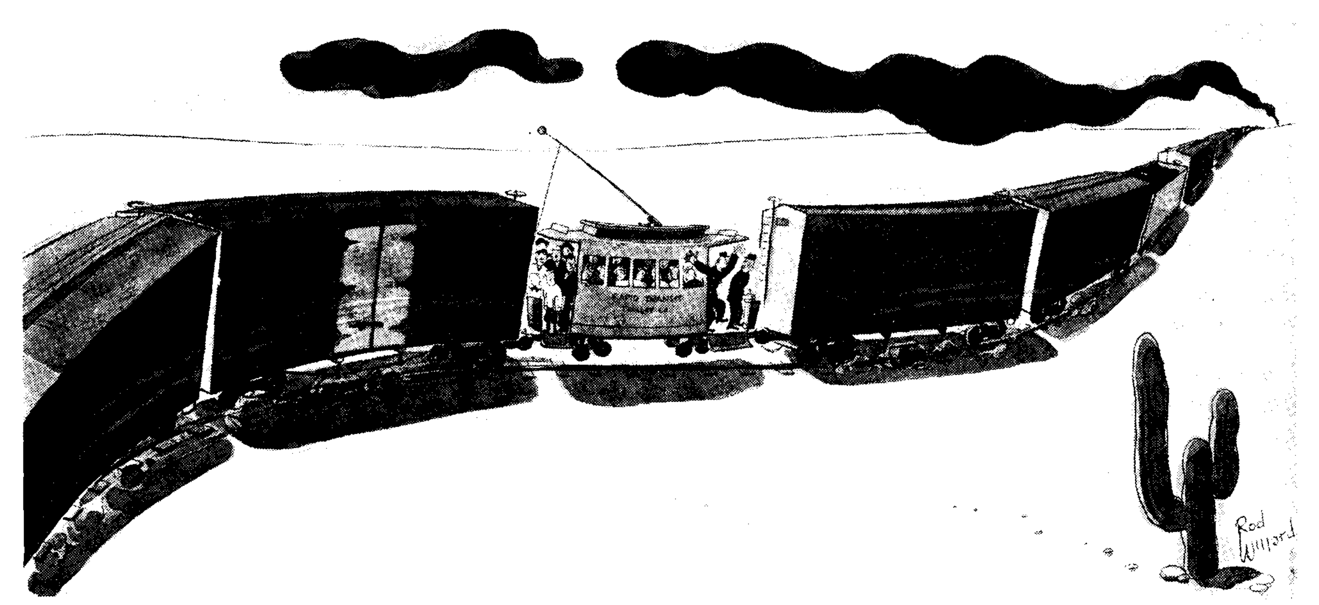
The entire big place was lighted. Thirty of the Hazeltynes' closest friends were grouped in the big, warm hallways, laughing and radiant. Cheers and good wishes and toasts were the order of the day and of the night, and their echoes did not quite die away until late in the next afternoon when Susannah was safely back in her own apartment, and her doctor was assuring her and Alec that a little dancing and excitement were the best thing in the world for herself and the baby too.

"Well, I hear that your celebration just about cost you your son!" said her mother-in-law, coming to call upon her with two dozen red roses on the following day. Susannah, resting blessedly in pillows, only laughed.

"Alec's idea of a quiet little celebration," she said good-humoredly.

"Alec lost his first wife," Florence Hazeltyne said.

(*Continued on page* 62)



"You always was careless crossing railroad tracks!"

RODLOW WILLARD

"I'm the answer"—

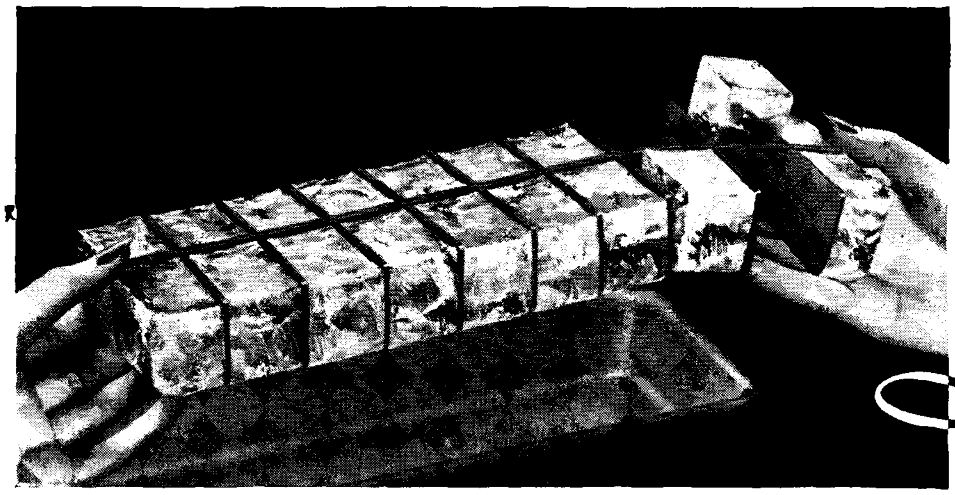
"I'm big and strong, right in the Pink,
The answer to a tall, cold drink;
My rubber grid, I'm glad to say,
Ejected me The Modern Way."

"I give up"

"Oh, woe is me, I'm weak and sad,
My metal cell was such a cad;
It held me tight, then with a laugh,
Said—'Come on Toots, you need a bath.'"

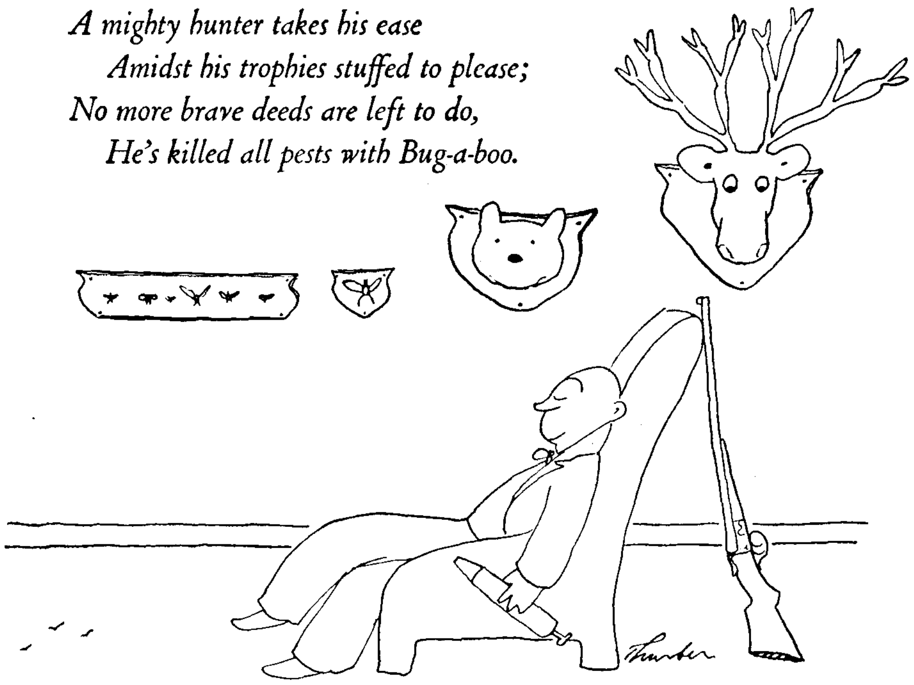
A TRULY MODERN REFRIGERATOR SHOULD HAVE A FLEXIBLE RUBBER TRAY OR GRID IN EVERY ICE COMPARTMENT

These hot days when parched throats call for cool drinks in a hurry—there is only one answer. It is ice cubes instantly . . . The Modern Way . . . from Flexible Rubber Trays and Grids. With a flip of your finger ice cubes pop right out . . . full-sized, cold, and dry . . . one cube at a time or a whole gridful. There's no fuss, bother, or splashing in the kitchen sink. And you get the benefit of all the ice you freeze. So, be sure to take advantage of this ultramodern ice cube convenience. Insist on having a Flexible Rubber Tray or Grid in every ice compartment of the refrigerator you buy. If you now own a mechanical refrigerator, you can modernize it by getting Flexible Rubber Trays and Grids from your dealer.



THE INLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

Ice Cubes the Modern Way



A mighty hunter takes his ease
Amidst his trophies stuffed to please;
No more brave deeds are left to do,
He's killed all pests with Bug-a-boo.

• **Get right after insect pests.** But don't only stun them. Kill them with Bug-a-boo. It's a new, different insect spray. There's no survival—even of the fittest. But in spite of its sensational killing power Bug-a-boo has no unpleasant chemical smell. It's actually fragrant. Also, it doesn't stain walls or draperies. You'll like Bug-a-boo. Get a can today.

Bug-a-boo
Kills flies mosquitoes moths ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

BUG-A-BOO
KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS
SOLD BY MOBILOIL DEALERS AND LEADING STORES

11,300 NEW JOBS IN ASSOCIATED COMMUNITIES

Unemployment in many communities served by the Associated System was relieved last year by a net increase of 11,300 new jobs created by industrial concerns which moved into these areas or by industries already there which expanded their operations.

This activity resulted largely from cooperation among the Industrial Development Division of the System, the local operating companies, and community organizations in helping 260 concerns relocate for more efficient operation. Some 342 more were helped to modernize and expand their operations by making greater application of equipment using electricity and gas.

Industrial development is just one way in which the Associated System carries out its responsibility to its customers and the communities in which they live.

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 60

"You get away with the strangest remarks," Susannah observed.

Oddly enough, she and the bitter, brilliant, jealous older woman did not dislike each other. Whatever pangs Alec's mother had to endure in the contemplation of this radiantly happy and triumphant younger woman, her beauty and her successes, were actuated by the hunger of a strong and still vital sense of youth in her dissatisfied heart. There was no personal feeling against Susannah. Florence Hazeltyne had once been beautiful, powerful, admired; she was alone and old and unimportant now, and she had no philosophy, no faith to help her bear the inevitable cruelties of life.

Susannah suspected this, but all her self-control had been needed in the beginning of her relationship with her husband's mother to endure the slights, the sarcasms and innuendoes to which Florence Hazeltyne had treated her. But they had been shallow, almost childish exhibitions of spite after all; it had been almost funny to see the haughty transparent effort the older woman had made to annoy and baffle her.

Fortified by Alec's loyalty to her, and impressed by his own generous attitude toward his unreasonable mother, Susannah had weathered the first dangerous crises by laughing at them; shaking her head in complete pity and understanding when malicious messages were repeated to her; assuring Alec that if his mother wanted him to herself for an evening it was no more than his duty to go to her.

"Listen, darling," Alec had said on this occasion, "she proposes a dinner party, women there as well as men, and you left out."

"A-h-h?" But Susannah's tone had still been all temperance and indulgence. "Of course you mustn't let her do that; it would hurt her more than me," she had said. "But you talk her out of it, nicely, now mind! Let her think that she herself made the decision."

And after a few of these experiences it had been like a sort of play to assume an always dutiful, almost an affectionate attitude toward her mother-in-law. Susannah had formed the habit of going in to see her in the late afternoon, and spending with her a part of that bad time of day when she felt lonely and sad, and would sit grieving in the dusk over the joys, the power, the youth that were gone forever.

A magnificent reader and actress herself, she presently coached Susannah for her part in certain private theatricals, and Susannah was generous in her acknowledgment of help. Taking her curtain call, she bowed to Alec's mother, sitting beside him in the front row of seats on a wide lawn at Oyster Bay, and directed some of the applause to her.

"I'd still love you if you hated my mother as Betty did," Alec said to her. "But, my God, how men like to have their women friendly!"

So that Sanna had fresh reason for daughterly good behavior, and when the old lady and she were together treated her with a sort of bold, affectionate easiness that, although she would have died before giving Susannah the satisfaction of knowing it, delighted Florence Hazeltyne deep down in her contrary heart.

Susannah had to give up a Miami visit in the second January of her marriage, and in February had ruefully to let Alec go to England without her.

"I'd do a lot more than that for my son," she told him philosophically, when she was down at the boat with him on sailing night.

"Oh, it's to be a son, is it?"

"That's the present arrangement. I love poor little Phil," Sanna said, "but I wish mine were your first baby. You've had all the excitement before."

"Is it so exciting?"

"Oh, Alec, the most thrilling thing in the world! Perhaps not for you, but for me it's simply a *miracle!* And d'you know," Susannah continued, "I hope when this little fellow gets a good start we can have little Phil back with us. He's getting much too big for that nursery school stuff."

"He'll be big enough for boarding-school in a couple of years; they take 'em at six. City's no place for kids," his father said. "And yet, I don't like having him at Rhinecliff, either."

"I don't feel—quite happy about him," Susannah began doubtfully. "He seemed sort of friendly and wistful and—I don't know!—*little*, at Christmas. Maybe this year we can have him for the long vacation."

"He's an odd, shy little chap," Alec mused. And in another moment the distractions of sailing had absorbed him; he was to be gone only four weeks, but they seemed a long time to Susannah, inspecting his cabin, chattering with the crowd of friends who were seeing him off, steeling her heart to the strangeness of twenty-nine days without Alec.

The Margetts and the handsome Mrs. Archibald were sailing. They seized upon Alec with rapture. "We'll take care of him, and see that he gets back in great shape!" they told Susannah.

"I'd rather he'd come back battered and hungry and shabby," she said. "I hate him to be able to get along without me!"

She was laughing as she waved him goodby; she planned to welcome him home with laughter. Even when her ordeal was suddenly upon her, a month too soon, and she had to face a night of strange pain without him, she meant to greet him gayly.

"I don't know whether we've got a little girl or a baby monkey!" she meant to say, lying on her heaped pillows, dressed in the filmiest of silks and laces.

But when he actually did enter her hospital room, concerned and eager, she forgot everything except that she loved him, and that she had needed him in hours of loneliness and danger, and stretching out her arms to him she burst into tears.

Instantly Alec had her tight and safe in his arms; he was laughing, but with tears in his own eyes; his hard cheek was firm against her own, his voice was like wine filling her veins.

"You beautiful, you've had a hard time!"

"No, not a bit. Except the scare." Susannah's wet eyes were smiling. "But she—Evelina, was so sick, poor little scrap!" she faltered. "It was all so queer without you!"

"Everything's all right now." He presently inspected the small, dark, mussed-looking scrap that was Evelina. The baby wore a mop of fine black hair; her skin was dark as an octoroon's. She had weighed only a short three pounds at birth; there was a slight heart condition. "She'll come out all right," Alec said.

"She's all right now!" Susannah's heart was tied to the child in a fierce pain of love and loyalty. Betty, his anemic, hysterical, cocktail-drinking, night-club-frequenting first wife, she reflected, could have a sturdy little son like Phil. Her child was a delicate little thing from the very beginning. Life was queer.

After her hospital fortnight life went

back to its old grooves. Only they were not grooves; they were race tracks. She and Alec went for a week to the Singletons' in Bermuda; Susannah's heart trembled at leaving her child, but there was a wire from Evelina's nurse every day, and the baby went on nicely in her mother's absence. In June they went to California for a few amazing weeks; then they were all down at Easthampton: little Phil and his nurse, Evelina and hers, Phillips, Frost, Agnes, Delia, 'Liza.

Susannah played bridge late at night, went on yachting trips, danced, planned picnics, drove about with Alec to weddings and all-day parties at Oyster Bay and Sands Point, went to Forest Hills for the tennis. They flew in Dud Fielding's plane to the Bancrofts' in Canada for ten days of camping; they visited the Ides at Shippan Point.

"Some day I'm going to have an awning put up over that bit of lawn, and have tea out there," she said idly one morning at breakfast. Alec laughed.

"D'you realize that we've got just two more week ends here?"

She looked at him aghast.

"Two! We hardly seem moved in!"

"Yep. Phil and Nursey go back on the twentieth, and if we're going abroad again in September we'll have to get the baby settled in town. We're getting around to our second anniversary."

"Oh, dear, how it runs away!" It was too perfect; she could not hold it. Life, happy or sad, did not stand still. Less than two years ago she had not even known that such a person as Alec Hazeltyne existed. Now they seemed always—from the very beginning of things—to have been man and wife, to have belonged together in this miracle of pride and possession. She seemed to herself never to have had any other existence. She looked at him in complete satisfaction and adoration; her husband, at home here in the shaded glass breakfast room over the blue sea, with flickering light from the water coming in through the jalousies and trembling over his lazily stretched figure in its white linen, his fine hand, his absorbed face.

"There's something I want you to do for me," he said.

"Anything," Susannah said amiably, but with a glance that showed that his rather constrained tone surprised her.

"I want you to be nice to Merle Sargent," he said.

A FINE pain, like the touch of a frozen pin point, touched Susannah's heart, and her world shook. She did not know why; it was all instinct, a mere pang of vague, blind fear. It was everything and nothing, gone almost as soon as it came.

"The—the Russian girl in your office?"

"In Hutchinson's office. No, she's not Russian—her mother was a Russian countess, but her father was English. I wondered—you'd be awfully decent if you would, Sue—I wondered if you'd ask her down here for her vacation—just a week. Next week. Otherwise, poor kid, she'll have to spend it in a boarding-house in Lexington Avenue."

"Down here!" Here, in her house with him and with her and their child, this strangely mannered, strangely beautiful girl of eighteen, who was so definitely not one of themselves? Susannah was smiling pleasantly at him over a very earthquake of spirit.

"If you like," she said. And for her the light had gone out of the summer sunshine, and away from the garden and the blue sea. Alec came around the table and kissed her.

"I'm going over to get some tennis with Bob," he said. "I'm two pounds overweight. You're a darling," he added, too carelessly. "I'll telephone Hutchinson's office today; she may not be able to come, but it's a nice gesture, anyway. She won't bother you much; she seems a quiet little thing. See you at lunch!"

He was gone. Susannah sat where he had left her; sat very still, staring unseeing into space for a long, long time.

LIFE went on, brilliant and successful and amusing; months went by, and Susannah's tiny Evelina could be exhibited at teatime, her little French frocks hardly a span in length from the ribbon sash at her armpits to her bare knees, her gold curls brushed up into a glory about her small mysteriously smiling face. Nursey took care of her, Doctor Jardine inspected her chart every week. Phillips drove the big cars with especial care when the precious baby was his passenger. Little Phil was at home for a few days' interval between the closing of school and the opening of camp, and was shyly sweet with his baby sister.

Susannah could always go into the nursery to see Evelina; nobody could stop her. But Nursey and Milly, who helped Nursey, never needed her. If Evelina had a cold or was croupy a trained nurse was instantly in possession; otherwise the processes of bathing, naps, bottles, the meals of prune pulp and cereal, the details of sterilizing bottles and airing cribs, sending away masses of damp, tumbled baby linens, accepting back ironed armloads of fresh sweet clothes, were all managed serenely without assistance or interference from Susannah.

Evelina had her supper at five, after which she lay gurgling until the quick sponge bath an hour later, after which again she was zippered into the monogrammed linens of her crib, stuck her thumb in her mouth, hummed like a bee, drowsed off, had her thumb firmly but gently removed, stirred, settled down again and was asleep. Sometimes Susannah came in to finish up feeding the prunes, sometimes she came later, and saw Evelina tearful and alarmed in her tub, and Nursey ready with the big warm towel. Sometimes on Nursey's day out she made a special point of being free in the late afternoon to help Milly. But on these occasions Milly was ultra-officious; eager to show that she was quite equal to managing Evelina all by herself.

Susannah rather stood in awe of Nursey, but she liked breathless little Milly, and she liked Milly's adoration of the baby, as contrasted to Nursey's rather superior attitude. Nursey had taken care of the Ridley baby and the Hunter twins, and referred to them constantly to Evelina's disadvantage.

But whatever happened, Susannah's visits to the nursery were unsatisfying. Adoring her baby, longing to be constantly with her, yet she seemed to have no choice. She could not assume the entire charge of the child herself without sacrificing her morning hours with Alec and all her late afternoon engagements. Babies of Evelina's age were safest in the care of nurses. Alec expected Susannah to meet him at teas and cocktail parties, to be free to talk to him when they got home.

The constant presence of Merle Sargent in the group was a reminder to Susannah that if ever she were going to fail Alec, it must not be now. Alec considered himself the discoverer of the demure little Russian-English girl who, hardly out of childhood and strangely unsophisticated, was yet so sure of her charm. Merle asked nothing, claimed nothing, got everything. It was becoming rather the fashion to do something nice for Alec Hazeltyne's little Russian girl, who played the violin so divinely, and was so grateful for even the smallest kindness.

Merle had come down to Easthampton to spend the ten days of her vacation with Alec and Susannah. She talked very little, but what she did say was with

(Continued on page 64)

Healthy Days
for you again

SARÁKA *makes the intestinal muscles stronger... more active!*

YES, even if you do not have time for regular outdoor sport—even if you have reached the age when vigorous exercise is no longer wise—you may still enjoy *healthy days!* And many of them!

Take your exercise by the spoonful. Take Saráka,—the modern way to overcome habitual constipation. The laxative that actually exercises and strengthens the intestinal muscles . . . just as swimming exercises your body.

Safe—pleasant to take

After breakfast and dinner, you take a teaspoonful of Saráka*—tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. These granules then undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

"Get busy," this extra bulk signals to lazy intestinal muscles. "Here's what you've needed during all these sluggish months—something to exercise on—something to make you stronger."

*Bulk Plus Motility**

In addition—to make sure that the extra bulk keeps *in motion*—Saráka contains a specially prepared frangula, which mildly stimulates the intestines to healthy activity. So you have Bulk Plus Motility—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives.

In fact, laxative is the wrong word for Saráka. Its results are so natural yet thorough that most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was not thought of.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is absolutely safe and non-habit forming. It takes advantage of the most recent discoveries in intestinal hygiene. You will find this modern laxative at your druggist's. Or mail the coupon today.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 223, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd., P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.
I am enclosing ten cents for the special trial-size tin of Saráka.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
©1936, Schering Corp.

"FLEAS...all dead"

CHEMIST REPORTS SKIP-FLEA KILLS ALL FLEAS

● "We have witnessed the application of Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap on a flea-infested dog, and made microscopic examination of the fleas remaining on and taken from the dog after the bath. *We found every flea dead, the bottom of the bathtub brown with dead fleas and many floating on top, all dead.* Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin."
Froehling & Robertson
Analytical Chemists

HERE'S actual proof that Skip-Flea will free your dog of fleas. Don't use ordinary soap on your dog. It dries and irritates his skin. Use "Skip-Flea." It soothes flea bites, destroys dog odor, keeps coat in top condition AND KILLS EVERY FLEA.

Or use the powerful "Skip-Flea Powder." Easy to apply. Guaranteed to kill fleas. Big, sifter top tins. It doesn't just *stun* fleas. It kills them all.

Write for your free copy of Sergeant's famous book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life. Write today.

Sergeant's Products are made of the finest ingredients. Standard since 1879. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Free Advice. Our Veterinarian will answer questions about your dog's health. Write fully.

Polk Miller Products Corp.
1408 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

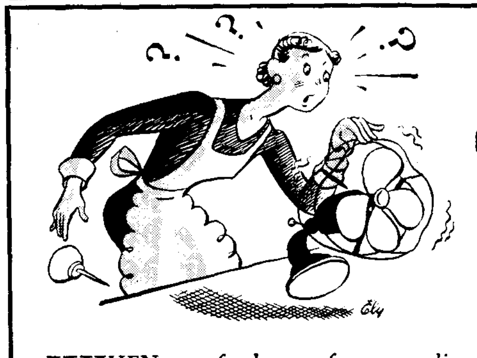
Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER

A Steady Extra Income!

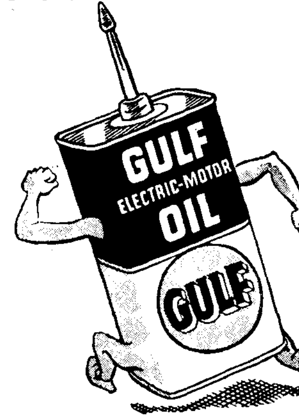
IF YOU want more money to spend now, here's a pleasant and profitable way to earn it. Try our attractive plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour. Don't hesitate because there is no coupon. Just paste this advertisement on a penny post card and *mail now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-100
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



DON'T! IT'S CRUELTY TO FANS!



WHEN you feed your fan an ordinary sewing machine oil, you're taking the wind out of its sails. Such an oil is too light-bodied, *much too light,* to lubricate properly.

Use the ONE oil that's made specially for electric fan, washer and refrigerator motors —Gulf Electric-Motor Oil. It curbs repair bills, prolongs life. Never gums nor sticks. Big can with handy spout, 25c.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL
The ONE oil made specially for electric fans
GULF PETROLEUM SPECIALTIES—GULF BLDG., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(*Continued from page* 63)

the pleasantly clear English accent. She loved the water, and in the smart blue bathing suit that was Susannah's gift to her she spent contented idle mornings and afternoons; sometimes at odd hours they heard her practicing her violin, but she was rather shy about playing.

To please Alec, Susannah loaned her an evening gown, a furred wrap. Merle's slim body was lovely in them, her dark skin a smooth olive, her hair smoldering Russian gold, her mouth extraordinary in its mobility, its moments of ugliness, its times of strange, passionate beauty.

When at last they persuaded her to play for themselves and some friends one evening they saw a strange change in her. The child had become a woman, a woman of dangerous, mixed bloods. Sometimes, her cheek against the dark, polished wood of the violin, she moved like a panther, and was the soul of Russia, dark and mysterious; sometimes, glowing and swaying like a flower on a windblown stem, she was as fresh and young and innocent as an English daisy.

Everyone watched, and everyone asked Susannah how she liked Alec's latest ugly duckling.

"She's really a darling when you know her," Susannah said.

But she wished, even as early in the affair as this, she wished with all her heart that Merle Sargent were safely out of the picture, or that she never had entered it. Married to anyone, gone anywhere, just out of Susannah's scheme forever. Merle was pretty and she was fascinating, but there were plenty of pretty and fascinating persons in the world without her. There were girls much better looking, and violin players more gifted.

Merle was "Alec's little Russian" now. Women telephoned Susannah and asked how they could get hold of her, for the charity benefit or the dull dinner. Susannah would sometimes hang up the receiver and sit stupidly at the telephone, wondering how all this had come to pass. Her life had been cloudless a few months ago. Cloudless? It had moved in a burst of trembling, exquisite, perfumed April sunshine. Now this annoying little shadow was always there. She would not have admitted it; perhaps she did not appreciate it herself, but in these days she thought more often of Merle than of anyone else in the world; Merle was more in her mind than even Alec or Evelina.

A MADDENING chance was accountable for all this, and that made it seem somehow even more unnecessary! Alec had met Merle on his return trip from England at a time when he was alone; Susannah at home awaiting Evelina's birth. He had given Merle the job in Hutchinson's office upon what seemed to Susannah a preposterous pretext that her knowledge of languages would make her useful. He had asked his grim old battle-axe of a private secretary, Mrs. Wix, to find her a safe and comfortable boarding place. He had loaned her a trifling hundred dollars, since repaid. And, of course, the child was disproportionately grateful!

So that through all the glory of her little successes Merle did not forget Alec, to whom she owed them. She had a pretty way of coming to him with the tale of her triumphs, of asking his advice. She kept her job, even though she might have gone in for an endless series of house visits. No, that thirty-five dollars a week was precious to Merle, the first money she ever had earned, and she would not surrender it.

Susannah felt, when the summer was over, and a second quick trip to Europe for Alec and herself was over, and when they were settled again in the city apartment, that there was no day that did not bring her some unbearable proof of the rising of Merle's star. She could go nowhere without hearing Merle's name; Merle had written a little sketch about New York and one of the magazines was going to publish it. Merle had been away for the week end with the Hardistys, the Pennrhyns, the Morrises, the Days. Merle had snubbed Littleton von Eyck. Merle was perhaps going to be offered a part by Paulheim, in his new big Broadway revue.

Merle could have had all these things, could have had them multiplied a thousand times without disturbing Susannah. Other women had flashed like comets across the world in which she lived now, had made successes in the drama or in letters, had achieved brilliant marriages; it was a glittering and successful *arena, this one in which she found herself.* It was only inasmuch as Merle attracted Alec that Susannah considered her at all. To hear that her Russian-English rival had made the richest marriage in the world, was moving from triumph to triumph would have been good news to her, if only Alec had not cared, if only that door to suspicion and uneasiness might have been closed forever!

BUT Alec did care, of course. No twisting, no writhing away from under the teeth of the harrow could save Susannah from that knowledge. Everything confirmed it. She could ignore, discard, depreciate nine pieces of evidence; the tenth was always there to present itself as incontrovertible, not to be ignored, not to be depreciated nor denied.

"He had lunch at the club after the golf on Sunday," she would think, following his calendar from day to day, from hour to hour. "I know he did, for Jim Jessup said he'd played eighteen holes with Alec." And for a few hours perhaps there would be in her heart one little chamber in which there was peace. "Jim, you and Alec surely didn't play after lunch on Sunday, after eighteen in the morning. You must both have been dead!" she would hazard, with a great air of casualness when next she saw Jim. And there would be blackness again.

"Don't you remember, Sanna? Alec and you had a date; he had to get home by one," the unsuspecting Jim would answer. "He didn't lunch at the club."

"Oh, of course he didn't!" Susannah would take the sickness of her spirit elsewhere, the phrases, "He met her and they had lunch together—he met her and they had lunch together—" hammering in her brain until she feared that quite involuntarily she might some day cry them aloud.

"Let's see—what time did he come home Sunday?—He lied to me about it—what time was it?—We had to go to the Southerland thing—"

And then quietly, reasonably, but with her heart still beating madly:

"He came in at about four, and said that they'd lunched late at the club, and had gotten to playing 'Signal.' And I'll see her at Dot's tonight, and she'll have that sable evening coat on: 'Some old skins of my mother's.' I'll say, 'How are you, dear?' and she'll have something to say about winter days in the office—"

Meanwhile the winter season flashed its many-faceted glories upon the richest and most scintillating circle in the world. There were play and opera openings with England's and America's first interpreters, singers, clowns, playwrights in evidence, crowds packing the streets outside the theaters, mounted police clinking and wheeling on the sidewalks in the lighted city night. There were picture exhibitions and symphony concerts, dinners and dances; every night had its after-show party in some enormous studio or drawing-room, and Susannah's and Alec's names were first on every list. They went where they liked, and what Alec liked was always the cream of the cream.

He took great interest in Susannah's appearance, and her succession of beautiful gowns was so swift that she sometimes hardly remembered herself what had hung in her wardrobes, what was there now, what was coming home next week. Other women exclaimed in envious approval as they met her at luncheons and teas.

"Now, Sanna, listen. Where did you get it?"

"Janetta."

"Well, where did *she* get it? It's simply adorable. It's the cunningest thing I ever saw in my life."

She became accustomed to a chorus of approval for her clothes. It was not her doing, this distinctive beauty in dress that marked her as one of the smart city's smartest women. It was Janetta and Steinhart and Carolynne and Hacker; it was Hattie Cadogan and the Maison Labouchère. It was London and Paris.

One day she met Alec at the Renton for luncheon. She was late in arriving, and was ushered at once by the head waiter to Mr. Hazeltyne's table. She had supposed herself lunching alone with Alec; not that it mattered. One lunch would not make or break the relationship between them, either way. Finding that he had two guests, she smiled an easy welcome.

"Hello, Merle. How do you do, Mr. Paulheim. Did we meet before? I think we have. Was it at Alice's music afternoon? Wasn't it? Anyway, we've managed it now, and we'll make up for lost time."

She slid into her seat. Alec was radiant. Susannah had never looked more lovely, music was playing, good food in immediate prospect, and Merle was in the company. He pressed Susannah's foot significantly with his own.

"I was lunching with Sam here," he said, "and I thought it might be a good idea to pick up this young lady at the office and let them get acquainted."

"Girls are of course entirely disinterested when they try to meet you, Mr. Paulheim," Merle said demurely, determinedly bright.

BUT this was going too fast for the impresario, who turned to Susannah as he said uneasily:

"I don't see much of the girls myself. It's all done through Lew Brice's office."

Susannah, sensing the chill, rushed tactfully into the conversation.

"I can imagine that you're the busiest man in New York," she said, in a sympathetic undertone. "I read that interview on Sunday; it tired me even to read it."

Sam Paulheim looked at her gratefully. "I made that feller," he said. "He's one of the smartest boys in the newspaper game today. But I don't see much of the girls."

"There's one very darling little girl you see something of," Susannah reminded him smilingly. "She was in a box with her mother at the Peter Pan opening. Adorable little thing."

"That was Sylvia. I have a boy, too, by my first wife," Sam Paulheim said.

"Well, the little girl and her mother made a beautiful picture," Susannah pursued it cordially.

"My wife has a beautiful nature. She's got one of the most beautiful natures I ever saw."

"She looks it. I was in the next box with Mrs. Fielding and her children. I wished afterward that I'd introduced myself to Mrs. Paulheim."

"You could walk right into a play yourself the way you looked when you came into this room," Sam said.

"First time I've worn it," Susannah told him appreciatively. "So I'm very glad you like it."

"It's simply divine," Merle said, somewhat subdued, and edging herself cautiously back into the conversation. "And the hat is the most stunning—I mean it is *absolutely* the most stunning thing I ever saw."

Susannah loosened sables over the plain lines of the brown velvet suit; the curled feather of her hat touched the great burst of brown and cream orchids on her shoulder. The dining-room and the encircling low balconies were filled with luncheon groups now; some of the loveliest women in the world were here today, but she was the most beautiful woman in the room, and she knew it. Only, somehow, it all seemed rather flat.

"Is Mr. St. Hubert going to paint you in that outfit, Sanna?" Merle asked.

"I don't know. I'd prefer something simpler myself. I'm to go to the studio this afternoon and talk to him while he paints Senator Miller, and I suppose we'll decide. He's never been quite satisfied with the portrait he did two years ago, and he wants to try again."

"It's the best portrait he ever painted," Alec said.

"It made him," Merle, who knew nothing about it, agreed enthusiastically.

SUSANNAH shrugged. The conversation veered, drifted about through other topics without her being keenly conscious of anything that was said. She was thinking only of Merle; Merle in the plain blue suit she wore so beautifully, the blue cloth coat with the tiger-skin collar, the small tiger-skin turban that set off so dramatically the tipped Oriental eyes, the dark, clear skin, the Russian gold hair. The suit had been made for Mary West; Mary, suddenly obliged to go into mourning for Arthur's father, had given it and several other handsome garments to Merle. They had all only served to make Mary look dumpier and homelier than ever; they became Merle royally.

"You wouldn't care to see a preview of the new Hegermann picture, Mrs. Hazeltyne?"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Paulheim." What was Alec murmuring to Merle—what was Alec murmuring to Merle? "But I'm taking some friends to the symphony."

They all stood up; waiters handed purses, held coats, dragged chairs back. The music went on playing, the atmosphere was still that enchanted air of fragrance and luxury, laughter and beauty that it had been two years ago, when Susannah Farjeon, engaged to marry Alexander Hazeltyne, had first come here for luncheon. But it held no glamor now; Susannah felt heavy-hearted and helpless, stupid, near to tears.

"Are you going my way, Alec?"

"My dear, I'm not. I've got to look in at the office. I'll take you along, Merle; I have to see Hutchinson a minute. You're going to be at St. Hubert's when, Sanna? Five?"

"About five, I should think." She spoke steadily; she could not smile; the muscles of her throat ached.

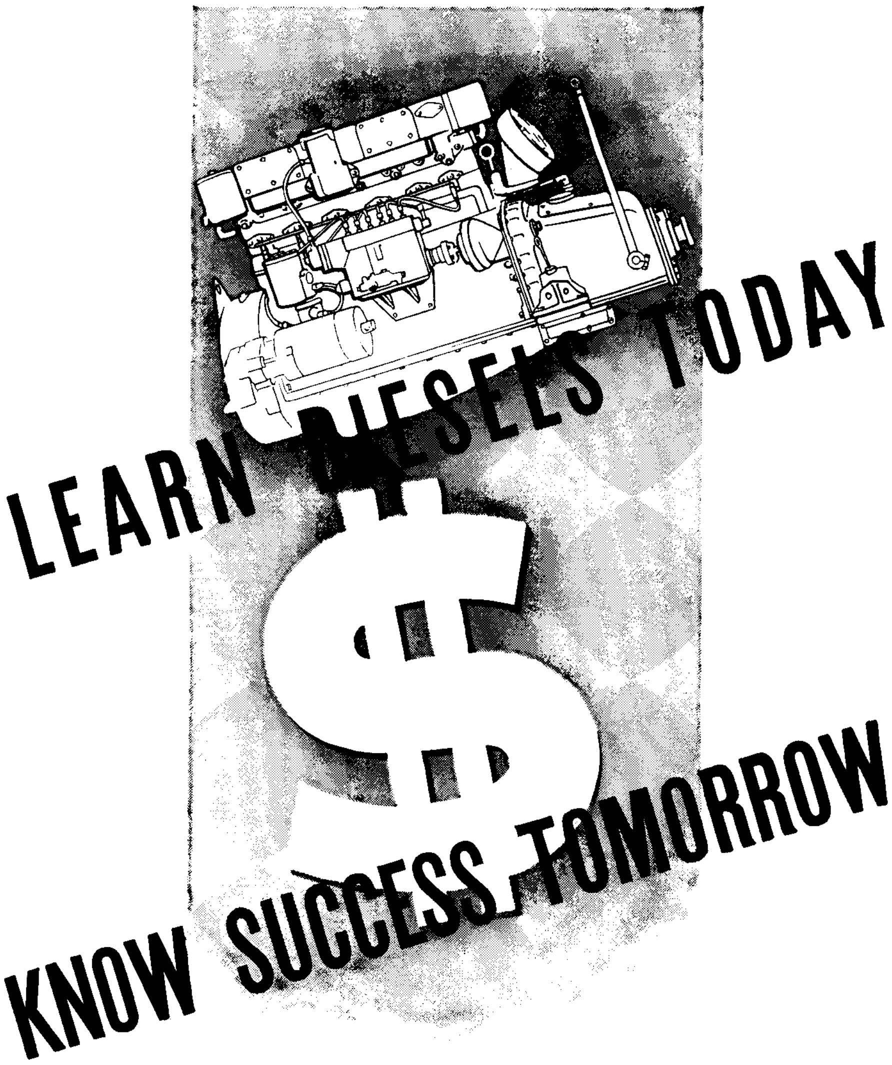
"I'll try to drop in and come home with you. What are we doing tonight?"

"Flaggs. And opera. 'Butterfly.'"

"Oh, hell," Alec said simply. "Well, come on, Merle!"

He and Merle turned away; the party was out in cold, snowy Madison Avenue now, and the starter was holding the door of her car. She got into it, nodding goodby to Sam Paulheim. As Phillips turned the car she passed Alec and Merle waiting on the corner for the traffic light; they did not see her. Alec had one gloved hand under Merle's elbow; the girl was looking up and he looking down, Merle exaggeratedly earnest, Alec with that little half smile Susannah knew so well tugging at his handsome mouth. The smile of the admiring, humoring, conquering male. There wasn't any mistaking it! There wasn't any mistaking it!

(To be continued next week)



● DIESEL POWER is beyond the experimental stage in industrial power and lighting plants; small community power and light plants; municipal pumping stations for water supply; on construction work, trucks, tractors, hoists, power shovels, graders; transportation, with special reference to buses, rail buses, locomotives; marine service, including ocean liners, freighters, river and lake vessels, yachts and small cabin cruisers.

● Diesel power is a fact—and destined to become a greater power fact in the future. Recognition of this fact is the first step toward capitalizing on this national trend.

Doing something about it—*for yourself*—is the next step. Thousands of men have done something for themselves by spare-time study of the I. C. S. Diesel Engine Course.

● If you really want to fit yourself to take advantage of the opportunities offered by Diesel development, you cannot afford to wait. *Too many things are happening!* The men who will be your chief competitors are "burning the midnight oil" right now—equipping themselves to go ahead. This coupon is more than an invitation to you—it is a challenge! Mail it as the first step in your Diesel career!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4129-B, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X: ★

☐ **DIESEL POWER**

☐ Architect
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Building Estimating
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Structural Draftsman
☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work ☐ Radio
☐ Refrigeration
☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Machinist ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Patternmaker ☐ Boilermaker
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
☐ Highway Engineer
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Automobile Mechanic
☐ Plumbing
☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation
☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Steam Electric Engineer
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ How to Invent and Patent
☐ R. R. Locomotives
☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ Air Brakes ☐ Signalmen
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Coal Mining
☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Woolen Manufacturing
☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Agriculture
☐ Navigation

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

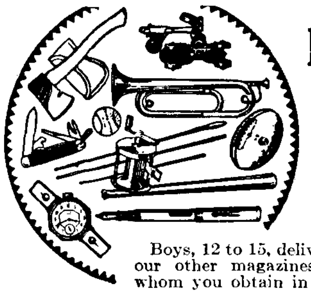
☐ Business Management
☐ Office Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accountancy
☐ Cost Accountant
☐ C. P. Accountant
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Secretarial Work ☐ Spanish
☐ Salesmanship ☐ French
☐ Service Station Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ First Year College
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Civil Service ☐ Mail Carrier
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ College Preparatory
☐ Illustrating
☐ Cartooning
☐ Lettering Show Cards
☐ Signs

Name……………………*Age*……………*Address*……………………

City……………………*State*……………*Present Position*……………………

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

CERTIFIED USED CARS
FAMOUS PLEDGE PROTECTS ALL WHO BUY FROM STUDEBAKER DEALERS
Prices in plain figures
30-day guarantee on certified cars
5-day driving trial on all cars
Buy with confidence under pledge protection.
STUDEBAKER DEALERS FOR BIG USED CAR VALUES

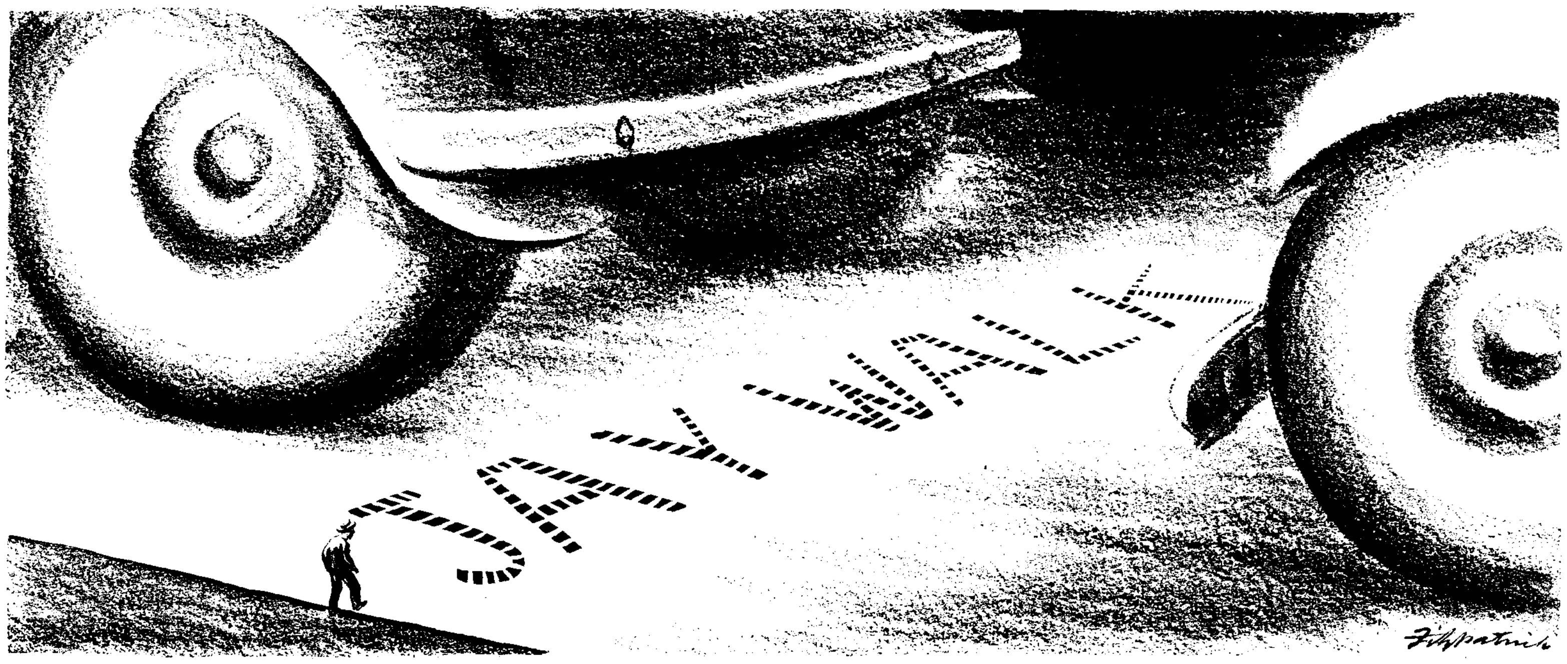


PRIZES FOR BOYS

Boys, 12 to 15, deliver Collier's and our other magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Earn many prizes, including a bicycle! Make MONEY, too. To start at once write to **Jim Thayer, Dept. C-132, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.**

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Watch Where You're Going!

JAYWALK has just reached the dictionaries. It is defined by Webster as "to cross a street carelessly or at an inappropriate place, or in a dangerous or illegal direction, so as to be endangered by the traffic."

It is an important word. Last year 276,640 pedestrians were injured in motor accidents in this country, and 16,030 were killed. Many wholly innocent and intelligent people were the unfortunate victims of accidents for which they were in no way responsible. Too many of the accidents were, however, clearly attributable to carelessness and recklessness on the part of pedestrians.

One effectual way to stop killing and injuring pedestrians is to build highways reserved exclusively for motor traffic. The outer drive in Lincoln Park, Chicago, tells an interesting story in this connection.

This road carried about sixty million miles of high-speed traffic during the first three years of its use. Just two pedestrians were killed on this strip of road during the three years from 1933 through 1935. The use of special highways for motor traffic, according to Chicago estimates, would eliminate 98 per cent of the accidents involving pedestrians which now occur on the ordinary type of roadway.

In many regions trunk-line highways which completely separate motor and pedestrian traffic are being planned and built. New York's elevated West Side road is an excellent example. Over these highways, free from intersections and without pedestrians, motorcars travel speedily and safely.

It is perfectly obvious, however, that most of the streets and roads will be used both by motorcars and pedestrians. Consequently, we must learn how to use them safely.

Up to now in most places the careless motorist is blamed for the accident regardless of the facts. The careless pedestrian actually shares a large part of the responsibility.

For a long time a few cities have compelled walkers to halt and to move with the traffic lights. In the majority of places the pedestrian, however, is free to take his chances with the motor traffic. If he thinks he can cross a street against a red light, he is privileged to take the risk. He may, also, sue a motorist if he fails in the exciting adventure, although his expectations of money damages are less.

More police authorities are now seeking legal power to regulate pedestrian traffic. Inevitably we must come to this. The record of accidents will compel us to accept this restriction of liberty to walk as we please.

For example, last year 35,130 pedestrians were injured and 1,070 were killed crossing at intersections against the signal. A sacrifice such as this simply cannot be justified.

About the same number were injured and killed at street intersections not protected by signals. A much larger number were hit while crossing streets between intersections. According to the Travelers Insurance Company's study last year 73,550 were injured and 4,550 were killed crossing between intersections.

The toll of children playing in the street is appalling. During 1935 44,250 children were injured and 1,600 were killed by motorcars while playing in the streets. None of the hazards of nature approaches this terror in the sacrifice of life and limb.

The most serious accidents involving pedestrians are, of course, those which occur outside cities, on the high-speed rural highways. The rate of death per pedestrian accident in such circumstances is more than five times as high as the average for all pedestrian accidents.

Where possible, sidewalks ought to be constructed alongside the roadways. Certainly in all new construction provision should be made for pedestrians if the highway is not to be completely reserved for motor use.

If, however, we must walk along motor highways, we should at least use reasonable precautions to protect ourselves. One way is to walk against the motor traffic rather than with it. At night a flashlight or even a white handkerchief is a safeguard. Without some such signal the walker on a country road is too often invisible to the motorist no matter how careful he may be.

At this season more pedestrians and more motorists are on the roads than at any other time in the year. The exercise of reasonable care both by drivers and walkers can prevent a vast number of accidents. We should be able as a race to learn to operate safely a machine which is so essential to the very routine of present-day living.

The simplest rule is to practice consideration whether we are walking or operating a motor.

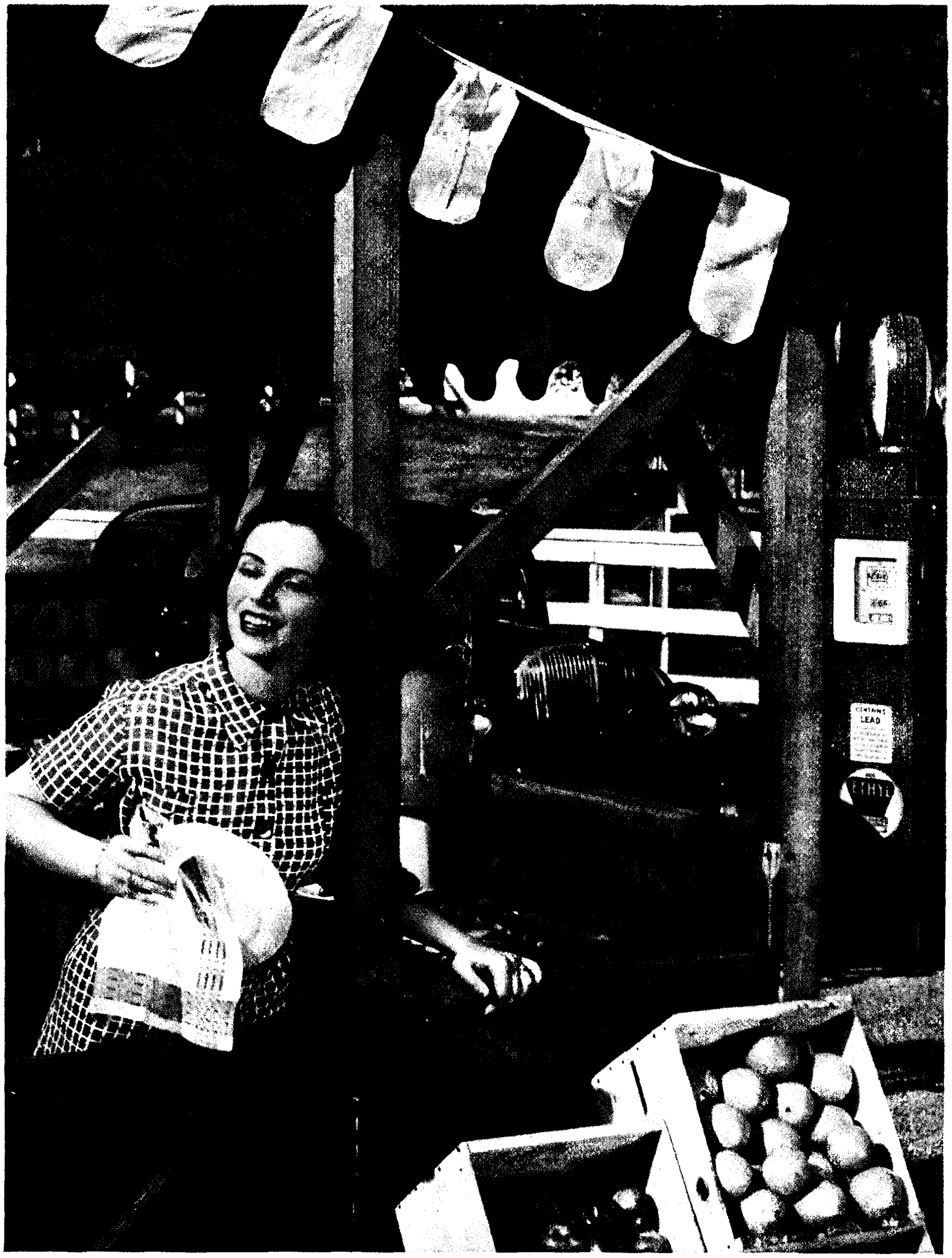
The most agile open-field runner moves at a snail's pace in comparison with the speed of a modern motorcar. The speediest athlete can run only about twenty miles an hour. It takes the average motorist 128 feet to stop a car going 40 miles an hour and 186 feet to stop from a speed of 50 miles. Obviously, the pedestrian who tries to dodge motorcars is at an insuperable disadvantage.

Drivers who by their records show that they are prone to have accidents will more and more be denied the privilege of operating a motorcar. A driver's license must be made to depend on safe operation. The driver who will not, or cannot, use a motorcar without menacing others has no right to steer an automobile.

Jaywalkers cannot be denied the right to use the streets but the regulation of pedestrian traffic is a proper police activity.

The pedestrian who insists on jeopardizing his own safety and that of others will unquestionably be restrained. The present waste of life due to this folly will not be endlessly endured.

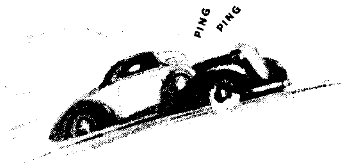
"Here comes a new car, Henry— they'll be wantin' Ethyl"



SO MANY NEW CARS ARE USING ETHYL TO KEEP OUT SUMMER KNOCK

(*Read the reason—in 43 seconds*)

BEWARE a "pinging" sound this summer when you "step on the gas" for pick-up, or hills. It is your engine's way of saying: "I feel hot weather, too. I'm *losing* power, *wasting* gas and *overheating*. Give me better gasoline."

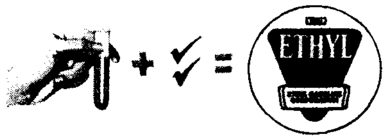


KNOCK is the name of that warning "ping." It occurs when a gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of a modern high compression engine.

Cars built in recent years have high compression engines. And in summer the knocking evil is at its worst because hot weather increases engine heat.

THE CURE—and preventive—of knock is better gasoline. That is why most oil companies now improve gasoline by adding anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

They recommend, as their *best* fuel for summer, special gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the base or globe.



YOU GET at the "Ethyl" pump:

Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression on the hottest day.

✓✓ *All-round quality that is* double-checked—*by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.*

GIVE YOUR CAR the *coolest* fuel this summer. Avoid knock, with its power loss, gasoline waste and overheating. Get more power from each gallon of gasoline you buy!

FOR 100% ENGINE PERFORMANCE

Next time get Ethyl

Luckies — a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — **"IT'S TOASTED"**

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Never Dry...
Never too Moist

Tear the top off a Lucky package. We promise you'll find twenty firm, round, fully-packed Lucky Strikes, just moist enough for the highest kind of smoking pleasure. Moisture content in Luckies is precisely controlled. That is one of the secrets of a Light Smoke. Round and firm, fully packed with no loose ends. Smoke Luckies to your throat's content. Never dry, never too moist — a cigarette conditioned to your taste.

Copyright, 1936, The American Tobacco Company